THE ACADEMY
OF
COMPLEMENTS
Newly Refined
W. Marshall sculpsit. 1696
Printed for M. Mosley, at the Prince's Armes, in P. Church yard

THE

Academy

OF

COMPLEMENTS

Newly Refin'd.

WHEREIN

Ladies, Gentlewomen, and Scholars, may accommodate their Courtly practiſe with gentile Ceremonies, Complemental expreſſions, and Forms of ſpeaking or writing Letters moſt in Faſhion.

ALSO

A New School of Love, and a Preſent of excellent Similitudes, Compariſons, Fancies and Devices.

WITH

An Interpretation of the moſt delightful Fictions of the *Heathen* Poets.

This new impreſſion is exactly reviſed, and Enlarged with Additions of choiceſt Catches and Songs *A-la-mode*.

London, Printed for *A. M.* and are to be ſold by moſt Bookſellers. 1670.

THE

Academy

OF

COMPLIMENTS

The Authors Preface to this new Edition.

THere is no question but Eloquence is a principal part in a well qualified man; for to see a subtile and quick wit soyled with that which is the only quality that is eminent, and adorns a man just like *Prometheus* statue, fair in appearance but is without motion, wanting true Celestial fire: It is Eloquence which adorns our discourse, gives a grace & life to our actions, opens us the gates to the best company, and puts us in such esteem as well-born spirits ought to arrive to; without this we resemble walking Rocks, all our actions being dull and heavy, our words without affect, our conceits without fruit, and our lives disgusted with those, with whom we ordinarily associate our selves: To this purpose, in this little volume, feast thy fancy with variety of most eloquent expressions, and formes of delivering thy mind to all, from the King to persons of the most inferiour rank and quality; for in this last Edition as it is now newly refined and augmented, thou hast a Cabinet, wherein the richest Jewels of our language are lock't up. First, thou hast choice and select complements which upon any occasion offered, thou mayst imitate, or with a little alteration make use of; thou hast in the next place variety of subjects, with expression to the heigh of eloquence, pen'd to quicken thy mind upon the like objects, presented to view or fancy; thou hast witty disputes, amorous discourses, with an addition of Catches, and Songs *Alla mode*. Also a new School of love, and other fancies, fitted to the taste of *Cupids Guests*: thou hast exquisite letters, such as contain the Quintisence of that sweetness our *English* tongue affords: Then thou hast Dedications, Superscriptions fitted for thy use upon any sudden occasion: Lastly, a Key to the Poetical Fictions: In fine, thou hast both Love and Eloquence, with their secrets and mysteries, made naked, and manifestly revealed.

Thine Philomusus.

A Character of Complements.

COmplements are a ſhort collation of ſweet meats to banquet, and pleaſe the daintieſt taſte; and are the quintiſence of wit, the refiners of Speech, and fit the mind better than Apparrel doth the body; for clothes may be too ſtrait, or point device: But Complements are the minds free exerciſe; they have ſome droſs in them as well as Silver; they are a kind of Bell mettal, they have in them both the Preciſian, and the Paraſite: The Moral of which is, That wit and women are frail things, gilded Hypocrites, ſpecious outſides, to which Complements like feathers to ſmall Birds, make a proportion, though the body it ſelf be but little. They are multiplying glaſſes, and flattering mirrors that conceal age and wrinkles; Jayes finely dreſt up for a preſent. A Complementive ſubmiſſion is the Flatterers and Politicians Key to open the moſt ſecret Cabinets of Princes breaſts; for there is a congee of the loweſt humilite that reaches to the higheſt flight of Ambtion. Thus Complements may bring the Court with them: The Court behaviour, that behaviour will make an iſſue in Love, that Love will conquer Maiden heads: The Preface to a Complement is the Motion of the Body; The grace of it, is the diſpoſing of the Countenance; the zeal or oath of it, the hand upon the book of the Breaſt. Complements are the Language of Gallants, (the meltings of their Language) the muſical raviſhings of their perſwaſive tongues, the odors of their perfumed breaths, loving ſighs, and the buſineſs of their afternoons. To conclude, their power is ſuch, that they give admittance into a Ladies private retireing Room, or elſe by their force break open their Locks and doors at midnight to give us acceſs to the Miſtriſs of our hearts

THE

THE

Academy of Complements.

OR,

Pearls of Eloquence.

SIR, Your conceptions are ſo ſtrong, that they tranſcend my ordinary imaginations.

Sir, You honour me, as if you did erect me a thouſand Statues.

Sir, you are above Fortune, which muſt ſtoop to your honours.

Sir, Your deſerts draw admiration from your very enemies.

Sir, I ſhall ever, as really as at this hour, remain your creature.

You honour me ſo far, that I imagine my ſelf to be ſome other thing than I have been, which can be nothing elſe but your ſervant.

I do repute my ſelf happy to be valued by a perſon who is able to give a true eſtimate of me.

Sir, Your judgment doth amaze vulgar wits, ſince in you alone all thoſe perfections are found, which can be ſought for on earth.

Lady, Your form doth ſo raviſh beholders, that you ſeem a heavenly creature, ſuch divine gems ſparkle about you.

Sir, If you proceed to be ſo profuſe of your treaſures, mines of Gold will not maintain your prodigal expences.

Good Sir, give me leave to fear least some sinister stormes of fortune, stifle the early bloomings of my felicities.

Sir, the toyish conceits of your youth are unfit for the testy cogitations of my age.

Sir, there is a confused Chaos of contrary conceits that whirls in my brains; and I am lost in such an endless Labyrinth, that neither choyce nor chance can draw me out of it.

Give me leave, Sir, to gain that from your experience, that otherwise all the treasures of the earth cannot purchase.

Sir, Should you continue to be thus excessive in your actions, the whole world would take notice of you as the mirrour of an immoderate life.

Be not so inconstant in your affections, least in the conclusion you prove like the Marigold, to open at the Sunshine of prosperity, and to shut at the least appearance of the clouds of adversity.

Leave me Sir, whilest I learn to despise such *Giathoes*, and beat off such fluttering Curs with the whip of my defyance.

Theseus, fair one, did never more triumph at his deliverance from the perilous Labyrinth, than I from the pernicious bondage of such cruel beauty.

Fortune and fate place thee in Pallaces of their earthly felicities.

So rarely accomplisht, that it was hard to know, whether vertue or beauty held supremacy in so rare a structure.

Sir, being inflamed by your singular commendations, I am perswaded to her only to commit the chiefest treasures of my life and fortunes.

Pardon my rudeness, fair creature, since neither love nor fortune delighteth, nor careth for them that are dastards.

Madam,

Madam, You are the Saint, to whose shrine I daily offer up my scalding sighs.

For your beauty, Mistriss, I may name you *Venus*, for your comliness, *Pallas*, for your Port and honour, *Juno*.

If I want an Apology, fair creature, let love and necessity plead for me, since they are tyed within no bounds.

Madam, You are an object beautified with the richest gifts of nature, polish'd with more than terrene perfections.

'Tis you alone, fair one, that have made a breach into the Bulwark of my breast, where, like a gorgeous goddess, you command all my powers.

Fear not, Sir, love and fortune favour those that are bold.

Sir, To grant you this one Position, is to admit of innumerable absurdities.

Madam, It is the perfection of your exquisite person, Majestick features, and rare beauty, that kindles my desires.

Mistriss, deceive me not, lest while I think to embrace you for *Juno*, I catch a Cloud.

Madam, Take heed of using *Cupid* so crabbedly; for though he forgive and forget, *Venus* is a woman, and will seek revenge.

Sir, It is impossible that her heavenly beauty should be eclipsed with such cruelty.

Madam, Though I have fought never so valiantly under the flag of affections, yet, except you crown my endeavours with a voluntary yielding, I can never prevail.

Mistriss, If you take me for frantick, blame love, which as it comes from you as the cause, so it consumes without reason.

Who

Who can degenerate, faireſt of women, or dare to entertain baſe thoughts, when he views ſo glorious an object?

Sir, I am deſirous to be ſuſpitious of thoſe felicities, I fear I ſhall no longer enjoy.

I am out of love with my ſelf, that I may admire your vertues.

The charmes of Magitians are frivolous to me in reſpect of the power of your preſence.

I cannot look upon your face but I am perſwaded to reſign my ſelf up to you, as a wreath of Victory.

That which blacks the *Moor*, and burns *Libya*, hath not ſo powerful a luſtre as the beams of your beauty, which gives a brightneſs to deſire, and raiſes flames of love, pure, and chaſt.

Half the Court is engaged to your expreſſions; and thoſe whom you beſiege with your Language, muſt needs acknowledge you for victorious, and yield up the Fort.

Miſtriſs, your breath is as ſweet, as if you fed only on Pinks and Perfumes

Sir, I cannot degenerate ſo far from mine own happineſs, as to forget you, to whoſe deſire alone the event of all things are ſutable

Let me beg of you to take notice of thoſe advantages are beſtowed upon you above the reſt of men, which intitle you to that you ſo much ſeem to honour

Sir, If in your imagination I am worthy to be eſteemed off, it muſt be your wiſdom only which can ſet a value upon my defects

Sir, your favour is the foundation of all my fortunes, on which I hope to rear a building ſhall magnifie the founders bounty

Sir, It is your preſence can only diſſipate the clouds of my blackeſt melancholy

Sir, In the midſt of all my felicities, I ſhall have need of

of you to make me happy, for without you, I ſhall ever eſteem my ſelf abſolutely miſerable

Sir, I will rather put my reputation to the adventure, than refuſe to act any thing you ſhall command me

Sir, I have ever reflected on you, as an extraordinary perſon, and have ever paſſionately remain'd yours

Sir, I am ſo taken with you, that I am even ſick at the relation of your indiſpoſition

Sir, I ſhall not be backwards in the expreſſion of your merits, ſince they do ſo exact an acknowledgment of all

Sir, you ſhall never be able to accuſe this Tenent as erroneous, ſince I have never falſified my ſelf to you; but have ever thought my ſelf perfectly happy to be reputed yours

Be careful, fair one, leſt being led Captive by ſecurity, your mind float in the ſurging ſeas of idle conceits, whileſt the gales of voluptuous pleaſures, or the ſiſſling ſtorms of unbridled fancy, with raging blaſts, make a ſhipwrack of your beauty

Sir, I will endeavour hereafter to encounter your graces and courteſies with an unwearied conſtancy in the wayes of vertue

Sir, I will endeavour to countervail much pains with a princely liberty

Sir, the Trumpet of your royal fame hath moved us, who are but ſubjects of your generous liberality, with all humillity to entertain ſuch noble and heroick favours caſt upon us, poor creatures, moſt unworthy of the leaſt of ſuch benefits

Madam, There is no object can ſo allure my wavering eyes, as your *Venus* like beauty

Madam, The force of your beauty hath overpowred the weakneſs of my fancy, ſince the exquiſite perfection of your vertues are characſtered in my breaſt.

Madam,

Madam, Were you as wise as *Minerva*, or as gorgeous as *Juno*, yet the accounts of your beauty being cast up, the gains of your affection might be put in the eyes of your lover.

Coy one, what happiness insued the chastity of *Penelope*, nay rather what miseries pursued not the vertues of *Lucretia*? how wretched are they then that dwell with *Venus*, or *Diana*, that can so easily transform men into beasts?

Blame me not, fair one, though my fixed fancies, once abused turn into a fury.

By those smiles of your beauty, your creature, that before was plunged into perplexity, is now placed in the height of earthly felicities.

Mistris, Pardon my rudeness for troubling thus rashly, your musing meditations.

Certainly, Madam, if the gods, as Poets say, made beauty, they skipt beyond their skill, since they framed it of greater force than they themselves were able to resist.

Fair one, let the showres of your mercy mitigate the fires of my fancy.

Cruel one, if love be only remedied by love, if fancy, by mutual affection, give me leave at least to appeal to your grace and favour, and at the bar of your beauty, suffer your servant to lift up his hands in an expectation of mercy, though his life by your rigor be sentenced to death.

Fairest, it is impossible to perswade me to break the league I made with my fancies.

Sir, I am a mortal foe to affection; and now to vow my service to *Venus*, is impossible, since I have already addicted my self to *Diana*.

Sir, whosoever readeth the records of the faithless protestations of men, their perjured promises, and feigned loves, cannot but view a poor *Ariadne* abused, a-

Medea

Medea mockt, and a *Dido* deceived.

Fair one, your vertue and beauty by a stronger power than that of Fate or Fortune, is deeply shrined in my heart.

Be pleased at last, fair beauty, to accept me for your slave and servant; and to admit me into your favour, and that I may freely enjoy the sight of your sweet face, and feed my fancy in the contemplation of your perfections.

Fairest, if my deep desire merit no more from you, then I have no other choyce but to die desperately, or live miserably.

Madam, There is a civil assault within me, by which I feel a certain restraint of my own liberty and affections.

It is impossible, fairest of women, for any one to view your features, and not be fettered with the power of your vertuous qualities.

Mistris, I feel such an alienation of my senses, such a metamorphosis of my mind: that it is impossible for me to become any other, then a servile slave to fancy.

How can I fear to enter into parley with *Cupids* fairest creatures, since there is such hopes left of victory, by the happy presage of your auspicious smiles, at the beginning of our loves conflict?

Sir, If I may continue to share in your favours, there shall not any under the Canopy of Heaven, be more proud of their fortunes than my self, who really am your most affectionate servant.

Sir, It is for the good of the world, that you enjoy your vigorous health, since you are ordained for the service of Kings, and conduct of People.

Sir, I will reserve to speak of virtue till your great works come to light.

Sir, That which others call vertue, is the natural habitude of your worthy person.

Sup-

Suppoſe not, I uſe the Court language, when I aſſure you I am more than any man living, Sir, your moſt humble ſervant.

Sir, When I forget to confeſs my ſelf yours, you may juſtly ſuppoſe I ſuffer a perpetual ſilence, ſince whil'ſt I have a tongue, I proteſt my ſelf to be your affectionate ſervant.

Sir, I will make uſe of all occaſions, to teſtifie how paſſionately I am yours.

Sir, There is no other thing remaining for me, but only the glory of humillity and obedience.

I ſhould ſhew my ſelf inſenſible of rarities, were I not amazed with the curioſity of your beauty.

Sir, your Heroical qualities ſhine forth in you, as bright as day.

Madam, They that do undervalue the comlineſs of your perſon, dare rob Nature, and bereave Lillies of their beauty, as the Cryſtal of his clearneſs.

Sir, The vertues of our fore-fathers are to be eſteemed as vices in compariſon of yours.

Extremities are in other things reprovable, in this laudable, ſince they force me to confeſs my ſelf yours.

Sir, you are never ſo excellent a Poet, as when you ſpeak of me, ſince you have art to invent new fables.

Sir, thoſe fine words, and quaint diſcourſes, with which your Ladies are delighted, iſſue from their mouthes, as a pure and innocent breath perfumed with kiſſes.

Sir, you go through all employments with as good fortune, as noble reſolutions: neither can there be any thing above your ſpirit, ſince all things ſtoop to do you honour.

Who can diſtill ſleep in the eyes of Lovers, whoſe cares break forth with the morning light?

Love, art thou but a vain name, and no eſſential thing, that haſt thus left thy profeſſed ſervant, when he

hath

hath moſt need of thy reviving preſence: what is Muſick to me, but a doleful voice, accompanied with the various diſcords of my ſighs?

O Love, wilt thou now at laſt, offer me Phyſick, which art my only poyſon? wilt thou do me ſervice, which long ſince haſt brought me into eternal ſlavery?

How long ſhall my languiſhing ſickneſs wait [illegible] the triumphs of my paſſions?

At laſt, O fair one, caſt the eyes of thy reſplendent preſence on thy abject creature, that, by the brightneſs of thoſe rays, his baſeneſs may be turned into a moſt high, and, through thy perfections, a moſt happy preferment; for being thus diſconſolate, by the frowns of thy rigour, how ſoon mayeſt thou raze down the Temple, which at firſt was built by the refulgent ſmiles of thy beauty?

From whence can theſe neceſſities proceed, that love hath laid upon me, moſt incomparable *Lady*? are they by your commandement? or is it by a power from your excellency, that *Cupid* hath ſuch a command over mortals? of a certain it is from you, whoſe fair aſpect, accompanied with ſo imperious a Majeſty, vanquiſhed me, by him, ſo far to reſign the happineſs of my former liberty, as that I muſt now confeſs my ſelf to be your ſlave. if you think me unworthy of the name of your priſoner.

Cruel one, how long can I make an oſtentation of my felicity, when the concluſion, even the laſt Scene of my Tragedy, with horror preſents it ſelfe to thine eyes? Can death and diſſimulation meet at the inſtant when I leave the world, and my dying proteſtations with thee; that for thee alone I forſook this earth, to be more kindly uſed there, where I ſhall be certainly eaſed of theſe ſorrows; If there be a *Leander*, a *Pyramus*, or a ſociety of abuſed Lovers.

If thou art fair, is it to present thee too cruel? If thou canst command affections, wilt thou therfore captivate them? To be beautiful and yet terrible, are things incompatible, things that imply contradiction; yet even against the Laws of Nature thou destroyest Nature; and where thou mayst raise the structures to thy perpetual honours, thou ruin'st them.

Most certain it is, fair creature, thy love may make me sacrifice my life at thy feet, and I may punish that body which hath so unjustly wounded my once free serene mind: But alas, wherein canst thou glory? Not in thy beauty, for that will vail it self at so black an act: Not in my ruines, for they will pursue thee with some direful revenge. Blush then, thou fair one, since to be coy is to be cruel; to be cruel, is to alter the property of what thou art, beautiful.

Fairest, be no longer so great an enemy to my desires, as to imprison them in silence.

I cannot express the least disobedience to your commands, but rather hope my past displeasures may deserve pitty, if not my future services a reward.

Ponder my merits in the ballance of your mercy, that the unworthiness of my deserts, by the fair sufferance of your goodness, may procure your gracious respects in my behalf.

It is a sin to suspect such vertue which glories to arm it self against all deceits.

Fair one, you have a wit which delights not to judg it self, and a beauty that glories to condemn others: reconcile your beauty to your wit, that the use of the one may restrain the abuse of the other, whilst we your servants live to admire your perfections, and you your self survive to perfect your vertues.

Fair one, what unremoveable suiter eclipses your affection, from shining on your devoted, and most constant servant.

Per-

Perfection of my desires, with one determinate answer, bless me with happiness; or silence my so long continued suit.

That my desires to enjoy you, are more then to live, proceeds from the effects of my affection, the efficient cause being your excessive beauty.

Madam, the eyes of a ravished Lover, cannot but have vertues aid so ready in himself, as alwayes to bewail the loss of a vertuous constancy in others, since such a loss by his own affections, is ever placed in the very face of his memory.

By the memory of our fore-past affections, by the oathes of our yet continued love, by whatsoever is vertuous, credit me.

Can you, Sir, wear a *Mars*'s heart in a *Cupid*'s body, since the eyes of all spectators, judge you fitter for the pleasures of the Court, then the tents of War?

In him, it seems, Nature was not mistaken, since whatsoever was in mankind, was in him to the uttermost.

Sir, it is a degree above humanity, and therefore requires the admiration of your friends, that your wit should so far out-go your age.

It is not strange, O thou cruellest of women, that those eyes of thine should strike him with terrour, who stands unmoved with the sight of the most horrible countenance of death?

Sir, I am most infinitely bound to you, for this so rare and noble a courtesie.

It is you, and none but you, which I am bound to love; and therefore, though I am presented with the likeness of your beauty, yet likeness of another cannot make the same essence of your person: much less can dissolve your commandments of my service.

The very image of your countenance, and outwards expressions of your behaviour, are suitable to the ver-

tuous resolutions of your mind.

Fairest, grant me this happiness, to have my poor affections raised to the honour of waiting upon your commands.

Violence of Love leads me into this discourse, in which I am not so unfortunate as full of desires to be more happy.

Armies of objections raise up against my accepted opinion.

Sir, though I were to pass through all the splendors of the world, and frame them all to blazen forth your worth, my pen could never reach you.

Sir, nature in you hath laid deep foundations, in respect of your qualities, both of mind and body, in both which she hath made no promise of mediocrity; by the distribution of which rare perfections, she hath rendred you lovely to the world, and fit for the service of the greatest Monarch.

Sir, your imagination, which you speak in such high terms, cannot but move me to believe great improbabilities.

Sir, how happy should I count my self, were the Characters of your vertues imprinted in my breast, by a more continued acquaintance.

Sir, no imaginary jealousies shall deliver me from mine inclination to that goodness, to which I have alwayes had an extraordinary propension, by your royal example.

Sir, I have an interest in your prosperity, so far that I will not complain of Fortune, so you have an occasion to commend her.

Worthy Sir, you know your self too well, to suspect me of flattery.

Vertue and eloquence are bestowed upon you, to make you be amongst men as immortal.

Sir, I could not have the ambition to suppose that there

there could be any room left for you to entertain a man of so many imperfections as my self.

The contemplation of your vertues amazeth me.

Sir, I find in you whatsoever may give reputation to the Courts of Princes.

Sir, I am reserved for your sake, that nothing might be wanting to your glory.

Sir, you are the man whom the necessities of the State require.

Opportunities would wax old, should I neglect this present to serve you.

All spirits will prove favourable unto you, since you have convinced them by your merits.

Your generous disposition hath permitted me a longer audience then your affairs could well permit.

Worthy Sir, Reflect upon your creature with the bright beams of your generous disposition.

I cannot allot more moderate limits to my ambition, or to wish my self a greater happiness then to do you service.

Your heroick acts, succeeding Historians shall crown with Lawrels.

Sir, for your sake I will undergo the infelicities of cruel Fortune.

Sir, there is no happ'ness on earth, but is included in your self, or in what concerns you.

Sir, your goodness doth bereave me of a voyce to express your vertues.

You cannot blame me, though I hate ingratitude, since even beasts are capable of acknowledgment.

Sir, if you withdraw from me your presence, you overthrow all the honour you have hitherto acquired for me.

Sir, I shall fall sick, for want of a capacity to digest your favours.

Sir, whatsoever you undertake, permit nothing to

your ſpirit which may wound your reputation.

Sir, of all men I dare free you from this crime, of violating the chaſtity of language.

Sir, I owe too much honour, to the memory of our fore-paſt acquaintance, to diſpleaſe you.

Sir, for your ſake, at the ſame time, I both enjoy pleaſure, and endure pain.

Sir, I muſt beg of you hereafter, to have a great care of my modeſty, ſince you enforce me, either to loſe it, or not to believe you.

Sir, the whole Court is ſenſible of ſuffering your name to fall to the ground.

Sir, I am ſo far from hiding my own defects, that I acknowledge there is none ſo imperfect as my ſelf: Neither can any man arrive to perfection, except he be adorned with thoſe abilities, whereof I am utterly ignorant.

Sir, I have neither power nor ability left me, but only to expreſs I am yours.

Sir, you have anticipated me of all Rhetorick, either of being complemental, or returning your commendation for your worthy favours.

Sir, inſtead of requital of theſe vows you offer me, I am put to a ſtand what to anſwer you.

Miſtriſs, I deſire to paſs my life in the pleaſing dreams of your perfections.

Your Courtly voice is like an Oracle, either to approve or condemn me.

Sir, I am none of thoſe who ſlight the benefits are ſhowred upon them.

Sir, I cannot light upon that accent, wherewith I might authorize my own follies.

All my thoughts are your real inſpirations.

I have no ſervile dependency, but upon your conceptions; I move by your directions.

In matters of Eloquence you ſeek out ſingularities, hitherto unknown to any.

From

Fron the first minute of my acquaintance, I made haste, as I shall ever, to acknowledge my self your most humble servant.

Sir, I entertain these passions, to the end you may appease them.

Madam, If you still persevere thus to dote on your Beauty, the time will come when your face will scare you more then a Judge doth a Felon.

Sir, I have quitted all complacency, and there is no means shall make me silent.

Fairest, there is no part of the world so remote, whither my curiosity in your search shall not carry me.

Lady, the moral of my affection is to instruct you, to make use of your youth; and to gather Nose-gays before the Roses wither: For, be confident, when you have no further attractions then an eloquent tongue, no man will seek for them in the furrows of your face, and you shall only be left to bewaile the ruines of your Beautie.

Sir, suffer your self to be convinced by reason, since you cannot resist the same, but to your disadvantage.

Sir, you must excuse me, since I know not in what manner to suffer so wounding a displeasure.

Sir, all the water in the Sea can never purifie me from this offence.

Lady, you have no more beauty then will serve to excuse you from being extream ugly.

Sir, if you grant me this favour; you shall elevate me to a more soveraign fortune then the estate of Kings.

Sir, it were as great a crime to be ignorant of the diversions that attend you; as not to be acquainted with the great affluence of Noble company dayly repairing to visit you.

Mistris, in my most solitary walks, it shall be my

Ambition to presume only to revolve you in my most secret cogitations.

Sir, in you alone I must commend the commencements of all vertue.

In all shapes, and under the most dreadful aspects that can appear, I am yours.

To return you Complements for such excellent favours, were to undervalue their worth, since my Language is too poor, and unable to lend me wherewith to pay you.

I fear I shall be indebted to you all my life, for the favours I have received of you.

It is the hight of my desires to be passionately, as I am, your most faithful servant.

My passions cannot so far transport me, but that I shall remain, as I have ever been, yours.

Sir, I intend not to commence any real War against you, for I acknowledge my choler to be artificial, which I am ready to lay down at your pleasure.

Fair Creature, Painters, and Stage-players are not guilty of those murthers which the darts of your eyes do most cruelly commit.

I am not so curious as to condemn the whole multitude, which have lost themselves in the admiration of your vertues.

I will dilate my self no further in my expressions, lest I dishonour your goodness, with my undervaluing praises.

Sir, mine eloquence will come too late, since there is no precept in humane wisdome, which hath not presented it self to your view.

Sir, the consolation I have, next to the assurance I have of my innocency, is, the liberty I enjoy to profess my self yours.

The principal object of my intentions, hath ever been the glory of your name.

Sir,

Sir, I do profeſs my ſelf yours, with all thoſe proteſtations which are able to make the truth appear inviolable.

Sir, I proſtrate all my preſumption at your feet, and ſhall deſpair of being happy, if not reputed yours.

Sir, I can no longer conceal my thoughts, ſince you have an intereſt both in me and them.

I never gave you viſit which cured me not of ſome paſſion.

How often with your golden eloquence have you taken me out of my ſelf?

You alone conduct me to the higheſt pitch of accidental perfection.

The beams of your eminent vertues have diſcovered to me mine own imperfections.

Inſtead of all thoſe high expreſſions you have beſtowed upon me, *I* muſt only anſwer you,

That I am your humble ſervant.

Sir, There can be no acknowledgement that I can make, can be anſwerable to the obligations I owe to your honour.

Sir, You miſtake my diſpoſition, if you ſuppoſe I affect praiſes, with the like intemperance as I do perfumes.

Sir, Should I forfeit ſuch occaſions, my friendſhip would never appear, but remain as a Recluſe.

Sir, the world would end, and Nature prove imperfect, if there were no ſuch men to maintain her honours.

Continue to expreſs your ſelf what you are, that your vertue may be its own recorder.

Faireſt, my thoughts are not ſo often here, as where you are.

Time, which preſcribes limits to all things, pre-

ſerve your beauty to the worlds end.

Thy Phyſitians have not ſo far exhauſted me, but that there are ſome drops of blood left to beſtow in part of your honours ſervice.

Madam, put on thoſe rayes of your beauty, that it may bud again with the next Roſes.

I confeſs I was never more aſtoniſhed then to find ſuch an equipage of ſorrow about you.

Sir, you are adorned with all excellent qualities that Art and Nature can beſtow for the commanding of Men.

Sir, There is not one part of your body, whereof another is not maſter.

Sir, it is not in my power to diſpoſe of one ſingle hair, ſince I am all yours.

Madam, you draw the eyes of all to admire you, ſince you are as fair a proſpect, adorned with all pleaſures to allure the beholders.

You are the Cabinet in which nature hath lock'd all her miracles.

Though I receive injuries from you, it ſhall be my humility not to take notice of them.

Sir, I would viſit theſe parts of the world which avarice it ſelf hath not yet found out, rather then loſe your ſociety.

Sir, it is impoſſible for me to conceal my ſenſibilities.

Sir, What violence ſoever I offer to my anger, I can no longer contain it.

Sir, you do ſo heap your favours on me, that you will not ſo much as ſuffer me to ſee me miſerable.

Sir, your innocent actions carry their warrant with them.

Sir, you do not ſo much expreſs your wit as your tyranny, in inflicting ſuch torments on me.

Sir, be not confident, leſt he whom you have ſo often

ten injured, do at laſt grow weary of his ſufferings.

You are the man, with whom alone I deſire to paſs the moſt pleaſant hours of my life.

Sir, If you pretend excenſes for ſo poor a trifle; Know, I am no longer your affectionate ſervant.

Sir, I ſhall hold my eloquence as pernicious as the perfections of a Curtezan, ſhould it prove any cauſe of your quarrels.

You uſurp a more abſolute authority over wits, then is lawful or reaſonable.

You ſmell too much of your Muſk and Amber, to expreſs your ſelf ſerious in the weight of affairs.

Sir, My conceptions are popular, and to be intelligible among women.

Your conceits are too far fetch'd, and they tranſcend the ſubject on which you beſtow them.

Faireſt, let me raviſh a kiſs from your hand.

Sir, my affections ſpring not from the diſeaſe and diſtempers of my ſoul; ſince my inclinations to ſerve you have their original from immortal reaſon.

Miſtriſs, you have a power to infuſe love and fidelity into the hearts of Barbarians.

You cannot beſtow favours amiſs on him, who hath ſearch't the ſecrets of Nature, and the depth of Philoſophy, that he might not appear to be ungrateful.

Sir, you muſt give me leave to admire your Judgment, which appears to be far more excellent then your Fortunes.

Sir, let me not ſeem to incur a crime, ſince I am forced to extol your generous liberality.

Sir, you vary your ſhape, and change your perfumes according to the diverſity of the ſeaſons.

Let it pleaſe you out of your nobleneſs, to afford me to be your Grace's moſt obedient and faithful Servant.

Sir,

Sir, you have all those excellent qualities that are necessary in a Prince.

Sir, I measure the necessities and fatalities of this world by your contentments or discomforts.

Sir, in this exigence of my fortunes, I am forc'd to admire your vertues; since you still set so high a value on your creature, who is lost to all men but your self.

Sir, your goodness is as unlimitable, as the desire I have to serve you.

Sir, in you are comprehended all the riches that Nature bestows on her most glorious Creatures.

Sir, I speak this seriously with my best sence; you may reduce me to any form.

All, who have either eyes, or spirits, must place them on so deserving an object.

Fairest, cast one glance of pitty on me, lest you deprive me of all conceits of mercy, with the terrible aspect of your eyes; which are to me the Ambassadours of life or death.

Sir, you are the emblem of terror, and your furious looks are able to consume a woman.

List me not so high with your favours, least you do but fit me for a precipice, and I behold my descent with a greater terrour.

Fairest, Let not your heavenly beauty, seated in it's royal Majesty, draw forth the sword of disdain to the ruine of your creature.

Fairest Creature, since I am the pattern of all ill fortunes by the force of your affection, free me from all the miseries that oppresse me.

You hit my inclinations, since to recompence such Vertues were a work most worthy of all generous spirits.

Sir, your refusal to the title of Eloquent, proves your modesty to be most unjust; since your tongue long

long ſince did bereave you of all excuſes.

Sir, I dare not enter the liſt with you, in reſpect of your elegancies of ſpeech; for when I would become moſt perſwaſive in my language, I appear more barbarous in my expreſſions.

All your Rhetorical arguments, are but like blew flowers among the corn; which though they may ſeem pleaſant to the eye, prove moſt unwholſom to the body

Sir, I ſhall alwayes acknowledge the artificial language to be like a Gentlewoman adorned with Rubies and Diamonds, which gliſter upon her Garments, whilſt ſhe her ſelf wants the eyes of her body, and of her mind.

Fair one, can I prevent the Powers of the Planets, or reſiſt the force of the Stars? you may then conclude, I can then repel theſe actions.

I am yours, Sir, and I will be yours in deſpite of Fates and Fortunes.

Madam, your excellent qualities, and exquiſite vertues, have ſo aſſaulted the Fort of my Fancy, that I muſt of a neceſſity reſign my ſelf up to you, as a trophy of your victories.

Miſtriſs, ſince Cupid doth ſo fitly favour the cauſe of his Clients, let us not ſlip ſo happy an opportunity.

Madam, if the wiſhes of a poor mortal may be heard above, I queſtion not but heaven with felicities will crown your royal deſerts.

Madam, though I have not hitherto by dutiful ſervices made manifeſt the loyalty of my heart, yet ſince I firſt framed in my fancy, as in a mirror, the ſhape of your ſurpaſſing beauty, with all humility, I have caſt my ſelf and Fortunes at your Royal feet.

Faireſt,

Faireſt, there is none upon earth doth with a more loving duty reverence your perſon and vertues, then I do.

Madam, in conſideration of my poor fortunes, let my affection appear ſo much the more excuſable, ſince I ſo far eſteem of your divine beauty, and exquiſite vertue, as I would think my ſelf moſt unworthy, though I were Prince of the World, to poſſeſs your heavenly perfection, in reſpect of any of my own native honours.

Sir, I have learn'd to know, that it is the religion of Lovers to ſwear and forſwear.

Madam, The parching heat of the Summer makes the cool ſhades more pleaſant; and the feowns of Lovers make their ſmiles more delightful and chearful.

Miſtriſs, I muſt never hope ſo entirely to love, as with my affections to requite your loyalty.

Sir, ſhe which builds her fancy upon fading ſubjects, ties her honour to the unconſtant wheel of Fortune.

Faireſt, as a pledge of my proteſtations, you ſhall have both my heart and hand to be yours in duſt and aſhes.

Sir, you have a heart as large as the Sea, which contains in it a capacity of all the ornaments that uſe to dignifie Princes.

Strive not, *Sir*, to bereave me of the reputation of my honour, leſt thoſe that ſhall ſucceed me hereafter, read my infamy upon my Tomb.

Madam, the beams of your Sun-like beauty, with their lively luſtre, and ſparkling flames, dazle the eyes of your amazed Lovers.

Madam, in the ſhady darkneſs of this Arbour, you ſeem like a Heaven, enamelled with an infinite number of Stars.

Having diſpoſed ſo many affections to do you ſervice,

vice, fear it not, faireſt, your ſervant muſt of neceſſity viſit you.

Fair one, whilſt mortals enjoy your heavenly beauty, the luſtre of your reſplendent eyes ſhall as the day light ſerve them for the diſpatch of their affairs.

Sir, I cannot be inſenſible of your miſeries, ſince the web of your deſtinies hath paſſed us both through the like misfortunes.

Sir, I am real, and uſe not to entertain my friends with dreams and illuſions.

Sir, this your inhumane uſage of your creature, ſhall never ſeem ſtrange to me, ſince the moſt fervent affections of the world oftentimes degenerate into the vehementeſt enmities.

Sir, we equally ſhare with one anothers diſcontents, and diſſolve our hearts together, as one would melt one piece of wax into another.

Faireſt, thoſe eminent qualities, which nature, as a dowry, hath beſtowed upon you, like flowers, ſpread themſelves forth by the raies of your bright beauty, cauſing thoſe courtſhips, ſervices, and admirations which ſo ſweetly adorn you.

Miſtriſs, Ladies of honour, to expreſs the ſincerity of their affections, have breathed forth their lives on the Tombs of their deceaſed Lovers.

Madam, if I am conſumed by the fires of *Cupid*, blame me not, ſince your eyes enkindled the flames of my affections.

Madam, Exerciſe not the extremity of your rigour upon him that ſuffers ſuch miſeries, under the falſe title and quality of an offender.

Know, fair creature, that ſuch a bright day may at laſt enlighten my innocence, when revengeful lovers ſhall ſearch into my aſhes, to find out truth there buried.

Sir,

Sir, Theſe glorious progreſſions of your vertue will at laſt mount you to the higheſt pitch of admiration.

Madam, ſhut not up theſe eyes from the light of your beauty, leſt they be perpetually open'd to tears.

Madam, It is impoſſible you ſhould ever draw to you a reputation of honour, ſigned with the effuſion of my blood.

Madam, there are thoſe will deplore my aſhes, and ſtrew ſome filthy flowers on the place impreſſed with the prints of your puniſhments.

Fair one. When my ſoul ſhall be ſepared from my body, it ſhall every where wait on your purified ſpirit, as the ſhadow of it.

Madam, if you ſhould pleaſe to condemn me to darkneſs, by the eclipſing of the divine light of your beauty, yet I deſpair not; but that at laſt from the ſphere of your ſplendors due to my merits, you will vouchſafe the rayes of your clemency, to enlighten the duskie nights of my miſeries and misfortunes.

Fair one, though death may ſeparate our lives, yet love ſhall unite our aſhes, and we ſhall preſerve the immortality of our affections, by the immortality of our ſouls.

Madam, ſeated thus on your fair pavilion, you appeared like reſplendent day, in the attires of a Majeſty abſolutely royal.

Madam, your goodly nature, well proportioned body, the bright colour of your face, the lively port and grave carriage of your perſon, all theſe ſpeak you to be a real branch, ſprung from ſome royal ſtem.

Fair one, your hair negligently diſhevel'd, and careleſs attire, grace forth your beauty, which ſhines in the midſt of ſo many obſtacles, as the Sun in a winters day.

Faireſt creature, caſt not thoſe eyes down, neither colour

colour your face with thoſe modeſt bluſhes, ſince it would appear moſt admirable, that your vertues ſhould find fetters in a place where they expect Crowns.

Sir, I deſire to end my dayes on the Theatre of Kings, in their glorious ſervices.

Madam, Heaven hath created me ſuch a one as you ſee, full of good will, though of ſlender fortunes and means.

Sir, We have continually lived together as one ſoul divided into two bodies, and ſince our amities have taken root in a mutual temperance and correſpondency of humours, we have maintained in us a continual familiarity, which neither death nor hell can ever have power to ſeperate.

Faireſt, our breaſts ſhall be ever interchangably tranſparent.

Fair one, diſſimulation or contradiction cannot approach the ſincerity of our loves.

Faireſt, let me embrace you with the openneſs of my heart, and the profuſion of my love, that our ſouls may evaporate themſelves into one another.

Sir, your favours create me again, and give me a new being.

Sir, I ſhall never pretend any right to any honour in the world, but only to obey your commands.

Miſtris, the grace of ſpeech dwelleth on your fair lips.

Sir, hereafter ages ſhall take Palms and Lawrels, to crown the reliques of your honour'd aſhes.

Faireſt, theſe eyes of mine, are but emblems of tears mixt with love.

Madam, ſpread not that Cypreſs vail o're your face, leſt you benight your beauty, and darken the bright rays of that which makes our day.

Madam, your beauty is a divinity left on earth, to be known and beloved of mortals.

Deſcription

Deſcription of Beauty.

BEauty is Natures Ivy-buſh.

It is her beauty only creates her Queen; 'tis that which adds a commanding power to every ſyllable.

Glory not too much in the prerogative of Nature; ſeeing ſhe hath made thee man, make not thy ſelf a woman.

Your beauty is a Tyrant of a ſhort reign, you cannot call it your own; for you can neither give it, nor preſerve it long.

Beauty is the conqueres of man, never to be ſatisfied with the rayes of her Chryſtal-painted eyes.

A feature that excells all mortal ſenſe.

Such a one, that when ſhe lay naked, his eyes did carve him out a feaſt of love.

Her body doth preſent thoſe Fields of peace that Poets ſing of in *Elizium.*

She lay like eclypſed *Cynthia*, ſweetly canopied with darkneſs, till he drew the curtains of Love.

Had *Paris* ſeen her naked, he had ſlighted his *Nell* of *Greece* for her.

Trimming her beauty forth with bluſhing bravery, with the wonders of her Beauty, mortal eyes are never to be ſatisfied, as if ſhe were made only for admiration, to be adored of men, or win grace from Heaven.

A complexion as clear as the Sky.

Beauty is the Image of the Creator, and the Rhetorick of Heaven.

THE
Academy of Complements.

Choyce and fair Flowers, ſelected out of the Garden of Eloquence, to adorn our Language with variety of expreſſions, upon ſeveral occaſions.

Upon his abſence.

I Shall no longer eſteem my ſelf abſent from you, whilſt I hold any room in your heart and memorie.

Let thoſe dull clods of earth, not yet informed with Promethean fire, meaſure afflictions by their Miles of Acres; We, whoſe ſouls are caſt in a more pure mould, by a moſt ſubtile penetration and tranſfuſion of hearts, enjoy a ſecure freedome in one anothers wiſhes; and in the greateſt diſtance, are cheriſhed with a virtual contiguity.

It is the bruitiſh love, and wants the quickning fire of reaſon, that can by circumſtances be intermitted; the more exttacted flames of our affections ſhall, like more glorious Pyramides, burn bright and clear, and light our ſouls, though thus ſeemingly dis-joynted, to our daily mutual imbracements.

Let not my remoteneſs change your purpoſes, more then it ſhakes the reſolution I have made, to live yours.

Proteſtations of Love.

IT is as impoſſible for me not to love you, as it is for the Sun to forget his ordinary courſe.

So am I raviſhed with your beauty, that it will prove harder for me to forget you then it would

prove

prove difficult to reſolve for death: and know for a certain; that I ſhall ſtill be rather content and diſpoſed to conſent to the hatred of my ſelf, then to the love of any other object, but you.

Your ſight may be forbidden me, and you may hinder me from ſpeaking to you, but not to have the effigies of your divine beauty imprinted in my heart; and not to love and ſerve you, it is a thing not only out of your power, but mine alſo: for I am to you as an accident, ſo inſeparable, that you cannot be without me.

Upon her Beauty.

I Should have thought I had too much failed in ſo much duty, had I not directed it to ſo fair a mark; but the favour of your affections, is that to which I ſacrifice my beſt endeavours.

Vanquiſhed by your beauty, I have yielded up the arms of my liberty and freedom, under your obedience.

Nothing ſhall take from my heart but death it ſelf, the fair image of your divine beauty.

Death it ſelf ſhall here ſtand vaſſal, and homage pay, to your more powerful darts; when every quickning glance from you, ſhall add new life, as he deſtroyes the old.

In admiration of her goodneſs.

IT is your goodneſs that hath ſupplyed my ſmall merit; which could not have dared to promiſe me the favours you can afford me.

The goodneſs of your ſoul is ſo clear and bright, that ſin dares not approach too near, for fear of diſcovering its own deformity.

You need not ſeek for your inheritance, when the rich evidence of your vertue intitles you to heaven.

I wonder not to ſee ſo many bankrupts in goodneſs, when I find the ſtock of vertue reſts alone in you.

These noble favours may quicken my endeavours, but never create a desert in me; they are so much beyond my All.

On her leaving him.

LOvers in despite of absence, loose not the remembrance of their Lovers: they are as the flowers, which, though trod on, do resume their lustre at the Suns approach.

Although thou goest away, yet we cannot part.

Here in my heart thou still remainest, yet I must shed some tears, which like the morning dew, or as April showres, shall make the spring tide of our love (though by this winter covered) grow fresh and green again.

To forsake me, when your company is dearest to me, is no sign of true friendship, which parts not at death it self, since love remains for ever.

Take pitty on all those bloody sorrows, which the apprehension of your absence makes me already so miserably to feel.

To accuse in a Letter.

IT is better to love with severity, then to deceive with sweetness.

I expected a cordial, but I received a corrosive; your bitter-sweet was unequally tempered; and in your Pills, though sugar'd over, I found an unwelcome operation. I received thy letter, but I must chide thee (sweet) another close from thy fair hand, will make me surfeit; you frown'd when last we parted, and by that cloud you bid me expect a storm: it is a double bliss, thus sweetly to be deceived: you frown in deed, but a thousand *Cupids* lodge themselves in every wrinkle of your brow.

I would forbear to write to you in this manner, were it not that the affection I bear to you, doth force, and by it's authority, draw all these words from my heart and mouth.

Mistris

Miſtriſs, The Bees are not hated for their ſtings, no more ſhould you hate me for the ſharpneſs of my circumſtances.

We muſt not praiſe our ſelves for being better then the worſt, but rather blame our ſelves for being worſe then the beſt; ſince then I fail in my merits, give me leave to mourn for my imperfections.

A Farewel.

I Muſt depart from you, yet ſhall not your ſervice be deprived of mine obedience.

Adieu, fair Sun of my life, I leave you for this preſent, but be alwayes aſſured, that my mind, and my deſires ſhall never depart from you.

Dear Love, I know not which way to begin to bid you farewel, nor to finiſh this diſcourſe; which once ended, our diſconſolate departure follows.

Wo is me, muſt I needs wander away from all my felicities at once, loſing with the happineſs of your ſight, the moſt perfect object of beatitude!

Farewel, *Madam*, be alwaies fortunate, whilſt I ſhall languiſh, unhappy, though moſt conſtant.

Expreſſions of Affections.

YOu can never do ſo much for me, but that the affection wherewith I adore you, and the faith I have repoſed in you, will prove far greater.

Miſtriſs, you are the firſt, to whom my affectionate heart hath been offered; and ſhall (if you pleaſe) be the laſt that ſhall have the poſſeſſion of it.

Do but let me once diſcover my affections to you, and then command me to perpetual ſilence, if you pleaſe.

You are the eye of mine eyes, and thought of my thoughts, the perfecter of my defaults, the life of my love, the ſcope and end of all my deſires and hopes.

Bear well in mind mine affection, that though I be removed from your fair eyes, I may not be ſo far from your favours.

The

The Lovers expreſſion of Conſtancy.

I Shall in loving you, manifeſt ſuch an affectionate ſtability and ſtedfaſtneſs, that my loyalty and my love ſhall inſeparably wait on you.

My conſtancy may eaſily ſhew you, that I have as good an heart to dye for you, as I have a mind and deſire to live and love you.

I ſhall make it appear to after times, that I am the man, who for your ſake have made my ſelf an invincible Rock of ſtedfaſtneſs: for I ſhall ſtill hug my conſtancy, and never let it ſtir from me, till my laſt gaſp.

Upon her affability and Courteſie.

IT is your courteſie that lends me the favour which Heaven and Nature have denyed me.

Your courteſie will force the moſt rigid *Cato* to turn your Proſelyte, and make the *Cynick* leave his Tub: enamoured with your urbanity.

Each part about you ſhines with a peculiar grace, but in your mild behaviour they all concenterate.

Upon your brow, Beauty and Honour ſit enthron'd, whence in your ſtately carriage they diſpence their powerful Laws.

It is out of your generous diſpoſition you wiſh me well, as it is out of duty that I honour you.

Upon a Lovers fear.

LOvers live alwayes in more fear then hope, and will ſooner conceive of their ſorrows, then credit their joyes.

Lady, I have juſt cauſe to fear, leſt by placing my love upon an object either too violent, or too much diſtant, my ſenſe may be deceived; you far tranſcend my deſerts, but my deſires lie captive at your feet: one beam from your bright eye will kindle them anew, and adde a new vigour to me your languiſhing proſtrate.

The fear I have, leſt my ſlender merit ſhould take away

away your good mind to wiſh me well, doth in a ſort make all thoſe joyes imperfect, which my ſweeteſt thoughts made me judge ſo full and entire.

On her deſires.

F*Aireſt*, Be but as deſirous of my content, as I am of your ſervice.

My deſires make me as careful to pleaſe you, as I am bound by duty, and compelled by inclination to ſerve you.

I wiſh, Heaven that gave me the boldneſs of deſire, had like wiſe graced me with deſert.

To give or preſent.

THis I dedicate, conſecrate, & offer up unto you with the ſame heart, wherewith I vowed you my ſervice.

Your bounty hath furniſhed me with power, and your example with will; accept therefore this ſmall preſent gleaned from your plenteous Harveſt; which ſhall ever teſtifie to the ungrateful world, how much I glory to proclaim aloud my wealths chief founder.

I ſhould be ignorant and ungrateful too, ſhould I preſume to think it worthy your acceptance; when every Jewel receives its Character of value from your eſteem.

The maſs of all my wealth made up together, diſclaims the name of merit, and therefore here I freely give it all, and in the ſtrong Indentures of Loyalty, I bind my ſelf your Prentice.

I had rather preſent you with ſome ſmall thing, and ſo be reputed ignorant then ungrateful.

Regard more the affection, then the merit of the gift; and ſo accept it, not as a thing of deſert, but as a teſtimony of my good will.

On

On the Effects of their Love.

YOu ſhall know one day in effect, what you now have but in imagination.

The conſtancy of my affection hath been ſuch, that it hath overcome the worſt of difficulties; and the expectation of the harbour hath made the danger eaſie.

When amidſt the waves of your diſdain, my half ſhip-wrack'd veſſel began to ſink; each ſigh I fetch'd (I ſee at length) found a courteous gale, to bring me home to you, my bleſſed harbour.

One day you will come to know the concluſion of the irreproachable teſtimonies of my true and faithful promiſes.

Upon her Eloquence.

YOur Eloquence is able to ſteal the ſoul out of one's Heart, and carry it whither it would not go.

O ſpeak again! 'twill make the ſpheres lay by their warbling Lutes, and liſten to your tongue.

Each articulated ſyllable doth lay a powerful charm upon my ſoul, and captivates my ſenſes.

One day is no more able to overcome you with good words, than with good actions.

The eloquence of your moſt ſweet words cloſes my lips, and binds them to a perpetual ſilence.

Excuſes.

IN excuſing your unjuſt fear, you ſeem to accuſe my boldneſs.

It is a mercy that you yet afford me, to let me plead mine own excuſe.

I preſume upon your pardon for my former ſuſpitious fears; and the rather, becauſe the goodneſs of your nature ſtiles them, The individual concomitants of Love.

I pray you hear my reasons patiently, and judge without passion of my Justification.

It is for great minds to excuse great faults; upon the acknowledgment therefore of my late transgression, you cannot find a fitter subject for your mercy.

Experience of a Lover and of a Friend.

I Have so much experience of your good will, that is only remaines that you make triall of my desire of acknowledgement.

I have had such tryal of your friendship and fidelity, that I hope you will not fail me in time of need.

Each messenger affords freth Characters of your friendship, and every day I see the spring of your love breaking through new Channels.

Upon her Face.

THe wonders of your face made me their captive as soon as I saw them; and that rare grace of yours which makes you excel all others, retained me your prisoner.

As she appears, so day breaks, and with her beams disperses all my clouds and mists of discontent.

The Epitome of Nature is compriſed in her face, where she hath freely given a taste of all her pride and glory.

Upon his favours.

IF you judge or deem me worthy to favour you, I hold that your merits are much more than my deserts.

I am ignorant what service might satisfie for the favours

vours I have received of you: if you please to increase my knowledge, in telling me how I may serve you again, I shall be doubly oblig'd.

I want opportunity dutifully to acknowledge this favourable proof of your condition and honesty.

Upon his Fortunes.

FOrtune strives now, to make me pay the interest of those pleasures she formerly lent me.

Dame Fortune is too covetous and usurious, in taking from me the interests of my prosperity.

I appear to you just like an empty Vessel that wants his Lading, with full blown sails of Love: indeed 'tis true, I am bound for the *Indies*, and if my Compass fail me not, my Genius tells me, I shall soon arrive.

O! Withdraw not those two Stars: by their blest light I steer my crazy Bark, and hope to enjoy the wished-for shore of happiness.

Upon her hatred.

I Do not think (though I should give you occasion to hate me) that your good nature can wish me an injury, since you are not compos'd of any thing but love.

Courtesie dwelt on your forehead, but malice resided in your soul, and lay concealed in your mind.

On her Inconstancy.

YOu use your friends as one doth flowers, which please only when they are fresh and new.

I perceive that ardent affection which was wont to keep me so alive in your thoughts, doth now no more reign in you.

In praiſe of her.

I Could not, without making my ſelf guilty of irreverence, ſpeak otherwiſe to you, than in a way of praiſe.

I value love in all, but, Madam, moſt in you, when I find it richly ſitting on the neck of honour.

Such is the galled condition af the age, that ſhould my feeble Encomiums preſume to touch a little at what your beauty in the largeſt manner merits, the faireſt title I ſhould gain for my true meaning would be a *Paraſite*.

Madam, let others daub and flatter, I'le not give over to draw true lines; but mauger all their painting, will proclaim you aloud, *Vertuous* and *Fair*.

Madam, To live with you, is to live with all the Graces; For Nature hath made you the example of her liberalities.

For her retention of him in her memory.

DO not that wrong to your true love, to let him ſlide out of your memory, the only monument where his felicity deſires to be inſhrined.

Keep me alive in your thoughts, as I hold you in the moſt ſenſible parts of my ſoul.

Of his merits.

I Could never do ſo great a thing, but would be too ſmall for your merits and my deſires.

Your merits drive me to love you, my humour permits it, and my content will needs have me imploy my endeavours to ſerve you.

The praiſes you attribute unto me, proceed from your will, and not from any merit of mine.

The neceſſity of his Affections.

THe neceſſity of love is moſt mighty in the world, for it overcomes all.

O how happy a thing is that neceſſity, that inforceth us to embrace ſuch a deſired bleſſing as your ſelf.

I was all frozen, until the Sun-ſhine of your favour thawed my benummed ſpirits; but when you darted your quickning beams, the ſpring of my affections budded forth in the moſt pleaſant blooms of love.

The Magnetick ſtone ſtarts not with ſuch natural activity to the North ſtars ſummons, as I, when you command.

Proteſtations of Obedience.

I Shall not, all the dayes of my life, have a will which ſhall not obey yours.

You know the power you have over me, and that I am ſo much yours, as you can wiſh me.

To offer, and preſent ſervice.

ALL the honour and ambition I aſpire at, is, to ſee my ſelf imployed in your ſervice.

Let all men judge whether your beauty alone is not ſufficient to command the affections I bear you.

All that is mine is no leſs yours, than are your thoughts and words.

The moſt favourable gift you can offer me, is, your friendſhip, a Jewel I prefer before all other treaſures.

Wiſhes.

HEaven, which hears the vows of the faithful, bleſs and content your deſires.

I need not wiſh you more, but a continuance of thoſe graces you moſt eminently poſſeſs already.

May you meet with ſuch a Paramour, as may equal (for ſure out-go he cannot) your holier flames; may

the ſame ſhaft, with an undivided haſt, pierce both your hearts together; may both your loves bear the ſame date. And when we have made our ſelves unworthy of enjoying any longer ſuch a worthy pattern, and rich example of pure affection; after you have ſeen a ſecond Generation, may death gently tranſport you to that place of bliſs, where he himſelf can never come.

God make you the happieſt woman that lives; even as he hath made you the faireſt, and moſt accompliſhed.

Heaven grant, that you may be faithful, as you are dear to me.

Bewailing of a Lover.

I Do ſo bewail our ſeparation, that nothing can ever touch my ſoul like the grief I endure by it.

The greateſt grief I carry along with me when I part from this place, is, to ſee how I am for ever deprived of your fair preſence.

To give thanks.

IF I have done you any acceptable ſervice, think it was but the ſhadow of what I deſire to ſhew you, by real effects.

To tickle your ears with the breath of Compliment, or, the air of ſome preſently contradicted news, would be to imitate the *What lack you?* To give you good words, and to make your better deeds pay too dear for them.

I take this benefit from you but as borrowed; I will pay you rent for it,

Though the ſervice I have done you be but ſmal, yet, the deſires I had to acknowledge the honours I have received from you, are exceeding great.

On the deceits of Love.

YOur fair eyes have too much Majeſty to ſerve for baits, or allurements, of a diſſembling Lover.

Do

Do not deceive him that will out-brave Death it ſelf to inſure your life; and withſtand the frowns of Fortune, to protect your honour.

On his Life.

MY life is a Comedy, and therefore no matter how long it be, ſo it be well acted: Sweeteſt! if the laſt Scene be Tragick, your cruelty muſt be the *Nemeſis*.

Our life without ſome pleaſantneſs, is like a long journey without an Inne; or like a bed of Roſes, where flowers are mixed with prickles. Lady, if you pleaſe, from your hoſpitable bounty, to refreſh my over wearied and ſolitary progreſs, I ſhall conclude my time richly ſpent, having attained the end at which always I aim'd, but you hrve hitherto clos'd up your fragrant ſweet, and amidſt the ſterneſt briers of diſcontent, have left me miſerably intangled.

On the luſtre of her Eyes.

YOur eyes flaſh ſo much Lightning, that, like the Sun they dazle the ſight of all ſuch as dare behold them.

Your ſouls bright luſtre ſparkles in your [illegible]; and, like the Perſian, that only Sun I adore.

You have ſo eſtabliſhed your ſoveraignty over my ſoul, that the leaſt twinkle of your eyes, diſpoſſeſs me of the ſtate of my life.

Amorous Expreſſions.

THis kiſs and thy white hand.

Her ſpring of beauty raiſed in him noble deſires, which ſoon broke forth in liberal ſtreams.

Let me rule Lady, like a Planet, in the Orb of your favour.

You have a moſt imperious beauty, I muſt obey it.

Delight ſhall ſtream into our boſome.

A faint Lovers wiſhes cannot recall the hours.

I will imbrace thee as all wealth or honour.

Though she were divided from me by armies, I would make way through death to gain her.

O let me dwell an age upon those lips.

She is a sparkling delightful piece of Nature.

She is the Queen and Goddess of Beauty.

She is the Mine of pleasing joys and sweetness.

The great commandress of all hearts.

I cannot speak to thee, go thy wayes.

Wee'l strive to make the example of Love an easie Law.

As white as truth, as innocent as vertue.

Take all your vow, again, you are as free as the Air.

The Cyprian Queen compared to thee, was but a Negro.

Whose love is the Exchequor of wealth.

A Spring of Love issues from thy soul.

I must awake in the dark, and be benighted to all the world but thee.

Madam, I am a poor flye, burnt in the candle of your beauty.

A woman worthy of so composed a man.

Crown your servant, Mistris, with this favour.

A Miscellaneous Present of Similitudes, Comparisons, and Examples, selected for the Readers discreeter application.

Like to *Diana* in her Summer Weed, girt with a Crimson Robe of brightest Dye.

The rivolets of tears hang on her cheeks like drops of pearled dew upon the riches of *Flora:*

Her

Her Treſſes are like the coloured Hyacinth of *Arcadia*.

Her brows are like the mountain Snows, that lye on the Hills.

Her eyes are like gliſterings of *Titans* gorgeous mantle.

Her Alablaſter neck like the purer whiteneſs of the flocks, and her face like a border of Lillies, interwoven with Roſes.

Her bluſhing cheeks look like the ruddy gates of the morning.

Like fair *Aurora*, in the morning gay, deck'd with the ruddy gliſter of her love.

Like *Thetis* in a calm day, when, as her brightneſs, *Neptunes* fancy moves.

Like herbs in *Syria*, that flouriſh in the morning, and fade before night.

As the Sea doth draw ebbs and tides from the Moon.

She ſits like *Juno*, when ſhe firſt watch'd the fair Heifer on the *Lincean* downs.

Like *Narciſſus*, wrap not your face in a cloud of diſdain.

Her form, like the Sphere whence ſome bright *Venus* vaunts her ſilver ſhrine.

As bright as Silver, *Phœbe*, mounted on the top of the ruddy Element, painting the amorous affections of the Sun to his Hyacynth, and the relation of Love between him and the Marigold.

Like one of *Æſop's* Apes, that finding a Gloworm, took it for the fire.

Her eyes are thoſe that did reform the Chaos.

Her breath is like the ſteam of Apple pyes, her teeth like the tusks of the fatteſt Swine, her ſpeech is like the Thunder of the Air.

As the fineſt Gold hath its droſs, pureſt Wine

its lees; the fineſt Roſe its prick'es; each ſweet, its ſowre.

He that will hear ſuch *Syrens* ſing, muſt with *Vlyſſes* tye himſelf to the Maſt of the Ship.

Who means to be a Suitor to *Circes*, muſt take a preſervative, unleſs he mean to be inchanted.

Like the moiſtned *Torpedoes*, that do not only charm the hand, but the heart.

As the ſweeteſt Muſk is ſour to be taſted, gilded Pills moſt bitter to be chewed.

As the fineſt flower ſeldome hath the beſt ſmell; as the glittering ſtone hath oftentimes the leaſt vertue.

As the Marigold, which, as long as the Sun ſhines, opens its leaves, but with the leaſt Cloud begins to cloſe.

Like certain Trees in the Deſerts of *Africa*, that flouriſh but whilſt the South-wind blows.

As the *Elephant* delights at the ſight of a Roſe.

As the *Cockatrice* dieth with beholding the *Chryſolite*.

Tarquin, and all his poſterity, were robbed of their Regal dignity for the Rape of *Lucretia*.

As he that is hurt by the *Scorpion*, ſeeks a ſalve from him that gave him the ſore.

As it is impoſſible for Iron to reſiſt the power of the Adamant, or the Straw the vertue of the ſucking Jeat.

Johnſon was never ſo trothleſs, as *Troilus* truſty: *Paris* was never ſo fickle, as *Pyarmus* fruitful; *Æneas* was never ſo light to *Dido*, as *Leander* was true to *Hero*.

As a Hound, which at the firſt default, giveth off the Chaſe, is called but a Cur.

As firm as the betrothed faith of *Eraſta* to his *Perſida*.

As is madneſs to hop againſt a Hill, or ſtrive againſt a Stream.

Like the greedy *Kite*, that leaveth the ſweet Fleſh, to prey upon the ſtinking Carrion.

As

As it is impoſſible for a man to ſleep by the *Viper*, and not to be daunted; to gaze on the *Cockatrice*, and not to be infected; to view *Meduſa's* head, and not to be transformed.

As the *Baſiliſk* loſeth his ſenſe at the ſight of a naked man.

As the *Porcupine* ſtaring againſt the glimmering light, is taken by the Dogs.

Whilſt the *Deer* gazeth at the Bow, he is ſtricken with the Bolt.

Whilſt the *Leopard*, looking on the *Panthers* painted skin, he is taken for a prey.

As the moſt precious Stone is choſen by the glittering hue, and perfect colour, the beſt fruits by the braveſt leaves.

He that is ſtriken by a *Scorpion*, if his wounds take wind, can never be healed.

To ſtop the ſtream, is to make the flood flow more fiercely; to repreſs the fire, to make it flame the more furiouſly.

If the proud Centaur *Ixion* be bidden to the feaſt of the Gods, no leſs than *Juno* will ſerve his turn.

The love of a woman is like the oyl of a flint, which being once congealed, will never be diſſolved again.

Will the ſilly *Dove* lay her Eggs in the *Faulcons* Neſt, or the *Mouſe* march under the Enſign of the *Cat*?

As it is impoſſible to hatch a *Swan* in an *Eagles* Neſt, or temper Oyl and Pitch together in one veſſel, to mix the blood of a *Lyon*, and of a *Wolf* together in one bowl.

The Dutcheſs of *Malfy* choſe for her husband her ſervant, but you are ſo addicted to the opinion of *Danae*, that unleſs you turn *Jupiter* into your lap, with a golden ſhower, he ſhall have the repulſe.

As the *Bull* by browſing on the back of a Juniper-Tree, falls aſleep.

With *Venus* you let *Vulcan* enjoy the Tree, and poſſeſs the fruit.

The *Eagle* is ſo careful of her young, that if by her fault any of them periſh, ſhe woundeth her ſelf with her beak.

The *Lyon* ſo loveth her Whelps, that ſhe never taſteth of her Prey, till they are fully ſatisfied.

Like the Apples of *Arabia*, which begin to rot before they are half ripe.

As the wounds of the Body, by often rubbing, are ſometimes made incurable.

As the ſavour of the *Panther* ſeemeth ſweet to none but bruit Beaſts.

As continued rain moyſteth the Earth, ſo that it cannot be tilled to bring forth fruit,

As a Ship in the Sea without a guide, leaning now on one ſide, then on another, is often in great danger.

As *Bees* when they ſtrive together, or ſtired up by ſome violent motion, with ſtrowing of duſt are brought into order and appeaſed.

As *Apothecaries* do cover their Pills with ſome ſweet ſubſtance, to make them go down the pleaſanter.

As the ſucking of a child brings milk into the mothers breaſt.

As there is no ſhelter, where there is no Sun.

As a *Gardner* mingleth divers ſeeds together, and caſts them into the ground, yet will they not be confounded togather one with another, but every ſeed will have its proper herb

As Swallows and Flies are dead in the Winter, but by vertue of the Sun, revive again in Summer.

As the *Goldſmith* by his Art, can ſever divers Metals one from another, and ſome men out of one Metal can draw another.

As

As the Sun and the Moon being of one ſubſtance, differ in dignity and excellency.

As *Prometheus* did make miraculous Images, ſuch as none ever could make but himſelf.

As continual drops of water hallow the hard Stone.

As thoſe men that live by River *Nilus*, are made deaf by the continual noiſe of the waters.

As the diſeaſe of a *Canker*, alwayes infects the next part that is nigh it.

As the Sea when it rageth, the waters thereof caſt up dirt and mire.

As in fining, the droſs is ſeparated from the Metals.

As there is a certain weakneſs in the ſight, which cauſeth a party to think he ſees ſtraws, whereas he ſees men.

As a Thunderbolt caſt out of the Clouds, ſpareth the matter that ſubmitteth it ſelf to the force thereof, but breaketh to powder whatſoever reſiſteth.

As the morning dew, ſoon after the riſing of the Sun languiſheth away.

As the Medicinal plaſter cannot heal a wound, if there be any Iron ſticking in it.

As the Roſe, the moſt pleaſant of all flowers, is gathered upon rough briers.

Like the Ape, which with imbracings, doth well nigh kill her young one.

As the Moon hath ſo much the leſs light, by how much the nearer it is to the Sun.

As the firſt ſtep to health, is to know the diſeaſe.

As by great ſhowres and ſtorms of Rain, the air is cleanſed.

As in a Garland, the beauty of the flowres, except they be orderly compoſed, are not half ſo glorious.

As the Moon is not eclipſed, nor loſeth her light till ſhe is at the full.

As they that dwell in low vallies are seldome hurt with lightning.

As the pure Coral will not alter the colour.

Like as the silk-worm keepeth her body spare and empty, using to fast two or three dayes together, that she may stretch out her self, and spin her thread the finer:

As a little spark many times setteth a whole house on fire.

As Owls, and Night crows see better in the night than in the day.

Like as out of a River or Fountain troubled, there can be no water drawn but what is muddy.

As a strong Corrosive laid to a sore, eats out all the dead flesh.

Like as when the body is distempered, and some members putrified, it is then best for the Patient to have his blood taken away from him.

As fire is never sufficed with wood, and earth with water.

As they that are sick of the Dropsie, increase their thirst by drinking.

As Children are like to their natural Parents in favour, speech, and laughter.

As the *Libard* with a strange kind of policy, to kill the *Apes*, lies down as if he were stark dead; which the *Apes* seeing, come altogether, and in delight skip upon him; That the *Libard* bears patiently, untill he thinks they have all wearied themselves with sporting; then suddenly he leapeth up, and catcheth one of them in his mouth.

As the Lamb is the more nimble and lively for shearing.

Like as the Pelican, which having brought forth hey young ones dead, being slung or killed by Ser-

Serpents, ſhe picketh out her heart blood to revive them.

Like the undiſtinct ſound of Muſick, which delighteth not.

As the rain maketh the New-mown graſs freſhly to ſpring again, and comforts the earth, that it yields forth fruit.

As the *Eſtridge* hath wings, yet flyeth not.

As ſweet ſcents and perfumes comfort the brain and heart.

As the Sun in Winter, when it is ſartheſt off from the Pole, is neareſt the earth.

As Lightning blaſts all it meets with, but the Lawrel Tree.

As the Chyrurgion cuts and ſearches, before he heals the wound.

As in Muſick, if the harmony of ſtrings be not conſonant, the ſound is not ſweet, nor acceptable to the tunable ears.

As no man can behold the Sun, unleſs it be covered with a little Cloud.

As the head gives ſenſe and motion to the members.

As from the Stock ſap is derived to the Graft, that it may live and grow.

As a Glaſs filled with an extream ſtrong Liquor, can not but burſt in ſunder, not becauſe of any antipathy that is between them, but becauſe the Glaſs is not of ſufficient ſtrength to contain the Liquor.

As a Whore hath no more to do with her husband, nor any thing of his, becauſe of her breach of Wedlock.

As they that come out of the clear Sun into the ſhadow, have their ſight darkned.

Like as when one looks on any thing in the air, they appear in their proper formes and Colours,

as

As they are, but if they bee look'd upon through a green glaſs, they all appear green.

As the ſoul doth ſo quicken the body, that notwithſtanding the members of the ſame, in themſelves, are but weak, yet they fall not quite to decay, as long as they have any participation with the ſoul.

As the light of the Sun yields him no pleaſure that is in a dark Dungeon.

As a woman brings forth children in ſorrow.

As the Ocean, which is but one, is divided into parts, according to Regions and Countries, againſt which it lyeth.

As the ſuperfluous humours in the veins, are no parte of the body.

As the Moon is not alwayes viſible, being in her change.

As the hand, cut from the body, dyeth, and wanteth life.

As the Vine or Garden decayeth, with overmuch heat or drought, except after the planting thereof, it be watered with ſhowres.

As men diſcern the weather by the wind.

As *Apelles* the Painter much lamented, if he miſt one day without ſome line or Picture.

As Vines, without lopping, grow wild and fruitleſs.

As a Tree bringeth forth firſt leaves, then bloſſomes, then Fruit.

As water moderateth wine.

As fire is an inſtrument of Medicinal Arts.

As the Body without the Soul enjoyeth no life.

As Roſes and Lillies grow among thornes.

As a Phyſitian cures a man, by taking away his blood and ill humours, by cutting and ſearching the fleſh.

As the fire is known two wayes, by the heat, and the flame.

As the Soul of Man united to the body, mounteth upwards becauſe it is a Spirit.

As the Sun and the Light are conjoyned together, that they cannot be diſ-joyned.

As the Clock muſt ſtill run, ſo long as the pieces or plummets hang thereat.

As a Looking glaſs, though it be moſt clear and bright, by the foul breath of thoſe that look therein, is obſcured and dim.

As Corn, though never ſo clean winnowed from Chaff when it is ſown, the ſame ſeed will be full of Chaff again.

As the Plant thrives beſt in the ſoyl where it firſt grew.

As the little *Bee* gathers honey out of the moſt bitter blooms and flowers.

Venus is painted in ſilk, not rags, and *Cupid* treadeth on diſdain, when he reacheth at Crowns.

Precious Diamonds are cut with the File, when deſpiſed Pebbles lye ſafe in the ſand.

Cedars are cruſhed with tempeſts, whereas low ſhrubs are not touched with the wind.

Will *Eagles* catch at *Flies*, or Cedars bow to Brambles?

As Nylus flowing more than twelve Cubits, procureth a dearth.

Cupid is a Child, and *Venus* though old, is painted with freſh colours:

Stars are to be look'd at with the eye, not reach'd at with the hand.

So the *Eagle*, the nearer he ſoareth to the Sun, the further he hovereth from his prey:

As the *Salamander* is moſt warm, when he lyeth farthеſt from the fire.

So

So Birds ſing early when there hath been ſweet dew, and their morning Anthems ſhew their nights content.

So the ſtrongeſt Oak hath his ſap, and his worms, and Ravens will breed in the faireſt *Aſh*.

As the *Adamant* is made ſoft with the fire.

Womens tongues are like cries of *Lap-wings*, furtheſt from their thoughts.

Rhodope ſeemed coy to *Phenetias*, elſe had a Concubine never conquered a King.

Juno never frowned when *Jupiter* made his eſcape in a Cloud; private pleaſures have never any pennances enjoyned them.

Like *Janus* bearing two faces under one hood; wearing a Lawrel in her hand as deſirous of peace, and a ſword in her heart, as wiſhing revenge.

As Poets uſed to decipher *Pallas* with a Helmet on her head, and a Book in her hand, and drew her ſpears alwayes wreathed with Lawrel, ſignifying by that Emblem, that *Mars* and *Mercury* are of one brood.

As the wild Bore not chafed, thou mayſt chaſten him with a wand, but being once endamaged by Dogs, he is diſmal.

A Gentlewoman is no longer than her honour; but that loſt, ſhe is like a Diamond with a cloud, which is caſt into the Goldſmiths duſt.

As the *Phœnix* never ſpreads her wings, but when the Sun-beams ſhine on her Neſt.

The colour, though pale, could be compared to no worſe than the glittering of the Moon in a ſilent night.

As he that playes with a *Bee* may ſooner feel her ſting than taſte of her honey.

For what, but for the love of *Admetus* did *Alceſte* dye? *Portia* eat hot burning coles for the love of *Brutus*.

As Hemlock, whereſoever it be planted, will prove peſtilent.

As

As the *Serpent* with the brighteſt ſcales, ſhrowds the moſt fatal venome.

As the Ruby, whatſoever foyl it hath, it will ſhew red.

Leſs is the Margarite accounted of in the Weſtern world, than the ſeed-Pearl in a ſtrange Countrey.

The Ancients have drawn Vertue, figuring her bare, counterfeit, placed by equal proportions, betwixt two vices, expreſſing thereby, that a mean is to be kept.

The feet of Princes have *Ceres* and *Bacchus* for their foot-ſtool; ſo that it cannot be but *Venus* muſt play the wanton in their Paſſaces.

Like the ſugred Honey-combe, which whilſt a man touches, he is ſtung with a *Bee*.

With *Satyrs* kiſs the fire, though they burn themſelves; or with *Pigmalion*, not view a Picture without being paſſionate.

To fancy ones foe, is with the *Cockatrice* to kick againſt the ſteel.

Not ſo fond, as with *Xerxes*, to bind the Ocean with Fetters.

Reſembling *Timantus* the Painter, who ſhrowded the worſt Pictures with the beſt Colours.

Andromache would never truſt the fair promiſes of *Pyrrhus*; and *Dido* laught when ſhe ſaw *Hiarbus* ſmile.

'Tis as if *Venus* ſhould wear the Target, and *Mars* the Diſtaff; that *Omphale* ſhould handle the Club, and *Hercules* the Shovel; that *Alexander* ſhould couch, and *Compeſne* be coy.

The pureſt Emerauld ſhineth brighteſt when it is without Oyl.

As the Load ſtone, what wind ſoever doth blow, driveth always to the North.

As the *Panther*, having firſt aſtoniſh'd one with his fair ſight, then ſeeks to devour.

Like *Ariſtotles* Quadratus, which, howſoever turn'd, alwayes ſtands ſtedfaſt.

As

As the pureſt Diamond is to be cut before it be worn, and frankincenſe to be burnt before it be ſmelt.

Thy eyes are like *Salamanders* ſtones, that fire at every flame.

So the *Eagle* ſores not ſo high in the air, but that he can eſpy a *Fiſh* in the Sea.

As the Fire is hot in the coldeſt part of the Earth, aſwel as in the Southern parallel.

Women ſet out their Faces, as Fowlers do their daring Glaſſes, that the *Larks* that ſore higheſt, may be caught ſooneſt,

Some have as many Lovers, as their hearts have entrances; for love, like a Punice ſtone, is light and full of holes.

No ſooner hatcht with the *Lapwing*, but they run away with the ſhell on their heads,

Soon pricks the Tree that will prove a Thorn.

Her eyes like Diamonds ſo pointed, that they pierce to the quick.

As the Cedar is fair but unfruitful,

Like the Shrubs of *India*, parched with every ſtorm.

As the moſt glorious ſhells have not the pureſt Margarite; the pureſt flowers have not the perfecteſt ſavours.

Having their hearts like Salt-peeter, that fireth at the firſt, yet proveth but a flaſh.

As when the *Tyger*, hunts for his prey, he then hides his claws.

Their looks are like *Circes* apparitions, that can preſent them in all formes.

As *Chremes* in *Terence*, ſome meaſure the flames of youth by their own dead cindars.

As buſie as *Bees*, and as true as *Turtles*.

As Chryſolite is proved by the Fire, and the Diamond by the Anvil.

He

He ſtarted up, as when Love ſick *Mars* ſaw *Venus* enter his Pavilion in triumph.

Trembling as *Acteon* did, that he had doated too far, in gazing on ſo gorgous a goddeſs.

As the brighteſt bloſſoms are peſtered with moſt Catterpillers.

His thoughts as high as Cedars, but as brittle as rods that break at every blaſt.

Her face like ſilver, *Luna* in her ſhine.

As clear as Chryſtal; but, bruiſed, as infectious as a Diamond.

As the crooked *Cyon*, may prove a ſtrait Tree.

Reſembling *Caliſto*, who hid her vanities with *Diana*'s veil.

Like Swallows, that think every Sun-ſhine a Summers day.

Her mind is like the Tapers in *Janus* Temple, which once ſet on fire, burn till they conſume themſelves.

Tenders of Service to ones Soveraign.

SIR. IT may appear great boldneſs in me altogether unknown unto your Majeſty, to hope that any beam of favour ſhould reflect on my unworthineſs, to cheriſh my chearful willingneſs, though with hazard of my life to do you any loyal ſervice; yet encouraged by your Royal goodneſs, that can let fall unequal yet ſufficient bleſſings on all: I beſeech you to permit me out of the valley of humility, to look up unto the ſacred hill of your Highneſſes Majeſty, and at the foot thereof kneeling, to offer up my devotions, and my moſt humble ſervice which if you graciouſly deign to accept, as I do humbly proſtrate them, I ſhall account your favour the ſupreameſt felicity, whereof I can be capable in this world; And I bleſs the hour that gave me opportunity to preſent my ſelf and ſervice to

your employment; than which, ambition can have no higher object.

Another.

THat which hath been imagined of a golden age, as an *Idea* of all perfect happiness, was but a Prophecy of your gracious reign, showring down felicity in such a plenteous manner, that all your Subjects are thereby invited to offer up unto you sacrifices of thanks and obedience; while I shall account it the chiefest honour that my birth and stars could bequeath me, if I may approve my loyalty, in exposing my life to any danger in your service.

Another.

THough I cannot worthily desire, nor deserve Sir, your gracious favour; yet, it will shew you some nearest Heaven, and that you resemble the King of Kings, in accepting my weak and humble devotion, with the tender of my loyal service. Let not the poorness of my merit, or the obligation, make them contemptible in your sight; for I have long had an earnest zeal, to express with what integrity I adore the vertues wherewith you are replenished, far above all flattery; so that your gracious reign is but the *Galaxia* or milk-white path, through which you travel in your happy Government, and by examples lead your subjects to Heaven.

Another.

Sir, IF vertue and loyalty were not to be found in some of an ordinary quality, I should blush and tremble at my own forward desires to do you service; But since it is a sign of some eminent worth, not to carry poor and narrow thoughts, but such as may be high as Heaven, whereunto the soul is allyed, which dedicates its service only to God and the King: I therefore ever accounted it a nobleness of mind to raise and advance my thoughts, to desire that I might shew my willingness

willingneſs to do you ſervice in ſome imployment, wnereby I might expreſs and approve my ſelf, your faithful, humble ſervant.

A tender of ſervice to the Queen

MAdam, the ſame ſervice and obedience which I offered unto the King, I do now with as great ſtrength of paſſion and affection, tender unto your Majeſty: and as I am his loyal ſubject, ſo to be your faithful ſervant, ſhall be the height of my glory.

Another.

Madam, my Allegiance and ſervice is ſo divided between the King and your Majeſty, that I ſhall eſteem it my higheſt contentment, and chiefeſt advancement, to be counted your humble ſervant, a Title, which will ſatisfie all my deſires, and re inforce all my indeavours.

Another,

Madam, there are no words ſignificant enough to expreſs how much I honour your Royal perfections. which render you beloved and reſpected of all the world: while I make it the chief imployment of my life, to attend upon your Commands, which to obey, is perfect happineſs.

An humble addreſs to a great Lord.

MY Lord, in regard of thoſe many favours which your Honour hath heaped on me: I am bound, not only to acknowledge my happineſs therein, but alſo to deſire, that you would alwayes reckon me in the number of your moſt obliged ſervants.

Otherwiſe.

My Lord, As it is a great happineſs for me to come into your preſence, and to offer my devotions to your excellency, from the altar of an humble heart: So it will be an addition unto my felicity, if I may improve this preſent opportunity, to make tender of my ſervice

Otherwiſe

Otherwise.

My Lord, it will become me, amongst others, to acknowledge your many excellent vertues: amongst which, your noble Clemency and Humility are the chiefest; whereof as others have had experience, so I doubt not but that you will favourably accept the obligation and presentment of my humble service.

Another to some great Lord

MOst noble Lord, as I hold it for a principal favour, in admitting me to kiss your Honours Hand, so shall I esteem my self most happy for ever, in that your Honour will be pleased to accept me hence forth, as ranked in the number and Catalogue of your most humble and obsequious servants.

Another.

My Lord, the rank you hold with great and singular ornaments of Vertues in you, do oblige me to offer unto your Lordship all that little that is in me, and to tender unto you upon all occasions, my service in obsequious humility.

Another.

Most honoured Lord, may your Excellencies will be pleased to permit me to exercise any small endeavours of tendring my duty to your Honour, in expectation that Heaven will favour me so far, as to grant me opportunities, whereby I may make appear in effect, the desires I have to present you with my best service and endeavours.

To tender ones Service.

Cleodus.

Sir, I Must intreat you to pardon my boldness, in that I, who am a stranger, have presumed to come to visit you, being invited thereunto by the fame and report of your noble Vertues, which have made me so ambitious of your acquaintance, and earnest desirous

desirous, that you would impose on me some command whereby I may express my self, your humble servant,

Beaumont.

Sir, *You have much honoured me by your coming; and by your words, as through a prospective, I clearly discern the power of your affections, which brought you hither, where your welcome cannot be equal to my desires or your deserts.*

Cleodus.

Sir, the occasion of my coming, was for no other respects but those due unto your merit; and by an humble address of service, to bring my self acquainted with you, whom I honour and am ready to serve.

Beaumont.

Sir, *You owe me no service; but I am ready to imbrace your friendship, evidently discovered by your kind visit, which is a favour far above my desert; but let not your affections break off for want of any mutual respects, wherein I may strive to equal you, and ever remain in all ties of love, your most constant friend.*

Cleodus.

Then I shall acknowledge my self most happy in this tender of my service; for to gain your amity, is to me the chiefest felicity, not only in regard of your natural worth, flowing from your birth and education; but also your sweet company and conversation, with which I hope you will hereafter be pleased to honour me.

Beaumont.

Sir, *I dare not acknowledge that which you ascribe unto me; your praises are but the effects of your love; but if my company or friendship, may be any wayes pleasing unto you, command them both, for I will be ready to wait upon you: and therefore be assured of me, as of one that hath devoted*

himself wholly to your imployment; for your love and kind visits have gained me to be your true and constant friend.

To thank a friend for a Courtesie.

Cleodus.

SIR, I cannot give you thanks enough for your great love, expreſt in that kindneſs you did me late; but I hope, though I expect a while, yet at laſt I ſhall ſnatch an opportunity to make requital, and ſhew you how much I abhor the vice of ingratitude; eſpecially to you, unto whom I am ſo much obliged.

Beaumont.

Sir, What I did was even wrong from me by the extraordinary quality of your merit, engaging me to ſhew my uttermoſt power, and moſt chearful willingneſs, to undergo any ſervice that might concern you.

Cleodus.

Sir, *It is your worthineſs, that you will not acknowledg your noble and vertuous actions.*

Beaumont.

Sir, Thoſe words would better become me, in acknowledgment of your worth; wherein you far exceed me: yet in reſpect of Amity, I will not yield, but ever maintain a conſtant affection towards you.

Cleodus.

Sir, *I will alwaies retain in memory your good deſerts in my behalf, and you ſhall know, that you have not ſowed your benefits upon a barren ground, that will yield you nothing; for your love ſhall alwayes reap the firſt fruits of my ſervice.*

Beaumont.

Thereby you will oblige me, for I muſt acknowledg, the number of your benefits, to bind me to ſerve you; but I never did you any kindneſs deſerving your acceptance, much leſs meriting to be remembred by you; yet hereafter I will extend my power to the uttermoſt, to ſhew a mind free from ingratitude.

Cleodus.

Cleodus.

Sir, *That you have done already; and I doubt not but you will persevere in your affection: my care is only, how I may requite your former courtesies.*

Beaumont.

It is I that am troubled, to imagine how I may acquit my self for your former courtesies: for if you still proceed to be your self in such noble actions towards me, I must acknowledge my self overcome in the contention of love.

Cleodus.

You shall not need to contend, since the former courtesies you have done do require that I should yield my self to be your more humble servant:

To entertain a Gentlewoman at your Chamber.

Aym. I *Have brought you to a rude Chamber, but I am much beholding to you, for taking pains to grace me and my lodging; and am only sorry I shall not give you such entertainment as you deserve: let me bid you welcome with a kind salutation.*

Gent. Indeed Sir, you have a handsome Chamber, fit to entertain one of greater credit than my self; I hope you will pardon my boldness for accompanying you thus far; if I did not know you, I should be suspitious of bad dealing; and some jealous brains would not stick to censure me of too much familiarity.

Aym. *I hope you are confident in me, that my intents are fair and noble; for I will not offend you with moving any thing that may tend to your disgrace, since my chiefest desire is to enjoy your company, and to discourse a while with you: here we have place and opportunity.*

Gent. But although there are enemies to our Sex; yet I hope you will be right and square in all your actions.

Aym. *May I never prosper, if I seek any thing but you*

own contentment; for, if I should make any base motion, you may with a frown command me to silence, and your displeasure would be to me above all torments.

Gent. I do not suspect your honest intent; but these wanton pictures are emblems of your roving affection, yet one of them I like very well, and would request it of you, if modesty would permit.

Aym. *Alas! these are but poor shadows wherein the painter hath express'd some skil; but if you please to make choice of the best in my Chamber, they shall be at your command.*

Gent. I dare not presume so much; and though I should embrace your offer, it would grieve me, that I could not make you some requital in part: it does not become me to be too much beholding, by trespassing on your free bounty.

Aym. *Alas! what is it that I can deny you? Pray esteem all I have at your command, and you shall favour me, if you make that Picture worthy of your acception.*

Gent. I return you thanks; It may be I will be so bold as to send for it. Now it remains, that I must thank you for your kind entertainment and banquet, and so leave you, desiring pardon for my boldness.

Aym. *Since you will not be detained, I will wait upon you to your Coach, and acknowledge my self infinitely obliged for your favour, in vouchsafeing this kind visit.*

To present a Ring to a Gentlewoman.

Aym. PArdon me, if I (moved thereunto by the zealous affection which I bear you) do hear express it in the dumb language of a small present, unworthy your acceptance; yet I pray you, wear it for my sake, it may draw down your eye to think on me, who am now wounded with the powerful beams of your beauty.

Gent. Sir, *Though it would shew a scornful mind in me, not to accept your love, tendered unto me in such a visible manner;*

manner; Yet I am sorry you should be at so great and needless charges, for wherein can I serve you to make requital?

Aym. It is you that make this unworthy present precious; for, if you please to let it circle your white finger, it being a Diamond Ring, will sparkle most in the dark, shewing, that love, like a clouded star, shines lightest in the night of mis-fortune.

Gent. *Well Sir, I am obliged to your courtesie, to receive it; and since you please to confer so rich a gift on my unworthiness I will wear it for your sake.*

Aym. Then you honour me above my desert; for your acceptance of this sacrifice of my love, is to me above all rewards. The Ring is inscribed with *Amor circulus*, Love is a circle without end.

Gent. *I must acknowledge your bounty, and my self your servant, in bestowing on me so rich a gift.*

Aym. The sparkling lustre thereof, cannot compare with the light beams of your eyes; but honour me so much to wear it upon your finger.

Gent. *I promise that; and more, I acknowledge my self infinitely beholding to you.*

Aym. You have said too much concerning so poor a present; yet in your acceptance of this trifle, I shall ever bless my own happyness.

——— To woo a coy scornful maid.

Aym. *LEt not my love be misconstrued for presumption, if I once again strive to warm your affection, by declaring unto you, how much I honour your perfections; pray at last be merciful, and do not still reward my love with cold disdain.*

Maid. Sir, I know that men have powerful language; but I am none of those young ones, you are deceived, if you think that Musk words can sweeten me up, to betray my self; and for my beauty, I would not have you dote on that; it suffices me without commendation.

Aym.

Aym. Should I not commend what all admire, I were much to blame.

Maid. *Sir, Wise men admire nothing: for if I were beautiful, what is beauty, but a fading flower, blasted often with too much breathing on, and cannot grow safely upon the stalk of Virginity, because every one will be reaching forth to gather it? Pray excuse me, if I prevent such a danger; for love and I are quite fain out.*

Aym. Let me reconcile you to a good opinion of a chast love; there is no greater happiness than the sacred union of hearts, especially, when long and humble suits conquer disdain; and so I hope, perseverance will at last crown me with your love, and bring you to entertain my desire with a mutual affection.

Maid. *Sir, if you would be more thrifty of your breath, you may spend it to better purpose; for you may intimate your desires, and make tedious discourses. But, in a word, I shall never love you.*

Aym. O say not so; you know not how much misery those few words would bring upon me; for hope, grounded on your gentle disposition, hath hitherto kept me alive, and made me walk like a faint shadow, whilst in my chamber I am like a mourner with a taper by me, watching my own funeral, and I will dwell there in a mist of sighs, and all this for your sake.

Maid. *Sir, I hope you will not accuse me of your death; pray shake off this love, and I will then acknowledge your kindness, in ceasing to trouble me with complaints. Learn wisdom: that will cure all distempers.*

Aym. Yet, while I live I will attend upon you, and when I am dead, I will visit you in a dream, and tell you, you were a cruel Maid. To conclude, let one parting kiss seal my transport to *Elizium*, and I am gone.

Maid. *Sir, since you are so resolute, I will strive to give you a better answer at your next return.*

Aym.

Aym. In confidence of that happineſs, I will preſume to viſit you again, and live to be your ſervant.

A jeſting diſcourſe with a Maid.

Aym. COme, why will you be an enemy to your ſelf, and let modeſty keep you ſtill in the ſtate of Virginity? I came to offer my ſervice, to help you out of this trouble.

Maid. *You are very kind; but I like my preſent eſtate. Maids are happy.*

Aym. Alas! poor ignorance, doſt thou talk of happineſs? I tell thee, untill thou be married, thou art but a Cypher of no account.

Maid. *O Sir, you are deceived: our hearts free from the paſſion of Love, retain a world of happineſs, being exempted from any wanton knowledge; for Maids, dying in their preſent condition, do all go to Heaven.*

Aym. You are deceived, their puniſhment is to lead Apes in Hell; and therefore to avoid this, be kind while you may, and accept of a friendly offer.

Maid. *What offer?*

Aym. Leſt it ſhould raiſe a bluſh upon your cheek, I will whiſper it into your ear---- you underſtand.

Maid. *Take heed Sir, leſt while you counterfeit flame, you kindle a real fire, I hear too much, thy infectious words have betraied a baſe ignoble mind.*

Aym. Why? I did but tell you a truth; I had thought you had been more intelligent, and would not have ſtarted at a bold word.

Maid. *Nay, farewel.*

Aym. Pardon me, all I have ſpoken was to try your temper; and having found you both wiſe and witty, I will deſire you in a fair manner to grant me your love which I only deſire, and though I did appear raſh and wanton, you ſhall find me worthy of your affections.

To contract pivately ones self, and tie the knot of Marriage.

Aym NOw our love hath arrived to an happy conclusion, the storm raised by our disdain being blown over, the union of our affections making a soft and gentle harmony, which the soul can only discern: therefore, that our new begun love may never expire, I do here in the sight of Heaven and all good Angels, marry and contract my soul to yours, and give away my self wholly to be at your disposing, till the Ceremonies of the Church confirm my promise.

Maid. *With as true an affection, I do give my self over unto your possession, and freely bestow on you my love, which shall never know alteration, but remain ever firm and constant to you; It is therefore expedient that you obtain my friends good will, according to your promise, and till then we must remain only contracted in our affections.*

Aym. Heaven, I beseech thee bear witness to our private agreement; and may I never know one day of comfort, when I break my promised vow: let me now embrace you with the armes of affection, and thus with a soft kiss, seal the obligation of our loves.

To salute a friend newly arrived from a journey.

Alex SIR, when first the news of your return had arrived to my knowledge, I was heightned with an earnest desire to behold you, and prevent others of your friends by the first tenders of my service; that as my love towards you, doth exceed theirs in true perfect sincerity, so it might in place obtain priority, and shew how ambitious I am of your favour.

Aym. *Sir, you still continue your former nobleness, making it your chief aim, to exceed others in perfection of mind, otherwise I had an intention to visit you, but it is your desire and happiness, to overcome others in kindness, for which I can but return you thanks, and acknowledge you a worthy friend.*

Alex

Alex. Sir, you make too good an interpretation of my raſh preſumption; but it is held, that friends have but one ſoul in two bodies; therefore when I behold you, I enjoy the other half of my ſelf; beſides, after long abſence, your company muſt needs be more precious, ſo that I had both love and reaſon on my ſide, to perſwade me to come and viſit you.

Aym. *Sir, I want words to expreſs my mind, or to argue a caſe in love; but in my opinion, I ought to have viſited you firſt, in regard I am very much obliged unto you. But to proceed no farther in Ceremony, let us diſcourſe of ſome other affairs: I will be bold to enquire how all our friends do?*

Alex. Sir, ſome of them have undergon change of fortune, and therein declared an invincible ſtrength of mind; but, Heaven be thanked, all that honour and reſpect you, are living, and in health.

Aym. *Sir, I am wonderful glad to hear of it, and I ſhall rejoyce exceedingly when I meet any of my old acquaintence, I hope I am not altogether loſt to their remembrance, they will know me certainly.*

Alex. Sir, travel hath not wrought much change in you: but I detain you too long, I fear, from your reſt.

Aym. *Sir, were I tired with travel, as I am not; yet your company would very much refreſh me.*

Alex. Sir, I will crave your pardon at this time, I know to tarry longer would be troubleſome unto you, but to morrow I will wait on you again.

To entertain a friend who is come to viſit one.

Alex. SIR, I am moſt glad to ſee you, though I have no other entertainment for you, but a kind welcome.

Aym. *Sir, I expect no more, I come to give you a viſit, and to be happy in your ſociety: for in the general, I do find none that can ſuit my diſpoſition ſo well as your ſelf.*

Alex. Sir, ſay what you pleaſe of me, I am vowed to your ſervice; and your loving viſitation is an

addition to your many other kindneſſes.

Aym. *Sir, all that I acknowledge, is a will to do you ſervice; but I have been ſlow in producing the effects, hereafter I will ſtudy to deſerve.*

Alex. Sir, it is your ingenious goodneſs to decline the acknowledgment of your own virtue and deſerts, far ſurpaſſing my merits; for 'tis I am bound to be your ſervant.

Aym. *Sir, It is I that am obliged to you by many ſtrong tyes of affection, from which the ſervice of my life cannot diſ-engage me, But I have treſpaſs'd againſt manners, Pray take the chair.*

Alex. Sir, will you pleaſe to ſit firſt; for it is an honour for me to wait your pleaſure.

Aym. *Sir, I am provided; but if it may not appear too much b ldneſs, what was the Adamant that drew you, or occaſion that made you ſo kind to viſit my lodging?*

Alex. Sir, I ſhall tell you, I came not to borrow money, or to force your good nature to any thing beyond civility; but only to keep our love and amity freſh, and in perfect ſtrength, by a viſit and ſome conference.

Aym. *Sir, you have choſen a bad opportunity, my affairs carry me away from my friends; beſides the obligation of my word to a Lady, to attend upon her this day.*

Alex. Sir, I will chuſe ſome other time to wait upon you.

Aym. *Sir, I will attend upon you, if I might know the place and hour where to meet you.*

Alex. Sir, I will not put you to that trouble, it will become me rather to wait on you.

Aym *Pardon me, Sir, I am much obliged to you*

Alex Sir, I am your ſervant

Aym *Sir, I am the ſervant of your ſervants; pray remember my reſpects to all my friends*

Alex Sir, I will be yours, in that, and in all other ſervices.

To woo a fair young Gentlewoman

Aym PArdon me, Lady, if I presume to speak what I have hither to with much affliction concealed from your knowledge

There is a Gentleman that hath beheld your heavenly beauty, and with his judgment clearly discerned your vertues, the ornaments of your mind; these have produced in him strange effects, so that in spight of his own reason, or disswasion of friends, he is violently compel'd to speak truth

Pen *Sir, call you this an affliction?* 'tis a happiness to speak and hear truth

Aym Do you hold that opinion? Then I will convince you by your own expression: For if it be a happiness to hear truth, then I hope you will pardon me, if being compelled by the strength of my passion, I do truly tell you, that I have placed my affection wholly upon you; or as they commonly say, I do love you

Pen *I am sorry that you have made me the Object of your love; I know your birth and person may deserve one of a greater account; and therefore I am amazed at the unexpected novelty of your motion, not imagining, but your bosome hath been free from any flame; let your wisdom then suppress it, lest your love become fruitless in the event*

Aym I will not be discouraged by your first answer, for neither are you beneath me in quality, who am your servant, neither can it appear to you so strange a matter, that I be taken with your beauty, which others admire, though it be my fortune only to be bolder than the rest, and I hope not unwelcome

Pen *Sir, I would not have you cherish any uncertain hope, nor build any assurance, where you have but a sandy foundation; Love cannot be compelled, but must flow from the spring of a natural desire: but I find in my self no inclination to entertain your affection; therefore you must pardon me, If I deny your suit which is not in my power to grant:*

Aym

Aym. Nothing is impossible to Love; for if you would believe that I bear a noble and constant affection towards you, you would soon overcome this difficulty, and incline your mind to reward my affections with your favour.

Pen. *Sir, I am confident that your affection is right and perfect, not seeking under a fair and colourable pretence to betray me; I cannot force my self to consent to your motion, being utterly ignorant in love matters, therefore excuse me till time and consideration shall inforce me to answer your desire.*

Aym. I am comforted, that you have not utterly denyed my suit: I hope at my next visit, to receive more incouragement, till then I take my leave, and presume only to breath my heart upon your hand, or if you please your lip, desiring you to remember me in your absence.

When one meeteth a friend in the Street

Alex. GOD save you Sir, you are most happily met; How fare you?

Clor. Sir, *I am the better to see you well and lusty: why will you not do me the honour to visit me at my Chamber?*

Alex. Sir, I must confess, I have often broken promise therein, but my business would not permit me; otherwise I had long since waited on you.

Clor. *I should rather account my self obliged to wait on you; for I am bound unto you for many favours, especially for the last courtesie you did me, in matters which concerned me much. Will you now do me the kindness, to present my respects to a Gentlewoman?*

Alex. Sir, if she be honest, I am ready to go on your errand; I hope you will not put me upon any disgraceful piece of service.

Clor. *I hope you have no such bad suspition of me, for she is both fair and a vertuous Gentlewoman, and hath a nimble wit: but I know you can deliver your mind in an excellent way.*

Alex.

Alex. Sir, it is you whom Mercury, the God of wit, hath adorned with a gentle amourous ſpeech: but I will ſpeak in your behalf, in a good moving effectual terms as I can remember.

Clor. *Sir, you ſhall do me a moſt perfect favour. Tell her, I am her ready and willing ſervant, and that the power of love hath given her my heart, which I will come to fetch in hope ſhe ſhall give it me back, and till then keep it warm in her own boſome: But what need I inſtruct you, who are all love and courtſhip?*

Alex. Sir, I will perform your command, though not in ſuch words as you would deſire, yet ſo as my ſudden *Genius* ſhall prompt me; but I have heard it ſaid, that

In the way of Love and Glory,
Lovers beſt tell their own ſtory.

Clor. *Sir, Pardon me, I know whom I do entruſt with this buſineſs; I am aſſured of your fidelity, and that you can deliver your mind in a powerful manner eſpecially to Gentlewomen.*

Alex. Sir, it muſt be my love to you that will inſpire me; for I promiſe you, I will ſtrive to ſpeak my beſt.

Clor. *Sir, I am confident in you, and at your return from my Miſtriſs, I will prepare thanks for this great piece of ſervice, and reſt, yours obliged,*

Alex. Sir, it is but my duty; I am happy to be imployed in any ſervice that concerns you. Suppoſe this one.

To Court a Gentlewoman in the way of marriage.

Eugenius. Miſtriſs, I doubt not but that you will judge me as raſh as bold; but I beſeech you, by your divine beauty which gliſtreth in

in your fair eyes to excuſe my audacity, and to pardon my temerity, which have emboldned me to come and preſent unto you, my moſt humble, and moſt affectionate ſervice.

Calia. *Sir, I am very ſorry that I have not had the honor to know you; and I marvel that you will offer ſervice to me that of all am moſt unworthy.*

Eugen. Miſtriſs, It is the ſweetneſs of your natural goodneſs, that cauſeth you to ſpeak ſo humbly of your ſelf.

Calia. *Pardon me Sir, I ſpeak nothing but what I know to be a moſt clear truth.*

Eugen. Lady, the ſingular modeſty which I have heard you expreſs in your language, gives me a hope, that you will entertain my intentions, not as harſh and diſconſonant, but agreeable and conſonant, and that in time I ſhall obtain your grace and favour.

Calia. *Sir, if there were any graces in me, they proceed from you, and with ſuch expreſſions you honour your ſelf.*

Eugen. Miſtriſs, you are pleaſed thus to oblige me to a greater eſtimation of you, which makes you more amiable, and me more affectionate towards you: I therefore beſeech you to believe, that my intentions were never otherwiſe than chaſt and vertuous, and that I had never any other end than honeſty. Did you think me to have framed ſome deſign prejudicial to your Honour? I had rather loſe my being, than entertain any ſuch thought; ſo firm is my reſolution for ever, to continue your faithful and moſt obedient ſervant, as the effects ſhall make evident, whenſoever your commands ſhall call upon me.

Calia. I *humbly thank you Sir, with my beſt affection, as alſo for the pains you have taken for one that no way merits ſuch favours, I being your very humble ſervant.*

Eugen. Lady, it is I that am ſo deeply engaged to you,

you, that I am dis-enabled to quit my self of the obligation; and therefore (most fair Mistris) I beseech and conjure you, to make use of my service and me, in whatsoever you shall judge me capable to serve you: And in the mean time, after a million of recommendation, I will be bold to take my leave of you, and will leave my heart with you, as an hostage, and pledge of fidelity and constancy.

Calia. *Farewel, Sir, and I give you humble thanks for this your loving visit.*

Eugen. I hope to see you again, and very speedily, whereas for the present I must leave you.

Calia. *Sir, so far as your intentions shall continue good, and your suits lawful, you shall alwayes find the doors open, and also two Gentlemen like your self, who shall not want the best entertainment, according to my ability; and in that regard you shall not oftner come than be welcome.*

Eugen. Lady, I do assure you, that I now go to elongate my self from the bright day, and confine my self into an abyss of of melancholy darkness: for I dare be bold to protest unto you, that without you, I enjoy not the light; and therefore all the time of this sad absence will be so tedious to me, that moments will be hours, the hours dayes, and the dayes will be ages; unless it be so, that the experience of being in your favour be my sole consolation, which will arme me with a resolute patience.

Calia. *You speak strong lines, Sir, but it may be you are not so passionate as your words pretend. Farewel, Sir, till our next meeting.*

Eugen. Mistris, you do wrong to your beauty, and to my love which is faithful and loyal; but I hope that time will make me appear to be more largely what I am; and seeing necessity constrains me to retire from you, I will never retreat from that affection which your fair eyes have darted into my soul. And

so

so Lady adieu, till my next review, which I assure you shall be as soon as possible I can.

To present something to a friend.

Alex. SIR, I have alwayes had an earnest desire to make my service visible unto you; and therefore I am bold to present unto you this small testimony of my love, desiring you, not to value the gift, but the affection of the giver, who doth sacrifice this unto you from the Altar of an humble heart.

A. Sir, this is an addition to your other many favours; you are mindful of me above my merit, how shall I make you requital?

A. Sir, your acceptance is the chief aim of my desires; but be pleased to conceive, that true love uses not by dumb signes and tokens to express it self.

A. Sir, believe me, so rich a gift as this is, hath a most powerful language; if it had been meaner, it would have sufficed, and have been above my merit; I must rest beholding unto you, till I have opportunity to declare my self farther.

A. Sir, it is your worthiness that makes it appear so worthy; but I know no gift can be above your merit, nor sufficient to declare, in what ties of observance I am bound unto you; your acceptance gives it more lustre and richness, then the gift doth deserve, being but a mean token of my affection.

A. Sir, I beseech you, do not extenuate your own goodness, nor this benefit.

A. Sir, This is but the emblem of my service, which, since you are pleased to receive, I return you many thanks for your kind acceptance.

A. Sir, it is easie to perswade to the receipt of a thing of such a value; but I will embrace it as the oblation of your love.

A For

A For that high esteem of yours, I must remain eternally your constant faithful friend.

A. Sir, I am yours in all respectfull services, to be commanded.

A. Sir, you oblige me too much both in words and deeds. I am all yours.

To entreat a courtesie of a friend.

A. SIR, as necessity hath no Law, so it hath no shame; for contrary to my disposition, I must become an importunate suiter unto you.

A. Sir, Name it, it must be something more than I know of, which I can deny you, who are alwyes modest in your requests.

A. Sir, I fear I shall give you occasion to report the contrary; I will desire you to lend me your horse, to carry away a little treasure by Moon shine:

A. I do not well understand you, pray interpret your self and disguise not your meaning.

A Sir, I would desire you to dispence with me, in a matter that concerns me near; I am to bear away the Usurers Daughter, and carry her where she shall remain private, till storms be blown over: Pardon me, that I have no sooner made you acquainted with my purpose.

A. I will be ready to assist you; And since your fortune may receive addition from any service of mine, my horse, were he the Muses Pegasus, *he should be your servant: it is but to carry away a piece of live Venison, that's a mean trespass,* Cupid *hath enough in his park.*

A. Sir, I am glad you are so pleasant, and do so well apprehend my intents. I was affraid, lest my purpose being known, which was manifest in me to deliver, I should have suffered repulse, and have been blamed by you for my bold attempt.

A No,

No, *Sir*, I do account it in you, a bravery of mind tho you dare aspire to reach a fortune, and pluck the golden Apples of Hesperides, watch by the old Dragon, the Usurper But I would not have you lose time in talk; I will bid the Groom get my horse ready for your imployment.

A Sir, the whole service of my life cannot requite your kindness; for since you have granted this request so willingly, I shall owe my good fortune to your favourable assistance.

A. *Sir*, I shall pray that your attempt may be prosperous, for I shall rejoyce in your happiness, as much as in mine own, Therefore my best wishes shall be, your good Genius to wait on you, while my prayers solicite Heaven for your happy success.

A. Sir, you have exprest your self a noble friend; and when this business is past; all the study of my life shall be, to shew my thankfulness to you:

A. *Sir*, I wish nothing, but that you may obtain your desires.

A. Sir, Next my intended purpose, my chiefest glory and ambition is, to thrive in your favour.

Upon his absence.

Eugenius. I protest to you, my fairest, that I could never have believed that the torments of true affection could have been so miserable; for I dare sware to thee, by those fair eyes, the Stars of my fortunes, that I dwelt with impatiency and sorrows till I saw you

C. It is impossible, *Sir*, surely I can hardly believe it.

Eugenius. Mistris, I beseech you to believe it, if you please; for I assure you, that I could no longer endure, nor support the violence and troublesome tediousness, which I endured in the time of your long absence; the object of my good, and so content, being removed.

C. *Sir*, it may very well be, for you seem very passionate in your expressions.

Eugen. I protest that it is impossible for me to take any complacency in the world, but in that only that flatters my affection, and in the aspect of your rare form and most excellent beauty.

C. *It pleaseth you to term it so; you are delighted in laughing at me, as you may at one that enjoyeth not the least glimps of beauty in her self,*

Eug. Wherein, my dearest, should you conceive so of me? I do assure you with the better part of my soul, that I should be miserable, did I not really speak what my affections suggest as truth: Know, Lady, that you se a man that is wholly yours, and desires not to live, but for you, and to do you service: But that which troubleth me most, is, That of necessity, I must absent my self from you, upon a very urgent occasion; but I beseech you to believe and conceive so of me, that whithersoever I go, I shall carry with me the lively delineaments of your perfections, and that I shall not live, but by the *Idea* of your beauty, with perfect resolution of obeying you; and therefore, my sweetest, adiew for a while, and for the present have me excused, that I cannot enjoy the felicity of your desired company, but must take my leave abruptly.

C. *Sir, I infinitely thank you, and bid you also farewel, wishing you a safe return.*

A merry, but evil discourse, betwixt Rowland *and* Susan, *sitting up late together.*

Row. IT is time, *Susan*, that I should now discover my mind unto you; we have long been servants together, and ever since my first coming, I have born you good will, which I would desire you to accept, and grant me your love.

Susan. *For that you must pardon me; for I do not intend to marry, and therefore let that serve for an excuse, since I would be loath to discourage you, and say, I cannot love you.*

Row.

Row. I hope you will not; for since I first beheld you I have admired your perfections.

Suf. You know affection cannot be compel'd; therefore I thank you for the good will which you have hitherto born but, as for your love, I cannot accept of it.

Row. Then I perceive you love some other.

Suf. I desire you to excuse me, I cannot frame my mind to fancy you, though I know you deserve my betters; but for me to settle affection where I cannot love, would be an endless misery: The Bryer and Honisuckle cannot well agree.

Row, Then you compare me to a Bryar; but I will with all humillity put up your disdain, hoping that the continuance of my love shall soften your mind, to receive me into some degree or favour; For I protest, I love you intirely.

Suf. The utmost I can do for you in requital of your love, is to give you thanks, and counsel to suppress your desire and not to proceed any further in this suit, which at last, will become fruitless.

R. I shall be sorry then; by this kiss which I presume to take, none hath power over me, but your self; I love you all over, and if you would licence my hand to stray about, how happy shall I be?

Suf. Fay, then I perceive your love is but a rash and wanton desire, neither can I stay with you any longer, lest my absence out of my mistris's Chamber, may breed some suspition.

R. Stay, I will hold you in the prison of my armes, and if you will get your freedom, you shall yield me some of your sweetest kisses, which are but shadows of that substantial happiness which you could afford me.

Suf. Nay, pray be not rude, nor give me cause to suspect that your love is dishonest; I had formerly a better opinion of you; but now I am jealous of your good intent.

R. Pardon me if love hath made me to offend in ſome boyſterous actions.

Suſan *Come, pray let me be gone, I ſhall be angry if you hinder me.*

R. Sweet Rogue, I obey thy deſire, but let me prevail farther with you at our next meeting.

An enterchange of Ceremonies at parting with a friend taking a long journey.

SIR, I am very ſorry that my affairs do compell me to take my leave of you, from whom I have received ſo many benefits, which have bound me in many ties ever to ſerve you; neither have I any way left to ſatisfie my ſelf, in requiting your former kindneſſes, but to acknowledge them far above my requital, and to deſire you, that you would both receive the tender of my humble ſervice, and command me in ſomething whereby I might expreſs how much I honour your deſert.

Sir, I *cannot chuſe but grieve, that you muſt now be divided from us by a tedious journey; yet ſince he loves himſelf better than his friend, that will not yield to any thing for his good, I am content in that reſpect to loſe your company a while, wiſhing you a proſperous journey, and that in your abſence you would remember me, who will alwayes, in my daily prayers, ſolicite Heaven for your ſafe return, deſiring to be excuſed for your poor entertainment, which perhaps makes you deſirous to be gone.*

Sir, Pardon me, the entertainment I have found, was far above my deſert, for which I render you a million of thanks. There remains nothing now, but that you honour me with your commands.

Sir, *I intreat you make not ſo great haſte to be gone.*

Sir, I could willingly defer my journey, to enjoy your company: but the Wind ſtands fair for *France,*

France, therefore let us conclude all Ceremonies.

Sir, *Since we must dispence with your departure, do us the courtesie to revive our drooping minds, with the good tidings of your safe arrival in* France.

Sir, Be assur'd, I cannot be unmindful of you, nor of my other Friends, to whom I entreat you to commend me, since I cannot take my leave of them in particular.

Sir, I *am glad you will do me that favour, to give me any imployment in your absence, I will perform your desire*

Sir, I can but thank you for your love, in bringing me to my ship, which is a trouble that you would take upon you, though on my part undeserved.

Sir, I *am happy to serve you in any thing. God send you a prosperous voyage.*

Sir, I doubt not but I shall arrive in safety: trouble your self no farther, since I cannot remain with you to requite your kindness.

Sir, *Since you will needs have it so, I will bid you farewell, with all the affection of a constant mind.*

To invite one to dinner.

Alex. PRay *let me prevail so far with you to intreat your company to dinner.*

Clorin Sir I humbly thank you for your courtesie, but my business will not permit me; therefore I desire to be excused.

Alex *Nay, good Sir, let me not be denyed: I must confess indeed, your cheer will not be worthy of your stay, but you shall be heartily welcome*

Clorin Sir, *I* would willingly obey your desire, but I fear to be too bold

Alex *Sir, you shall be most welcome, you shall command in my house, as in your own*

Clor Your offer is so large and courteous, that I must yield to wait on you, for you have overcome me in

in ceremony, but you will draw upon your self many inconveniences

Alex *Sir, you shall find but course fare; but such as it is, pray esteem your self most heartily welcome to, in a real manner without complement*

Clorin Sir, here is much plenty, and you wrong your self to excuse your chear, whereof there is so great abundandance, that, unless you would have provided all the variety that was in *Noah's* Ark, I know not how it could be exceeded

Alex *It is your favour to commend and except of any thing, but pray excuse me, once more I desire it; If I had been certain of your honouring my house with your presence, I would have made better preparation for your entertainment*

Clorin Sir, I desire you rather to excuse my boldness, in putting you to so much trouble; you may perceive that I think my self welcome by my liberal feeding; I am no mincing Bride, whose thoughts of eating are took away with the conceit of the night following

Alex *I beseech you spare not, I am glad to see you so pleasant; and to increase your mirth, I will drink to you a health in wine, in hopes you will pledge me*

Clorin Sir, they say there is truth in wine; and if there be truth in wine, I will find it out, let the health be never so deep

Alex *I thank you for doing me this piece of Justice; I pray see if you can make up a dinner, otherwise I know not how to be excused for inviting you*

Cl. Sir, to decline ceremony, you have most worthily feasted me, and honoured me so much, that I must ever acknowledge your exceeding bounty and courtesie

Ceremonies at the sitting down at the Table

Alex GEntlemen Pray take your places, I know not how to direct you. But first let us wash

Gent.

Gent. *Be pleased to begin, for it is fit that we should follow you.*

Alex In this matter, ceremonies are needless: but you will do nothing without an example, and therefore I will begin.

Gen. *Then, in obedience to your desire, we will wash with you.*

Alex. I beseech you, Gentlemen, to save me a labour, and take your places.

Gent. *Sir, we expect your sitting down, and afterwards we will not contend much for priority of place.*

Alex. Come, Master *Getting*, you are my old acquantance, you shall favour me to sit here by me

Gent *By no means, that is not my place, here's a Gentleman deserves to be seated there.*

Alex Sir, I have designed you this place, pray let me rule you so far

Gent *Sir, I should be loath to be too troublesome, and yet I would not presume before my betters*

Alex Sir, you are too full of excuse; you may yield to take your due place, otherwise I should wrong you

Gent *Sir, I beseech you then to excuse me, and account your fault, if I transgress the bounds of manners, in assuming a place far above my desert, and which is of right belonging to these other Gentlemen*

Alex We might have spar'd this ceremony; for the appetite loves good dainties better than Complements Now pray carve for your selves, you are kindly welcome.

Gent. *Sir, we will not put you to any trouble in helping us; we know that manners will allow us to make a dinner, we come to trespass on you*

The Feasters excuse after dinner

Alex SIR, I desire you to excuse your mean fare, and slender entertainment; whereunto I have pre-

presumed much to invite you; but I hope our ancient acquaintance, and your own good nature, will procure me a pardon, in that I have done this only to enjoy your company and society; for your good discourse is to me a feast, far exceeding any dainties that I could provide for you.

Friend. *Your real kindness hath been such, and so unexpected, that I cannot give you sufficient thanks for your courtesie and kind entertainment: all that I can retribute, is to promise, that I will snatch an opportunity to express my gratitude.*

Alex. You have honoured me enough, in your acceptance of my good will. But it is not wholsome to stir suddenly after dinner. Let's discourse: You are conversant abroad, What news do you hear?

Fri. *Pardon me, Sir, the world runs round about me, whilst I stand unmov'd, never marking the motions thereof, and therefore I am altogether ignorant in novelties; it may be, you hear more.*

A. Indeed Sir, I have so many affairs, that I can enquire after none; I thought you could have given us some good intelligence.

Friend. *Sir, I desire you to excuse me, for I hold it fruitless imployment; but to satisfie your request, If I knew any fresh news, that were not yet in Print, I should be bold to acquaint you with it, since you desire me.*

A. I will not importune you any further, but desire your pardon, that I should impose on you the office o an intelligencer; excuse my intent therein, since wh t I desired, was to pass away the time while we sit, but now, if you please, we will rise.

Friend. *Sir, Then I must really thank you, you have made me bold with you, I will accompany you a while to the fire, and then take my leave.*

To offer ſervice to a young Maid.

Aym. Seeing you are alone, I would willingly attend on you, if you pleaſe to accept of my ſervice.

Maid. *It is more than I deſire or deſerve; and it would appear boldneſs in me, to accept of a ſtrangers company; For it is not for me to entertain all ſhews and offers of kindneſs: I can but thank you for your good will, I am not far diſtant from mine own home.*

Aym. Pray let me bear you company, and by the way make me happy in ſome diſcourſe: reſolve me one queſtion. Were you never in love?

Maid. *Though it be no manners to anſwer one queſtion, with demanding another; yet I will preſume to ask, if you were never in love?*

Aym Fair one, from thence ſprings my unhappineſs, I am too forward in theſe deſires. I have beheld many beauties, but you have prevailed more than the reſt, to conquer my affection; and I muſt acknowledge, that in meeting you, I have met death or life.

Maid. *Pray ſpeak in plain terms, I am ignorant of your meaning.*

Aym. I deſire you then, to know and believe, that I am already far in love with you, and I hope you will not ſcorn my ſudden motion, if I ſhould deſire you to reward my love with your favour; and by the way, let me intreat you, to think that Heaven hath appointed our ſtrange accidental meeting, and gave me boldneſs to petition your favour and affection, which I hope you will grant.

Maid. *Sir, I know not in this caſe how to give an anſwer that may procure you content, but I deſire you to importune me no further; but grant me time to conſider your motion, and this is my fathers houſe, whither if you pleaſe to come hereafter, I will ſtudy to reſolve you: however you ſhall be welcome.*

Aym.

Aym. But before I loſe your preſence, which is my chiefeſt happineſs, let me tell you, that when you go in, you bear away my heart with you, and I ſhall only languiſh in ſorrow, till I viſit you again.

Maid. *Pray Sir, do not hold me longer in diſcourſe, there are many jealous eyes that do watch an occaſion to expoſe me to cenſures, for maintaining with you ſuch unuſual familiarity; let me entreat you, as you tender my credit, to leave me.*

Aym. I muſt obey you: honour me with an ordinary ſalutation, and I will vaniſh like a ſhadow, and return again to wait on you, who are the ſubſtance of my life.

To confer with a widdow in an amorous wooing manner.

Aym. *I Would intreat you (fair Widdow) not to diſcourage me in my firſt ſuit, ſince your modeſty and vertuous carriage in your husband's life time, hath made me bold to plead for affection, and to cheriſh a certain hope, that I ſhall obtain your good liking.*

Wid. Sir, I would not have you imagine, that my love to my former husband was written in a Table book, the letters whereof may be ſoon wiped out again: no, it was engraven upon my heart, and there doth remain to inform me, that I ought not to wrong him with a ſecond marriage.

Aym. *Nay Widow, I muſt acknowledg you have a fair pretence to put me off, with the remembrance of your ſaid husband; but, will you alwayes puniſh your ſelf, and faſt from the joyes of marriage?*

Wid. It is my full reſolved purpoſe, and therefore let not any wanton opinion concerning me, give you hope of obtaining my love. Alas! ſince his departure I am dead unto the world, and do but only live to ſigh, when I remember that I had ſo good a husband.

Aym. *His goodneſs is gone with him, but for my part, I will be your loving active ſervant; Come, come, put off grief, and falſe imaginations of honouring the dead: for if his ſoul were capable of any knowledge concerning earthly matters, he would rejoyce to ſee you happily married; and as he gave you all contentment in his life, ſo he would deſire that you might be ſupplyed in the ſame kind after his death.*

Wid. You ſpeak unhappily, but pray be ſatisfied, that I intend not to marry; yet I reſpect your good will, and in other matters will remain ready to requite your love.

Aym. *For other matters, I am ſatisfied; but your love is the mark whereat I aime why would you thus ſtrive to become a Virgin again, and forget the conceit of former pleaſures, which are yet freſh in your remembrance; fie, fie, you do not well to make your ſelf ſo dull of apprehenſion; I am come to offer ſervice in the right kind, and therefore you are very much to blame to refuſe the tender of my reſpects.*

Wid. You ſpeak Myſteries, but I deſire, if you love me, ſhew it in ceaſing to proſecute your ſuit; for I muſt tell you plainly, it will prove fruitleſs, and of none effect.

Aym. *I cannot believe, but that I ſhall be more fortunately happy, to obtain your favour; Words are not alwaies the interpreters of the heart, and I am confident for all this, that you love me.*

Wid. Perſwade your ſelf to it, but I ſhall never give you cauſe to think ſo; yet I will ever reſpect you, and be ready to do you any lawful courteſie.

Aym. *Well, I thank you, that I have ſo far thrived in my ſuit, I hope hereafter to get deeper into your favour.*

Wid. Your hope is built upon a falſe foundation; and had I known your intent, I would not have held diſcourſe ſo long with you; I muſt leave your Company.

Aym. *Let me rather take my leave, and ſeal a kiſs upon*

upon your lips until I visit you again; for no mortal Widow shall discourage me, but I will come again with the more resolute affections.

To excuse some offence done to a Gentlewoman.

Aymwel. I Must acknowledge, I was somewhat too bold to enforce a kiss from you, in the presence of other friends; but I pray excuse my passion, and let your mercy be shewed in pardoning as my folly was in offending.

Penelope. *Sir, it was so great a trespass, and so directly aimed against my white fame and reputation, that no repentance can satisfie for a fault of that nature.*

Aym. It cannot exceed the limits of forgiveness; or, if your wrath must not be otherwise satisfied, enjoyn me some pennance, as great as your anger; whereby I may recover your lost favour, and make it appear, how sorry I am for so rash an offence.

Penelope. *May, you may enjoy that kiss violently took from me, before so many witnesses, but never any more.*

Amy. I must confess, it was my rashness; but if you will, that I repay it back again, I will give you interest for that one, and vow unto you, never to offend your patience in the like kind.

Pen. Well, since you are so willing to repent, and to shew such unfeigned sorrow, I must needs accept them for present satisfaction, desiring you hereafter to be more careful of my credit, and never again to make so bold an offer.

Amy. You have charmed me to obedience, since your words are a Law, which I dare not transgress; for I am in all things your obsequious servant.

The Lovers farewel.

Leonara. ALass Sir! is this the hour that the severe rigor of your absence must eclipse my dayes of their bright beams? O how this sad

news doth fire my ſpirits! and not without reaſon, ſince you (to whom I had wholly conſecrated my ſelf) will not vouchſafe a merciful eye on my ſufferings for your abſence.

Floreſtan, *Miſtreſs, fear not, but reſt aſſured, that ſo long as life ſhall give leave to enjoy the Suns brightneſs, never ſhall any other have power over me; do me only this favour, your, that having given you theſe new aſſurances of my fidelity, you would be pleaſed to render me ſome real promiſes of yours, Beſides, I proteſt to you, Lady, I will never acknowledge other light than yours, no more than the earth doth any other than the Sun.*

Leon. Sir, they are no falſe promiſes that I have made you, but true aſſurances drawn from my heart, by the force of my paſſion. And know, that all things here beneath, ſhall ſooner change their natural inclinations, than in me ſhall be ſeen any alteration from the reſolution I have made to love you; Heaven it ſelf be my witneſs.

Floreſt. *If Miſtreſs, you love me thus, let your mind be confident of an equal truth from me; and ſhould you doubt of my affections, I will give you my ſoul for a pledge, and my heart for a ſacrifice, to ſhew you that my words are unfeigned; be pleaſed therefore to accept this ſmall gift, not as a thing worthy of merit, but only as a ſufficient teſtimony of my good will, fidelity, and faithful love towards you, it being a thing ſo ſmall and unworthy of you, it will therefore be the more commendable in you to accept of it.*

Leon. Sir, I give you infinite thanks, and withall do beſeech you to receive this in requital, for a remembrance of me, which is of a ſmaller value; be but pleaſed to take it in good part from her, who from henceforth ſhall not live, but through your ſole remembrance.

Flor. *Thanks to you Sweeteſt, the gift truly is pleaſing*

ſing to me, but the giver much more.

Leonora, But Sir, is there no means to ſtay you for a little time, that I might enjoy your preſence, which ſtands me inſtead of light and life; therefore your abſence will invelope me with darkneſs, and bring upon me (poore ſoul that I am) a thouſaud grievous deaths.

Flor. *Miſtriſs, I hope not ſo; for I am conſtrained through neceſſity of my buſineſs, to depart hence.*

Leon, Oh, I ſee now too well, that that conſtancy of yours, which I truſted to, for remedy of my troubled thoughts, is vaniſhed, to give preſent reſt to my plaints, which you ſhall receive with my ſighs and tears, for true and burning teſtimonies of the ſorrow I have, to ſee my ſelf about to be forſaken by him by whom onely I breath.

Flor. *Miſtriſs, I ſwear to you, my heart is alik touched with ſuch ſtrokes, for this our parting, that I can hardly breath for grief of it, and do already ſee I have loſt my ſelf, in the loſs of the ſight of your ſtar-light beauty: for I am ſure, that once abſent from your luminous aſpect, each pleaſure will be tome a ſubject of griefe and ſorrow. However, ſince it will not be otherwiſe, I ſhall ſo part with you, as that my life ſhall ever be at your ſervice; and ſo farewell, dear Miſtriſs, live ſtill happy and content, whilſt I languiſh unfortunate, though conſtant: Let not then my remoteneſs alter your mind, more than it ſhall ſhake the reſolution I have long ſince made, to live and dye yours; as for mine own part, I ſhall not think my ſelf abſent from you, ſo long as I am lodged in your heart, and memory.*

Leon. Farwell! Sir, you poſſeſs my ſoul; and I do even leave it in your power, conſerve it for a more happy ſeaſon than this of parting; and, in the mean ſpace, have pitty on all the bloody griefs. which the mere apprehenſion of your abſence makes me already

feel ſo vehemently, for I think it very ſtrange to leave you, whoſe company is dearer to me than my life, But to make an end of this diſcourſe, I do beſeech you, Sir, and let me conjure you by the ſweetneſs of that love I have born you, and will all my life long devote to you, in reſpect of my cruel fears, to write often to me, during the unhappy time of our abſence: for in reading of your letters, I ſhall perſwade my ſelf that I am not wholly deprived of you, or loſt to your memory.

Floreſtan. *I vow to you, Miſtriſs, I will give you ſo many letters for confirmation of my loyalty, and the love I bear to you, that you ſhall have no cauſe to diſtruſt. And ſo I beſeech Heaven to make you the happieſt alive, even as the divine Creator hath made you the faireſt and moſt accompliſhed: that he alſo make you ſo pittiful to retain me in your moſt deſired favour, that I may be able continually to witneſs, how violent my affections are toward you.*

Lady, Heaven grant, you may be as faithful to me, as I am to you; and give you as much quiet and contentment, as you take from me. But what ſhould I ſay more? I muſt ceaſe to remember you of the force and heat of my affections, but not to entreat you to pitty my martyrdom; and that whereſoever you are, you be mindful of me. And ſo once more I intreat the Deities, to grant you ſuch proſperity, that your fortunes may parallel your perfection.

Flor. *Reſt aſſured, ſweet miſtriſs, to be beloved of me, though not equal to your merit; to which height, it is impoſſible my affection ſhould raiſe it ſelf.*

A Diſcourſe betwixt *Mounſieur Device*, and his humorous Lady, upon the Fancies of the Ribands he wore in his Hat.

Moun. LAdy, the pleaſures of this ſweet morning attend you.

Lady. As pleaſant hours I wiſh to you; but why ſo like a Fore-horſe, Sir? what mean thoſe Hieroglyphicks on your Beaver, thoſe Ribbands of variety of colours?

M. They are ſeveral Fancies, Lady, which I'le decipher to you; Here is an Azure and a Peach; Azure is conſtant, the Peach is love, which ſignifies my conſtant love. Yeſterday I wore Folimot, Gredeline, and Iſſabella. Folimot is withered, Gredeline is abſent, and Iſſabella is beauty, which put together, expreſs, that I wither and languiſh for your abſent beauty.

Lady. But is there any reaſon for thoſe diſtinctions.

Mount. Yes: for example, your Folimot is a wither'd leaf, which doth moralize decay; your yellow is.....

Lady. I will inform you Sir, of that colour, by ſad experience; 'tis jealous.

Moun. You are miſtaken, Lady, it is your Lemmon colour that is jealous, a pale kind of yellow; your perfect yellow is joy, your white is death, your milk white is innocence, your black is mourning, your orange is martial, a moſt orient colour in Heraldry: your fleſh colour is laſcivious, your Maidens bluſh is envy, your red is defiance, your gold is avaritious your ſtray is plenty, your green is hope, your

Graſs green is youth, your Sea green is unconſtant, your Violet is Religious, and your Willow forſaken.

L. Out upon the ignorance I have lived in! Mounſieur, you are ſo exquiſitely phantaſtical, that you cannot but win admiration from the Court beauties.

Moun. You are your ſelf all wonder, theſe are but Enſignes of that beauty your ſervant fights under.

L. The Heavens ſmile upon you, farewel and be victorious.

M. Your humble ſervant, and moſt conſtant Martyr.

The Gentleman Vſhers Grammer.

FIrſt, he muſt be bold to defend the right of his Ladies honour, both for priviledge and place: for the hand and for the wall.

Secondly, he muſt be moſt neat in his cloathes, from head to foot; neat in his office, in his garb, in his pace, in his coming off, in his coming on.

Thirdly, he muſt have a moſt artificial memory to relate how this Lady and other Ladies do; how they ſlept, how their Phyſick wrought, how many viſits they have had, with other circumſtances of their Dogs, Monkeys, and Parachitoes.

Fourthly, he muſt be dexterous in his carriage, in his carving and marſhalling of diſhes, performances which require his moſt graceful demeanors.

Fifthly, he muſt be vers'd in his ſeveral poſtures and congees: more particularly, he is to obſerve how to hand his Lady, to arm his Lady, to ſide his Lady, to draw out his Lady, to preſent his Lady, to ſhoulder his Lady, which is, when ſhe takes Coach: to foot his Lady, which is, when ſhe alights.

Laſtly, he is to be furniſh'd with his Spaniſh ſhrugs, his French ſmirks and faces: all which he is moſt methodical to ſet off with his refined language, and reſplendent habit; thus prepared and inſtructed, through his

his diligent and obedient attendance, he may quickly ſtart up to be a pretty Adjunct, or Gentleman Uſher, for the temper, or ſtateliest carriage of any of the *Strand* or *Covent Garden* Ladies, and by putting himſelf forwards, he may do ſomething, and dare much more; provided that he be not daſht out of any thing ſooner than diſcountenanced, until his preferment ſtumble upon him.

The Love-ſick Picture-Drawer.

OR,

The perfections of ever to be admired *Clarinda*, repreſented and limned forth by her ſervant, as with his youthful eyes he admired, and ſharpeſt fancies delineated, her ſuper-excellent features.

On her Face.

HEr face is loves coppy to read wonders on.

She cannot put her face in ſuch a form, but I muſt like it.

Her lively face diſdains all adulterous Arts.

A perpetual ſpring of beauty dwells in that face of hers.

Fairer than *Chloris* in all her pride.

Her face vail'd with a robe of darkneſs, ſhines clearer through it, than the eye of the day.

The faireſt ever nature made for wonder.

But to look upon her face, is to live.

Whoſe looks would force the warring Elements into order.

A tempting beauty, and full of wanton flames.

The behaviour of whoſe beauty, is like a ſingular Muſician to a ſweet Inſtrument.

Care

Care-causing beauty, comprehended in the white Lilies and blushing Roses of her cheek.

Her face refresheth my sight, like to the gloss of Emralds.

All the comfort that the Sun gives, is but a reflection of her fair and most radient face.

Clarinda's face when it shines forth, expells the night more than a thousand stars.

On her hair.

In those twining curles *Cupid* is taken prisoner.

Her hairs those golden Ensigns, those snares of love.

On her brow.

She hath a lofty brow, where love doth sit in Triumph.

Her brow is a smooth milky *Galaxia*.

On her Fore head.

Her Fore-head full of Majesty and statelines.

The statelieſt Fort from whence the God of love discharges his artillery.

On her Eyes.

Her Eyes shedding a firmament of light.

By those fair eyes, from which this little world borrows the Light it has.

Her Dove-like eyes.

Her wounding eyes.

Eyes full of grace and quickness.

Her Eyes those surfeits of delight.

She cannot close her Eyes, but the sad world's benighted.

Her eyes the spheres of Love, and Load stones of affection.

Liquorous rolling Eyes.

On her smiles.

I am blessed with her immortal smiles.

Just so the Western gales bring on the Spring.

In-

In that ſweet dimple, when ſhe ſmiles, *Cupid* hath pitch'd his tents.

On her Lips.

Life breathing lips.

Her lips like threds of Scarlet.

Her cherry lips.

Such a lip the morning gathers bluſhes from.

A thouſand *Cupids* call me to taſte her lips.

Thoſe lips would thaw a man into a ſpring, though he were more frozen than the Alps.

To riſe to her lips at firſt, is too great an honour.

Cupid hanging down his wings, doth ſit comparing Cherries with her lips.

Permit me to take an impreſſion, or dimpled print, on my *Clarinda's* lips.

Her lip's *Adonis* Garden, where he that gathers flowers, may gather ſtill.

To ſuck her heart out at her lips.

Her lips are Rubies of an infinite value.

For to taſte thoſe lips, none but would forſake Caſſia or Violets.

Her lips, loves ſweet Altar, where the heart is offered for a continual ſacrifice.

On her kiſſes.

The unreproved kiſſes of chaſt *Clarinda.*

Her kiſſes ſpeak her Virgin; ſuch a baſhful heat at ſeveral tides doth ebb and flow, as if it were affraid to meet our wilder flames.

A kiſs from her would warm the chilleſt blood.

By the Law of Armes, faireſt *Clarinda*, I may demand a kiſs.

To take a wanton kiſs on loves fair lips.

On her Cheeks.

Her cheeks ſhine like ſparkling ſtones.

No ſadneſs dwells upon her cheeks, to blaſt the tender Roſes.

Her

Her cheeks are like to Punick Apples.
Her cheeks are ſpread with ſpices and flowers.
Her cheeks of pure Carnation inameled with white.
Her cheeks kindle my blown appetite, never to expire.
The blood in her cheeks looks like the bluſhing *Sabian* Maids ſurprized.

On her breath.

Her breath doth ſcent of amber.
Her mother fed on Roſes when ſhe bred her: her breath is all perfumes.
Her breath diſſolves one; and he that taſtes it, is pleaſed as with ſweet violets.
Her breath is like to the Weſtern wind, when it glads *Arabia*, and breathes Gums and Spices.

On her voyce.

Her voice is adorned with graceful accents.
Her voice is above the airs of chirping birds.
The well-tuned harmony of her pleaſant voyce.

Of her Language and Diſcourſe.

She knows no Barbariſme in her expreſſions.
Her beauty, ſet forth with ſuch ſweet language, cannot want an advocat.
Of a moſt ſweet diſcorſe rich in Language.
Powerfull of ſpeech and behaviour.

On her neck

Her neck is poliſht Ivory white as the ſilver Dove.

On her breaſts.

Her breaſts are a pair of Maiden unconquered Worlds,
Her breaſts are the ſoft pillowes of love.
Her breaſts are twins where Lillies grow.
Living ſprings flow from her breaſts.
Her breaſts, two Ivory balls of laſting pleaſure:
Betwixt the amorous beds of her two ſwelling breaſts

breasts, Love sums his pleasures.

Her breasts are soft and tender as the *Pelican's*

Her breasts are *Leda's* twins, interchangeably imbracing one another.

Upon her Hands and Fingers.

A small Spider finger'd Lass.

Her slender delicate hand the wandring eye invites.

Her Lilly hand lay under her Rosie cceek, couzening the wanton Pillow of a kiss.

Her fingers tip'd with Ivory.

On her Armes.

Who can do otherwise than imagine that those fair branches of my *Clarinda's* arme were made to take the great men of the world her Prisoners.

A Girl of a sweet incircling imbrace.

On her Belly.

An Ivory rising hill.

Her lap is *Elizium.*

Her Navel the Seal of loves impression.

The Valley of affection is not far from her Hill of pleasure; in that Dale I would repose my self.

On her Womb.

Her womb the mansion of *Cupid*, and Summer-house of pleasure.

Her Womb, that wanton dwelling-house of Love.

On her Waste.

Her Waste is slender as a wand.

About her Waste *Jove's* Messenger doth dwell, to inchant all beholders.

On her Thighs.

Her Thighs are fit subjects for the pleasant songs of youthful Poets to acquaint the world with.

On her Veins.

Her Veins swelling in blew branches.

The Skie hath so much blew as from her Veins.

On her Legs and feet.

Her legs as ſtately and firm as Marble-pillars.

Her feet active, nimble, and beautiful.

On her Chamber and bed.

Her adorned Chamber and Bed, perfumed with bruiſed ſpices, fruits, and odoriferous flowers.

Her Chamber, for ſweetneſs, envying the flowring Spring.

Her Chamber needs no other Sun, than her own beautiful beams to ſhine there.

Her Chamber is a mint of Jeſts.

On Clarinda's *Looking-glaſs.*

Her ſmiling glaſs is an antidote againſt the Sythe of Time.

She needs not look into that mirrour, for every thing becomes her exactly well, into which, whoſoever looks, they do but read over again the *Syntaxis* of her beauty.

Further Obſervations, Expreſſions, and Concluſions, upon the flames of Love, and captivity of the ſervants of Venus, *and her blind Son, with ſome Rules and Remedies.*

OUt upon this Love! what Apes, Dogs and Cats it makes men look like? How heavy and dull-eye'd a Lovers Miſtreſs ſits, like *Phœbe* ſhadowed to him in a dull ſable Cloud.

Love a fair Lady; but love her ſo, that you may find room for a freſh beauty.

A Lover, that with his proteſtations, and tedious complements, waſteth his lungs.

A Lovers loyal death argues the inconſtancy of his Miſtris.

A Lover that diſperſes his ſoul in ſights, his eares are ſwoln bigger than his eyes.

A Lover that diſtills his thoughts, into his Miſtriſſes eares.

One indeared to his Miſtriſſes eyes.

One indeared to his Miſtriſſes beauty.

A Lover that will prattle in his ſleep, and when he walkes forth, acquaint every Grove with his tell tale Love; then ſits croſs armed, hangs his head over a Chryſtal Book, and weeps till it ſwells to an Ocean.

The ſoft and ſimple war of Lovers.

A fellow that will praiſe the hand and foot, and ſay the face is Angellical; lye and diſſemble moſt groſly.

Drunk with the deviſes and Love-ſick glances of women.

One that will gallop on in praiſes of his Miſtreſs, and be a proffeſſed *Homer* of women.

Coridon courted *Phillis* with a faint kiſs,
No better could the ſilly Swains than this:

What could *Hercules* with his five Miſtriſſes have ſaid to a *Platonick* love-ſick Heretick?

By the power of love all things were made, and are ſtill continued.

Love was bred in the dear boſome of *Venus*.

Love that Divine quinteſſence, that finds ſuch a ſympathy in beauty.

Luſt doth but uſurp the name of Love; for love it ſelf is a furnace of pure flames.

Love is that Tyrant in his Laws, that divorces our ſenſe from reaſon, and makes a tempeſt in the ſoul.

Love is a ſpark of pleaſure, kindled by vain deſire

Love is a fiery froſt.

Love

Love, though blind, beholds beauty; and though naked, feels no cold

Cupids Bark will saile with every wind.

Love keeps his revells, when they are but two.

Reason retires, when love and pleasure enters.

Unlawful means do make love lawful.

Love is most true, when he doth most feign.

Shew passion in thy looks, entertain not any in thy brest.

A New School of Love with Questions and Answers, resolving the doubts of Lovers.

Quest. *What is Love?*

A It is the receptacle of pensive minds.

Q. *How comes it to pass that many times we love those we never saw?*

A Rare persons are like to tapestries, that seem fairer far off, than near at hand: and it is the reputation of what is absent, as concealed, that allures.

Q. *Why do lovers fall out?*

A To agree the better, since afterwards they desire a re union with the greater fervour and passion.

Q. *Who is most constant in love, a man or a woman?*

A. Experience confirms that, we see more women deceived by men, than men by women; they know their own unworthiness, and are therefore not so confident.

Q. *Why do women love those so intirely, that they delivered up Virgin-purity to?*

A In

A In acknowledgment of their perfection.

Q. *How is it that there are many more women in the world than men?*

A Women are exempted from the War: and in nature the worſt things are moſt plentiful.

If women were as little as they're are good,
A Peaſecod would make them a gown and hood.

Q. *What is the greateſt recompence a woman can make a man?*

A To reveal to him her ſecrets, and make him Lord of her body.

Q. *How muſt a man behave himſelf amongſt Ladies?*

A He muſt be bold and hardy.

Q. *Why is love painted blind?*

A Becauſe the actions of lovers cannot be hid or diſſembled.

Q. *Why be the ſecrets of love ſo eaſily kept?*

A For the ſweetneſs of that modeſty that men find in them.

Q. *Why do ſome mens hair curl?*

A From the abundance of their heat; females want beards, as they are more cool.

Q. *Why do ſome liſp?*

A Their ſinews are putrified with flegm, or their brains are more moiſt; but their lips, according to the Proverb, have a golden mean.

Q. *Why doth a lover often keep in the expreſſions of his tongue?*

A By reaſon of his paſſions.

Q. *Why hath a woman a ſhriller voice than a man?*

A There is a difference in the compoſition of the veins and moiſt Arteries; and the paſſage where their voice is framed, is narrower.

Q. *Who are moſt ſecret in the ſports of love.*

A Women: ſince it ſo nearly concerns them.

Q. *What*

Q. *What is the meat of perfect Lovers?*

A. Sighs and tears.

Q. *Why have old men the repulse of young women?*

A. Because they have not wherewith to ease them of their grief.

Q. *Why are Lovers so pusillanimous?*

A. From their passion, and fears of mind.

Q. *Why is Cupid pictured with wings?*

A The desires of Lovers, for the most part, tend to high things.

Q. *Why do Lovers write amorous Sonets to their Mistresses.*

A. Poetry is the friend of Love.

Q. *Why hath Love been esteemed a God?*

A Because he makes the coward valiant, the illiterate eloquent, the melancholy merry; his chearful divinity giving Garlands to his Martyrs.

Q. *Why doth Nature afford Love so much pleasure?*

A For the preservation of Mankind.

Q. *Why do Lovers spend whole nights in Love?*

A Because their fancies are wholly placed on their endeared objects, so that they are forced to resign themselves up to them.

Q. *Why do Lovers so observe the looks and glances of their Ladies?*

A Because there is no part of the body that doth so declare and manifest the interiour passions of the mind, as the eye.

Q. *Why are Lovers forsworn?*

A Cupid laughs at perjuries.

Q. *Why are Lovers the better friends for their falling out?*

A Because Love is a flame that may be extinguished, if it be not often blown.

Q. *Wherefore is it, that many times Love is conceived upon an instant towards the object?*

A Since

A Since the eye, the informer of the intellectual part, no ſooner preſents the object, than at the ſame inſtant it diſcourſes to the heart, to which it renders it as appetible.

Q. Whence is kiſſing ſo eſteemed of Lovers?

A From the firſt celebration of the *Trojan* Wives, who to keep their husbands from the danger of more Voyages, fired their Ships; and for their pacification uſed this Ceremony of their lips, which, with the novelty of their imbraces, quench'd the fire of their diſpleaſures.

Q. Who are more inclined to pleaſure, men or women?

A Women; for men being of a better temper, are dryer and ſtronger.

Q. Why are women more craftily revengeful than men?

A By reaſon of the weakneſs of their natures; what they cannot do by force, they maintain by ſubtillity.

Q. Why is it naught to lie on the back?

A It cauſes diſeaſes, diſturbs the fore-part of the brain, and procures the night mare.

Q. Why have women thicker blood than men?

A By reaſon of the cold, which doth coagulate and congeal theirs more.

Q. Why is venery bad for melancholy and lean men?

A Becauſe it dries them too much, which are too dry of themſelves.

Q. Where are women of beſt uſe?

A In Thalamo, in Tumulo; in the Bed, and in the Tomb, as one of *Marcion's* Scholars anſwered.

Q. Why do young men naturally decline Widdows?

A They would not drink in thoſe waters others have been dabling in before.

Q. What waters of all other are moſt deceitful?

A A Womans tears.

Q. Where

Q. *Wherefore are amorous women more tickliſh than others?*

A Becauſe their ſkins are more looſe, ſoft, and delicate.

Q. *How cometh it to paſs, that women newly married, the firſt night, are ſo loth to go to bed, yet riſe the next day ſo luſty and joyful?*

A It proceeds from the perfection of the man, which having acquired to themſelves, they then know they are women indeed.

Q. *Why do men kiſs the eyes of thoſe they do affect?*

A Becauſe they were the firſt beginners of Love.

Q. *Why do many love fervently, yet are not beloved again?*

A By reaſon their complexions cannot agree.

Q. *Why ſhould we not place our loves on thoſe that are too young?*

A Becauſe they are ſo inconſtant, and evermore curious of new ſervants.

Q. *How comes it, that he that is ſoon taken with love, doth as ſoon forget it?*

A He is like to one that rides a Gallop, and by and by he waxeth weary.

Q. *Why do men ſay that Love is a perfect Muſitian?*

A Becauſe he tuneth and maketh harmonious the ſpirits, that had before no agreement.

Q. *Why is there ſuch delights in the ſports of* Venus?

A That men might not abhor the uncleanneſs of them.

Q. *Why do ſome women love the white, ſome the black complexion?*

A Some delight in black, as hot, and more agreeable to their conſtitutions; ſome in white, as their natures are more cool.

Q. *What quality hath the ſanguine?*

A He is fair, ſmooth haired, he is ſecret, ſhamefac'd,

fac'd, ſpirited, Muſically given, a lover of learning, liberal and courteous.

Q. *What properties hath the Phlegmatick complection'd man?*

A They are ſleepy, moiſt, fearful, covetous, weak in venery.

Q. *What are the qualities of the Cholerick man?*

He is pale, unquiet, a great drinker, little ſleeper, a lover of the ſociety of women.

Q. *What is the melancholy mans qualities?*

A His complexion is brown, his veins ſmall; he eateth little, hath a bad digeſtion, his dreams are confuſed, he is timerous and incontinent.

Q. *Wherefore is it that we tickle not our ſelves?*

A Becauſe our own touch is natural and familliar unto us.

Q. *Wherefore is it, that amongſt all kinds of animals, the Females are moſt ſubtile? and ſcape more cunningly and craftily from the imbraces, than males?*

A It is for the moſt part, that they being more weak than the Males; Nature to repair the defect, hath given them a more wilely craft, for the conſervation of their lives.

Q. *What is the reaſon that women in the Winter go thinner cloathed, and endure more cold than men?*

A Every like is leaſt affected with his like; and women, becauſe they are cooler by Nature, feel the leſs cold.

Q. *Why do learned men often beget ſottiſh children?*

A. Becauſe their contemplations are higher raiſed then to ſuch beſtial pleaſures.

Q. *If beauty fails, doth love decreaſe?*

A. Too often, for love is no other thing than a deſire of beauty.

Q. *Why do a certain Northern people ſeeth a ſtone called Gagates, and give it to them they are to lye with, the night before they enjoy them?* *A* To

A To know whether they retain their Virgin-purity: for it forceth to Urine those that are not pure from man.

Q *Do you think Love is so blind, as the Poets would make us believe?*

A Why not when the fairest dote so often, as we have daily experience, upon the most foul and deformed.

Q *What woman thinketh her self most worthy to be beloved, the fair or the deformed?*

A Before I return to you an answer, shew me a woman that doth not think herself to be beautiful.

Q *Why have men such diversity of opinions in their censures of Beauty?*

A Because all fair and beautiful things, according to the Greek Proverb, are hard and very difficult to be judged.

Q *Who is most constant in Love, the man or the woman?*

A The man being both in body and spirit more firm and more constant in his perswasions of love affairs.

Q *How comes it that he that truly lives, is most commonly requited with the like respects of love again?*

A Because our Spirits cannot alwayes resist those true and amorous looks and glances that are continually darted at us:

Q *What is the truest assurance we can give of our love.*

A. Perseverance.

Q *Why are Lovers so unconstant?*

A. Because youth aboundeth with heat, and is subject to divers and many thoughts, and so cannot stay it self.

Q *Can Charmes work love?*

A. Your Magicians, and those that write of nature, conclude so.

Q *Where*

Q. *Wherefore have women leſs liberty to place their affections on many, than men?*

A Becauſe their modeſty reſtrains them; which take from them, and ye take away their lives.

Q. *Why do ſome bluſh and change their countenance, when they hear what they would not?*

A Out of an anger which forceth the blood, till the ſpirits are quieted, to riſe from the loweſt parts, and to fluſh in the face.

Q. *Why is a womens wit unapt for good, and moſt prompt and ready for bad things?*

A 'Tis according to that rule of Philoſophy, That a woman is a mans hurt, and but a privation; now the condition of a privation is alwayes miſchief.

Q. *Why do women love fine cloathes better than men?*

A Becauſe too often wanting the beauty of their minds, they ſtudy the more how to adorne and hide the imperfections of their bodies, which they are therefore the more ſenſible of.

Q. *Why do we love our ſight above our other ſenſes?*

A Becauſe the divine force of love is placed there.

Q. *What is the greateſt pleaſure, that a true lover can feel?*

A To think that he is beloved again of his Miſtriſs.

Q. *Why are all things diſpoſed more to love in the ſpring time, than in other ſeaſons?*

A Becauſe then the humours do move themſelves, and the blood doth wax hot.

Q. *Wherefore are the angers of Lovers of ſo little continuance?*

A Becauſe they fall out for trifles.

Q. *Wherefore do the Ancients picture Love with*

flowers in the one hand, and a fish in the other?

A To shew that Love is Lord both of Sea and Land.

Q *Why are men rather amorous than women?*

A. Because they are of hotter complexion, and their spirits are more quick and prompt.

Q *Wherefore are all joyes of Lovers uncertain?*

A because in love are divers casualties, jealousie, suspition, anger, peace, disdain.

Q *Why is it, that secret Love is more burning than that which is discovered?*

A Because in the one a fire doth consume, in the other a friend doth give advice to quench the flames.

Q *Wherefore is it, that women and children weep often, and with more facility than men?*

A Because they are more humid, and therefore when they are oppressed with grief, they easily evacuate their plenty of moisture with tears.

Q *Why did nature rather make the brain cool then hot?*

A To moderate the heat of the heart, that it might serve instead of a Fan to cool it.

Q *Wherefore is it said, What is a woman but her tongue?*

A Because anciently they had no other defence or weapon but that; but now they have better mortified themselves with tongue, tooth, and nails:

Q *What kind of people are those that do not sleep in their own faces?*

A Whores that paint, and put on other faces.

Q *What is the reason, that if a man hath committed any great crime, he cannot dissemble it in his eyes and countenance?*

A Because the eye is the messenger of the heart, and the glass wherein the mind doth shine, Nature it self as it were, being a second Conscience.

Q *Why*

Q. *Why do those look pale that are much grieved?*

A Because nature flyeth to the inward parts, with that blood which doth paint the skin.

Q. *Wherefore have Lovers feeble voyces?*

A Out of the fear they have to displease their Ladies.

Q. *Wherefore is it, that a man being touch'd with love cannot rid himself of that passion by any dexterity?*

A Because a delicate sweet motion doth transport him to a thing he desires, and with a certain admiration winds him into the nets of Love.

Q. *Wherefore are Lovers for the most part ready to Weep?*

A. Because by nature they are fearful, suspitious, jealous, and alwaies troubled.

Q. *Why be women so prone to yield to love?*

A Because dame nature hath endowed them with a delicate touch. With Complexions hot and moist, things most requisite for their creations of *Venus*.

Q. *What do lovers chiefly delight in?*

A Tranquility and aboundance, Revels, Banquets, Masks, Playes, soft Beds, and pleasant Dreams.

Q. *What Creatures of all others are most wanton?*

A Insatiate women, according to the old verse,

One Cock sufficeth twice ten hen.
Scarce one lewd woman thrice five men.

Q. *What, think you, do the eyes most betray that a man would keep secret?*

A Love and drunkenness.

Q. *From whence is derived the power of feeling?*

A As the root of life it spreads it self through every part of the body, by sinews which descend from the head to the foot, like a net cast over the body.

Q. *What are the three first members formed in the womb after conception?*

A The Heart, the Brain, the Liver.

Q. *When a man dies, which is the last part of him that stirs? which of a woman?*

A The last part of a man, is his heart, of a woman, her tongue.

Q. *What is death very fitly resembled unto?*

A To a woman, or a shadow; for, seek it, and it flies you: and so a woman, according to the old Poet,

Follow a shadow and it flies you,
Seem to flee it, it will pursue you,
So court a woman she'l deny you,
Let her alone, she will court you.

Q. *What was the Philosopher so thankful for?*

A For four things; 1. That he lived in the time of *Socrates*. 2. That he was a *Grecian*, and not a *Barbarian*. 3. That he was a man and not a beast. 4. That he was a man, and not a woman.

Q. *What Birds are shortest liv'd?*

A Sparrows, which for their salacity and wantonness eight times in an hour, live not above two years.

Q. *Why is Love compared to a Labyrinth?*

A Because the first entrance into it is easie; but it will put a man to his best wits to get out of it again.

Q. *Why do the amorous send forth so many sighs?*

A Love is a Cough, it hath too many passions, and therefore must have a vent; it sendeth forth in respect of its continual thoughts, all the heat of the heart, from whence of necessity it cometh, that they that are in love, must often respire and breath; from which respirations, sighings arise.

Q. *Wherefore was* Paris *desirous to see the three Goddesses naked?*

A Tha

A That he might give the better judgment by viewing the proportion of their bodies; O how many seem fair and beautiful to the outward appearance, which stript of their Crimson and rich attires, would appear like fleyed Cats!

Q. Why did the Poet call Love a Tragedy.

A. Because 'tis alwayes accompanied with heavineſs complaint, and many interchangable myſteries and events.

Q. Is there any ſenſual pleaſure above that of Venus?

A No, for that it cauſeth an univerſal delight throughout all nature.

Q. Wherefore do men eſteem women to be evils, like the Fire and the Sea.

A Becauſe from them proceed infinite and unſpeakable misfortunes.

Q. What would a Lover do being afar off, when he ſees a Ship, wherein the Lady of his life is, in danger of drowning?

A He would make ten thouſand vows to love, and with tears and prayers beg heartily for her, though it coſt him a taper as big as the Maſt of his Ship, his god head ſhall be promiſed fair to have it.

Q. Wherefore do young women love perfumes ſo well?

A They are of *Venus* train? and the Greek Poets affirm, that they never went from any place, but they left a ſcent behind them.

Q. Why is beauty compared to a flower?

A Becauſe it ſo ſoon fades away.

Q. Wherefore is it that Maids having paſt the age of ripeneſs, and loſing the time of marriage, become pale coloured and yellow?

A By reason of the retention of superfluous humours, which are evacuated by the consummation of Matrimony, and those corrupted within them viciates the blood, and brings them into great dangerous diseases, which can never hardly be cured, but by marriage.

Q. *Wherefore is it that Celestial influences are necessarily concurring to the generation of man?*

A Because, as Phylosophers hold, man and Sun beget man; *Astra regunt homines, sed regit astra Deus.*

Q. *Which be the noblest hearts?*

A Those which love disdain, not to warm with his sacred heat.

Q. *Why is love painted naked?*

A Because the actions of love are such as should not be dissembled.

Q. *Wherefore did* Apelles *paint* Cupid *with these words writ in his fore head*: Spring time and Summer?

A To shew, that in love are prosperities and adversities.

Q. *Why did Painters drow on the borders of* Cupids *robe, life and death?*

A To shew that love remains, both in life and after death.

Q. *Why was* Cupid *drown by* Zeuxis, *in a green robe?*

A Green signifies hope, to express that Lovers live in a continual hope.

Q. *What secret device hast thou to avoid discovery, yet send thy mind to thy Mistris?*

A To write with juyce of Lemons, or Onions, which appear not, till held to the fire.

Q. *Which is the most voluptuous seat of pleasure in the Female?*

A The Navel, moved with soft touches of pleasure.

Q. *Where*

Q *Wherefore do Lovers delight to wear their Miſtriſſes Favours?*

A The better to expreſs how conformable they are to their deſires and will.

Q *Why do Lovers ſeek the dark?*

A Becauſe they go about that which they ſuppoſe not to be very handſome:

Q *Why is it, that when Lovers talk with their Ladies, the ſpittle increaſeth in their mouthes; and when they dance, their breaſts ſeem as if they would fall off, their veins do hop with ſuch force?*

A The firſt is cauſed from the heat of the tongue, whoſe motions reſolve into ſpittle; the ſecond is from the near neighbourhood the heart hath unto the Pap, from which all the vital ſpirits do proceed, whither, as it were retiring, it cauſeth ſuch motions.

Q *Why doth an earneſt view or beholding of beauty make a man amorous?*

A Becauſe the eyes are *Cupids* Meſſengers, when the beams which proceed from the heart, do invite and conform themſelves to the thing viewed and looked upon.

Q *Wherefore cometh it, that lovers delight ſo much in Muſick?*

A Becauſe Muſick is laſcivious, and they take pleaſure in the effeminacy of it.

Q *Why is it, that young women in love, are never ſatisfied with dancing?*

A Becauſe the immoderate exerciſe of dancing is venereal.

Q *What are the chiefeſt cauſes of the union and conjunction of Lovers?*

A Complexions alike wrought upon by the Celeſtial influences.

Q *Why is Love pictured, ſtanding between ſloathfulneſs and hatred?*

A Because idleneſs doth ingender love, and love many times changeth into hatred.

Q. *Which were it beſt to ſerve, a maid, a married woman, or a widdow?*

A The love of a maid is moſt conſtant, of the widdow moſt pleaſant, of the married wife ſlanderous and hurtful.

Q. *Of two lovers, which ſhall we eſteem to be moſt favoured? him, from whom his Lady ſhall take away a Noſegay, and put it into her boſome; or him, to whom ſhe ſhall give a Noſegay that ſhe her ſelf did wear?*

A The property of a woman is to take, not to give; therefore ſhe loves him beſt to whom ſhe gives the Noſegay.

Queſt. *Of what colour ſhould a woman be moſt deſired?*

A Of that colour wherewith we paint vertue, which is red; but moſt men love the paler complexions.

Q. *Of whom have women learnt to ſtop their ears againſt Love?*

A Of the Serpent *Aſpis*, which is deaf and venemous.

Q. *Who enjoyes moſt pleaſure, the Bridegroom or the Bride when they embrace?*

A The Bride, as you may perceive by her chearful looks the next morning.

Q. *The eyes of the Lady, have they ſuch force on their lover, as the beams of the Sun upon the things of the earth?*

A Queſtionleſs they raiſe a ſpring of affection, if Love darts them.

Q. *Falling into the hands of a pittileſs woman, is it better to abſent thy ſelf, or to have her continually before thy eyes?*

A To get far enough from her.

Q. *What are the Ordinances of Love*

A That

A That affections be equal, that between a Lover and his Mistris nothing be reveal'd.

Q. *How is it that they which are dim sighted are most given to love?*

A Because they discern not the imperfections of the object so soon as others.

Q. *Do Curtizans love, or do they seem to do so?*

A There have been many mad for love, some that have dyed for it.

Q. *Is Love the cause of good or evil?*

A Of good, it makes fools wise.

Q. *Do you think that a woman, without prejudice to her honour, may spare a little of her chastity to one that hath serv'd her a long time?*

A I dare not affirm the lawfulness of the act, or say, it is not without prejudice; but questionless she is in some respect to be excused, if she give him some ease that hath for a long time served her.

Q. *Is it sufferable to falsifie faith in love?*

A Some hold it to be but a venial sin, because love is nourished with falshood and reason.

Q. *Who is most jealous, the man or the woman? or which of them hath the most cause?*

A The woman is most jealous, but the man hath the greater cause; my reason I will for this time keep to my self.

Complemental and Amorous Poems.

Encomiums on the beauty of his Mistris.

BRighter than inside Barks of new hew'n Cedar;
Sweeter than flames of fire persum'd with mirrh,
And comlier than the silver clouds that dance
On *Zephyrus* wings, before the Queen o'th' spring,

'Tis she doth teach those torches to burn bright!
It seems she hangs upon the cheeks of night,
As a rich Jewel in the *Ethiops* eare,
Beauty too rich for use, for love more dear:
So doth a Snowy Dove trooping with Crows,
As this my Mistris, o're her fellow shows.
Since her whole bodies frame hath pow'r t'have moved
The chast *Hippolitus* for to have loved.
In sum, her parts are white as milk,
As smooth as Ivory, and as soft as Silk.
O! who can her perfection tell,
In whom alone all graces dwell.

On her hair.

Her hairs reflect with red streaks paint the skies,
Stars fall to fetch fresh lustre from her eyes,
Whilst that those golden threds play with her breath
Shewing lifes triumph in the Map of death.

On her locks.

Her locks being plated like a piece of Wool,
Are full of sweet, as sweet of sweets is full.

On her fore-head.

Her stately front was figur'd from above,
Majestick, fair, well polisht, high and pale,
Pure white, that dims the Lillies of the vale.

On her Face.

Her face like *Cinthia's*, when in the full she shineth.
And blushing to her love-mates bower declineth,
Such brightness hath her Angels face,
Can make a Sun shine in a shady place.

On the colour of her face.

Such colour hath her face, as when the Sun,
In Summer his first rising hath begun.

On her Eye-brows and Cheeks.

Each Eye-brow hangs like *Iris* in the skies,
On either cheek, a Rose and Lilly lies.

Another

Another on her Eye-brows and Breath.

Her bright brows drive the Sun to clouds beneath,
Sweet Morn and Evening dew falls from her breath:

On her Eye-lids.

Her Arches be two heavenly lids,
Whose winks each bold attempt forbids.

On her Eyes.

Her eyes the contradictors of the night.
Like Marigolds unsheath their glorious light

Another on the same.

Two jetty sparks where *Cupid* chastly hides
His subtil shafts, that from his quiver glides,
Piercing the hearts of others; yet, they be
Unhappy, since themselves they cannot see.

On her smiles.

Her smiles so sweet and nice:
On earth do make a heavenly Paradise.

On her cheeks.

Her cheeks like ripened Lillies steep'd in Wine,
Or gorgeous Clouds upon the Suns decline.

Another on the same.

Her cheeks with kindly Claret spread,
Aurora like, new out of bed.

On her nose and breath.

Her nose is straight, and of a stately frame,
Her breath a sweet perfume, a holy flame.

On her chin,

Her Crystal chin, like to the purest white,
Is loves pavillion, and the boyes delight.

On her Ears.

On those Meanders if you gaze,
You soon will tread a lovers maze.

On her lips.

Her lips like Roses over-wash'd with dew,
Do by their breath their beauties still renew.

On

On her Lips and Neck.

Her lips more red than Coral-ſtone,
Her neck's more white than aged Swans that moan.
O! who thoſe ruddy lips can miſs,
Which, bleſſed ſtill, themſelves do kiſs?

On her Mouth.

Sweet mouth, that ſend'ſt a muſick-roſie breath,
Whoſe very words dart me a living death.

On her Mouth and Teeth.

Within the compaſs of this hallow ſweet,
Thoſe orient ranks of ſilver pearls do meet.

On her Breath.

She breathes forth flowers, ſhe makes the Spring,
Perfumes the air, and comforts every thing.

On her Tongue and Words.

Her words do fall like Summers dews on me,
Her tongue ſtrikes muſicks ſweeteſt harmony.

On her Teeth.

Her lips ne'r part, but that they ſhow
Of precious pearl a double row.

On her ſpeech.

In all her words ſuch virtues couched be,
The learned thence fetch their Philoſophy.

On her voice.

A voice which doth the Thruſhes ſhrilneſs ſtrain,
And makes declining nature young again.

On her Neck.

Her neck's an Ivory ſhining tower,
Or like delight that doth it ſelf devour.

On her Shoulders.

Theſe parching ſquares with ſilver skin,
Do paſs the hate ſpot Ermaline.

On her Armes.

Her twin like arms, that ſtainleſs pair,
Fit for a Kings embraces are.

On

On her Hands

Her azured veins do uſe to ſtray,
With pretty *Cupids* every way:
Moiſt Pearl, warm Snow, ſmooth Ivory,
Within theſe ſtrange compacts do lie.

On her Fingers.

Long, ſmall, and fit for *Orpheus* Lute
Which made the ſavage Tygers mute.

On her actions.

Her deeds are like great cluſters of ripe Grapes,
Which load the branches of the fruitful Vine,
Offering to fall into each mouth that gapes,
And fill the ſame with ſtore of coſtly wine.

On her breaſts.

Her breaſts, thoſe Ivory Globes, circled with blue,
Save of their Lord, no bearing yoke they knew.

On her Paps.

Her Paps like two fair apples in their prime,
From thoſe bleſt ſweets Love ſucks his Summer time.

On her good thoughts.

Her mindful breaſt perfumes with Frankincenſe
And ſweeteſt odors, every faintling ſenſe.

On her waiſte and ribs.

Fitly ſo nam'd ſince it doth waſte
Mens lives, until it be imbrac'd:
Her ribs with white all armed be,
Compact with curious ſymetry.

On her skin and fleſh.

Her lovely skin is white, like curds new preſt,
And ſnowy fleſh as ſoft as wool new dreſt.

On her Navel,

Here love delights the wandring thought,
Whilſt that mine eyes aſtray are brought:
Since nature here would fain unite
In cutious circles buſie ſight.

On her belly.

Moſt beautious ſeal of Virgins wax,
Pitty 'tis the impreſſion lacks:
This place with ſence my joy doth fill,
Since 'tis entitled *Cupid's* hill:
From whence a ſeemly paſſage there doth flow
To ſtranger pleaſures that are plac'd below.

On her Womb.

Her maiden womb, the dwelling-houſe of pleaſure,
O bleſt is he may ſearch that ſecret treaſure.

On her Thighs.

Theſe are the ſubjects that do fit
The genius of an *Ovid's* wit;
Whoſe branches ſmooth as in the glaſs
Our Albions Cliffs in whiteneſs paſs.

On her knees.

Theſe knots of joy, and gems of love,
With motion makes all graces move.

On the calves of her legs

Mark well how fair the fleſh doth riſe,
In her brave Calves like Cryſtal skies.

On the ſmall of her leg.

View but her Atlaſs ſmalleſt ſmall,
More white than whiteſt bone of all.

On her feet.

Her feet ſo ſhort, and ſlender, little, round,
On earth a finer pair cannot be found.

A taſte of his Miſtriſſes perfection.

She hath *Venus's* lip and eye,
With *Diana's* chaſtity,
In thoſe parts I have reveal'd,
Venus's beauty is expreſt;
Yet there are ſome parts conceal'd,
Which my fancy judgeth beſt.

The Concluſion,

Thus every part imparts a grace,
And beauty dwells in every place.

Loves

Loves Month.

May is not loves month, *May* is full of Flowers,
But dropping *April*, Love is full of ſhowers.

Definition of Love.

Love is a friend, a fire, a Heaven, and hell,
Where pleaſure, pain, and ſad repentance dwell,

Love will out.

The light of hidden fire it ſelf diſcovers;
And love that is conceal'd, bewrayes poor Lovers.

On the parting of Lovers.

Lovers well wot what grief is it to part,
When 'twixt two bodies liveth but one heart:
And Lovers ſay, the heart hath double wrong,
When it is bar'd the aſſiſtance of the tongue.

On the conſtancy of affections.

Love well is ſaid to be a life in death,
That laughs, and weeps, and all but in one breath.

Lovers Lottery.

The world's a Lottery, a Lovers prize
Is ſuch a Girl that's fair, that's chaſt and wiſe.

The quality of Love:

Love is a ſpirit, that's all compact of fire,
Not groſs to ſink, but light and will aſpire,

What love is.

Love is a golden bubble full of Dreams,
That waking breaks, and fills us with extreams.

Love delights to be alone.

Lovers beſt like to ſee themſelves alone,
Or with their Lovers, if needs they muſt have one.

Vows of Lovers.

We know not how to love, till love unbind us,
And vows, made ignorantly, can never blind us.

On the purity of their affections.

Needs muſt *Venus* wars be ſweet,
When two Maiden-lovers meet,

Impoſſibility

Impossibility of concealing Love.

The sight of hidden fire it self discovers,
And love that is conceal'd betrays poor Lovers.

On one sick with love.

Where *Venus* strikes with beauty to the quick,
Great are the cares of those that are Love sick.

The Errors of Lovers.

All men do err, because that men they be,
And men with beauty blinded cannot see.

What love is.

Love is a subtile influence,
Whose smallest force still hangeth in suspence.

Love admits of no contrary arguments.

Love hates all arguments disputing still
For sense, 'gainst reason with a senseless will.

What Love is.

Love is a blinded god, an angry boy,
A slave to beauties will, a witless toy:
A ravening bird, a Tyrant most unjust,
A private hell, a very Sea of Lust.

Another definition of Love.

Love is a sowre delight, a sugred grief.
A breach of Reason's Law, a secret thief.
A living death, an ever dying life,
A sea of tears, an everlasting strife:
A bait for fools, a scourge for noble wits,
A deadly wound, a shot which ever hits.

On sudden affection.

From hasty love see thou abstain,
'Tis lust, not love, that seeks thus to obtain.

The Effects of Love.

This is the least effect of *Cupids* dart,
To change the mind, by moulding of the heart.

Cruelty of Love.

Love is not full of mercy, as men say,
But deaf and cruel, where he means to prey.

The parting of Lovers.

Love goes to love, as School-boyes from their books;
But love from love, toward School, with heavy looks.

A maxime of love.

'Tis folly, by our wiſeſt worldlings proved,
If not to gain by love, to be beloved.

Loves wounds.

One was the bow, one was the Dart,
That wounded us both to the heart:
Then ſince we both do feel one pain,
Let one love cure us both again.

The conſtancy of Lovers.

Once learn to love the leſſon is moſt plain,
And being learn'd, is never loſt again.

The force of Love.

Were beauty under twenty locks kept faſt,
Yet love breaks through, and picks them all (at laſt.

Of Muſick and Love.

As without breath no pipe doth move:
No Muſick's kindly without Love.

A loving conjunction.

The day unto my hope doth now ſhine fair,
I and my love in love united are.

Love finds an opportunity.

When love hath knit two hearts in perfect unity,
They ſeldome fail to find an opportunity.

Offers of love not to be refuſed.

Occaſion's wing'd, and ever flyeth faſt,
Coming ſhe ſmiles, and frowns once being paſt.

Patience of Lovers.

One may endure; for when the pain is paſt,
Reward, though long it ſtay, yet comes at laſt.

Sorrows of Lovers.

Sighs are the eaſe calamity affords,
Which ſerve for ſpeech when ſorrow wanteth words.

To his Miſtris, on her expected humiliation from him for a rude kiſs.

If that I muſt ſuch penance do,
I'l bow unto no Saint but you.

On the tears of Lovers.

In ſighs the Lover ſpeaks his ſecret pains.
Tears are his Oratory words do make him tremble,
Yet womens tears fall ween they moſt diſſemble.

On frozen affection.

There where the hearts Attorney once is mute,
The Client breaks as deſperate of his ſuit.

Of true and falſe love.

True love's a Saint, ſo ſhall you true love know;
Falſe love's a *Scythian*, yet a Saint in ſhow.

Love breaks all ſilence.

What fiſh ſo dumb, what beaſt ſo dull of heart,
That hears love ſing, and will not bear a part?

No buſineſs like that of love.

The fair, the falſe love can
Admit, all but the buſie man:
He that hath buſineſs, and makes love, does do
Such wrong, as if a married man ſhould woo.

The perſeverence of a lover.

Deſire being Pilot, and bright beauties prize,
Who can fear ſinking where ſuch Treaſure lies?

The beginning of love.

Fair beauty is the ſpark of hot deſire,
And ſparks in time will kindle to a fire.

On the lovers adverſity.

As the Stars in darkeſt night,
So love by ſuffering ſhines more bright:
For, like unto a hidden flame,
It will at laſt break forth again.

On Luſt.

Luſt makes oblivion, beateth Reaſon back,
Forgetteth ſhames pure bluſh, and honours wrack,

On

On Virginity.

The ripeſt Corn dies, if it be not reapt.
Beauty alone is loſt, too early kept:

A cruel Miſtriſs.

Nothing ſo ill becomes the fair,
As cruelty which yields unto no prayer.

On Coyneſs.

A way-ward beauty doth not fancy move,
A frown forbids, a ſmile engendreth love:

Another,

Fair words, and power-attractive beauty.
Brings men too wanton in ſubjective duty.

Another.

Hope and diſpair attend a Lover ſtill:
Hope for to ſave, deſpair for to kill.

On Jealouſie.

Where jealouſie in baſeſt minds doth dwell,
'Tis metal *Vulcan's* Cyclops ſent from Hell.

On pleaſures.

Something muſt ſtill be left to cheer our ſin,
And give a touch of what ſhould not have been.
To thoſe that know but pleaſures price,
All's one, a Priſon or a Paradiſe.

On Chaſtity.

The unſtain'd vail, which innocents adorn,
The ungathered Roſe defended with the thorn.

Another on the ſame.

Penelope in ſpending chaſt her dayes,
As worthy as *Ulyſſes* was of praiſe.

A chaſt vow.

To thee as conſtant as the Sun to day,
Till from this light night hurries me away.

Proteſtations of ſervice.

I have vow'd both love and duty,
To your vertue, and your beauty.

On the Court.

Thither let *Phœbus* Sons resort:
Where shines their Father, but in *Jove*'s great Court?

On her delaying Marriage.

Where hearts be knit, what helps if not to enjoy:
Delay breeds doubt. no cunning to be coy.

On his desires.

What can be said, that Lovers cannot say?
Desire can make a Doctor in a day.

On hand and heart.

Heaven seals that faith that firmly stands,
And joyns our hands with hearts, our hearts (with hands.

On misfortunes.

The man that still amidst misfortune stands,
Is sorrows slave, and bound in lasting bands

On Fate: (wheel,

They fall, which trust to fortunes fickle
But staid by virtue, men shall never reel.

On disdain.

In high disdain love is a base desire,
And *Cupids* flames is but a watry fire.

Proverbs on their Complexions, with their Expositions.

To the red man read thy read,
With a brown man break thy bread,
The one's wise, the other trusty;
At the pale man draw thy knife,
From a black man keep thy wife,
The ones peevish, the other lusty.

On the power of tears.

Tears tye the tongue of an excusers grudg,
And fosts the rigor of the sterneſt Judge;

On Musick.

Musick can hardly solace human ears.
When strings are broke, and eyes are fil'd with tears.

On

On continued griefs.

Drops pierce the flint, not by their force or ſtrength,
But by oft falling wears it out at length,

On Marriage.

Maids do take more delight when they prepare,
And think of wives ſtates, than when wives they are.

On pleaſures and griefs.

Pleaſures like poſting guſts, make but ſmall ſtay,
When griefs bide long, and leave a ſcore to pay.

On Youth.

Youth learns to change the courſe that he hath run,
When he perceives and knows what age hath done.

A merry Companion.

Like to the ſelf-inhabiting Snail,
Or like a Squirel pent-hous'd under his tail;
Even ſuch is my Miſtriſs face in a vail,
Or like a Carp that is loſt in a mudding,
Nay more, like to a black Pudding
For as the pudding, the skin lies within,
So doth my Myſtriſs beauty in taffety gin.

On a fair one.

Beautie's a Beggar, fie, it is too bad,
When in it ſelf ſufficiency is had;
It was not made to pleaſe the wandring eye,
But an attire t' adorn ſweet modeſty,
If modeſty and women once do ſever,
Farewel our fame, farewel our name for ever

On his Will.

It lies not in my power to love or hate,
For will in me is over-rul'd by fate.

On the loſs of Virginity.

Jewels being loſt, we find again, this never,
'Tis loſt but once, and once loſt, loſt for ever.

On women.

Let Wolves and Beaſts be cruel in their kinds;
But women meek, and have relenting minds.

On Coy Dames.

Hate and diſdain is painted in their eyes,
Deceit and Treaſon in their boſom lies:

Another.

Suppoſe thy Miſtriſs fled from thee,
as *Daphne* from *Apollo*.
Yet ſhe at laſt changed will be,
If thou the chaſe do follow.

On the unconſtancy of women.

They melt with words, as wax againſt the Sun,
So weak are many womens modeſties:
That what ſometimes the moſt would ſeem to ſhield,
Another time, poor ſouls unask'd would yield.

Another on the ſame.

Women have tongues of craft, and hearts of guile,
They will, they will not, Hell is in their ſmile.

On Luſt.

Luſt never takes a joy in what is due,
But ſtill leaves known delights to ſeek out new.

On Virginity.

Like untun'd golden ſtrings fair women are,
Which lying long untouch'd. will harſhly jar.

Another.

Virginity's a Roſe, which from the ſtem,
All fain would gather, gathered they contemn.

On the modeſty of women.

Though men can cover crimes with their ſtern looks,
Poor womens faces are their own fault-books.

On womens tears.

A womans tears are falling ſtars at night,
No ſooner ſeen, but quickly out of ſight.

A conſtant Woman.

Conſtant in love, who tryes a womans mind,
Wealth, beauty, wit, and all in her doth find.

On the passions of a woman.

A womans passion doth the fire resemble,
Never alike, they sin if they dissemble.

A Lovers grief.

As if my self my own sad mourner were,
Down from mine eyes there stealeth forth a tear.

On the fading of Beauty.

The fairest flowers of beauty fade away,
Like the fresh Lilly in the Sun shine day.

Another on the same.

Fair flowers, that are not gathered in their prime,
Rot, and consume themselves in little time.

On the power of beauty.

The *Lybian* Lyons lose their fiernest might,
If of a beautious face they once get sight.

Women envy one anothers beauty.

It is a common rule, that women never
Love beauty in that sex, but envy't ever.

On a beauty cloystered up.

Things much retain'd do make us most desire them,
And beauties seldom seen make us admire them.

On beauty in mean attire.

It is decreed that features shall content,
And that true beauty needs no ornament.

On beauties not enjoyed.

Never were Cheeks of Roses, Locks of Amber,
Ordain'd to live imprison'd in a Chamber.

Beauties for the Court.

In vain our friends from this do us dehort,
For beauty will be where is most resort:

Beauties not to be confined.

Heaven made a beauty like her self to view,
Not to be loc'd up in a smoaky mew:
A Rosie tinctur'd feature is heavens gold,
Which all joy for to touch, all to behold.

On the excellency and power of beauty.

Beauty brings fancy to a dainty feast,
And makes a man, that else would be a beast.

A Rule.

Complain unto thy love with flattering art,
For gentle words do move the hardest heart.

The effects of Beauty.

Beauty in Heaven and earth this grace doth win,
It supples rigor, and it lessens sin.

To his coy Bride on the Bridal night.

Why art thou coy, my *Leda*? art not mine?
Hath not the holy *thymenean* twine
Pow'r to contract our natures? Must I be
Still interpos'd with needless modesty?
What though my former passions made me vow
You were an Angel, be a Mortal now.
The Bride-Maids are all vanish'd, and the crue
Of Virgine Ladies that did wait on you,
Have left us to our selves, as loath to be
Injurious to our loving privacy:
Come then, undress, why blush you? prethee smile'
Faith, I'le disrobe you; nay, I will not spoile
Your Neck-lace, or your Gorget: Here's a pin
Pricks you, fair *Leda*; 'twere a cruel thing
Not to remove it. O! how many gates
Are to *Elizium*? yet the sweetest straits
That e're made Voyage happy: Here's a Lace
Methinks should stifle you, it doth embrace
your body too severely: take a knife,
'Tis tedious to undo it, by my life
It shall be cut, and your Carnation Gown
Shall be pull'd off; Come, I must needs pull down
This Rosie petticoate; why should this cloud
Keep that light from me, that is now allow'd?
I'm privileg'd, appear to me in white;
'Tis like my innocent aim: what means this light?

Thou

Thou ſhalt be *Eve* i'th' Garden: We are alone,
Come let's to bed, why look you ſo? here's none
Sees you, but I; be quick, or by this hand
I'le lay you down my ſelf; in faith you ſtand
Too long i'th' cold; why do you lie ſo far?
I'le follow you, diſtance ſhall never bar
My arms from your embraces: ſo, 'tis well, and now
I'le let thy Virgin-purity know how
Kings propagate young Princes; marriage-beds
Never deſtroy, except be Maiden-heads:
Fair Virgins fairly wedded, do repair
Declining beauties in a proſperous heir.
Come then let's kiſs, let us embrace each other,
Till we have found a Babe like to the Mother.
Such a waſt, breaſt, belly; ſweeteſt, why
Do you remove ſtill further? if thus ſhie,
You'l make me ſtrive, I think you know
I have a warrant for what I am to do,
And can commit no treſpaſs, therefore come,
And let us enter Loves *Elizium*.

A return of the lye to his Miſtriſs.

You ſay I lye, I ſay Not, judge you whether:
But if I needs muſt lye, let's lye together.

To his Miſtriſs:

I love, becauſe it comes to me by kind;
And much, becauſe it much delights my mind:
And thee, becauſe thou art within my heart:
And thee alone, becauſe of thy deſert.

A Clownish Courtſhip.

Excellent Miſtriſs, brighter then the Moon,
Than ſcowred Pewter, or the Silver Spoon;
Fairer then *Phæbus*, or the morning Star,
Dainty fine Miſtriſs by my troth you are;
Thine eyes like Diamonds ſhine moſt clearly,
As I am an honeſt man, I love thee dearly.

Lovers Prime.

Dear love do not your beauty wrong;
With thinking ſtill you are too young;
The Roſie-lilly on your cheek
Doth flouriſh, and doth ripening ſeek;
thoſe flaming beams ſhot from your eye,
Do ſhew loves Mid-ſummer is nigh;
Your Ivory lips, red, ſoft, and ſweet
Proclaim thoſe joyes lovers do meet.
Then loſe no time, for love hath wings
and flies away from aged things.

How to woo a Maid.

He that intends to woo a Maid,
With youthful heat muſt ſhun the ſhade;
When *Flora's* Gardens are i'th' prime,
Let him and her pluck *May* and *Time*;
There where the Sun doth ſhine, birds ſing,
Let them two both kiſs and fling;
Till Summers faireſt Carpet ſpread,
Yields them a green and pleaſant bed;
If lovers there would ſtrive together
Chaſtity would not weigh one feather.

On an incomparable kiſs.

Give me a kiſs from thoſe ſweet lips of thine,
And make it double by enjoyning mine,
Another yet, nay yet, and yet another,
And let the firſt kiſs be the ſeconds brother;
Give me a thouſand kiſſes, and yet more,
And then repeat thoſe that have gone before;
Let us begin whilſt day-light ſprings in Heaven,
And kiſs till the Meridion's mask'd with th' Even.
And when the modeſt Secretary, night
Diſcovers all, but by thy flaming bright;
We will begin revels of hidden love.
In that ſweet Orb, where ſilent pleaſures move.

In high new ſtrains of unſpeakable delight,
Wee'l ſpend the dull hours of the drouſie night
Reſiding twixt thoſe breaſts that are ſo white,
Where I ſhall know an innocent delight;
Embracing ſtill, for time runs on before,
And being ſpent, we ſhall imbrace no more.

A vow to his ineſtimable Miſtriſs.

By thoſe ſweet Roſie bluſhes, that did move
Your dainty cheeks, when I firſt receiv'd my love;
By thoſe fore-running ſights, whoſe gentle calmes
Perfum'd the air, ſWeet as the *Indians* Balmes;
By thoſe ſweet ruby portals, that diſcloſe
Two Hemiſpheres of pearl, contriv'd to poſe
The yet amaz'd beholder: by your eyes
Brighter to me than *Titan* when he flies
Over *Arabian* Mountains, e're his heat
Doth cauſe the tiring rural *Negro* ſweat
Under his preſſing burthen; by your hair,
Which pardon, ſweeteſt, if I term a ſnare,
To catch a *Cupid* in; next by thoſe breaſts,
Moiſt banks of Lillies, your Lover thus proteſts,
With regiſtred vows of love ſeal'd in this kiſs
Of truth and zeal, that Deities want ſuch bliſs.

To his Miſtriſs.

When firſt I ſaw thee, thou didſt ſweet'ly play
The gentle thief, and ſtol'ſt my heart away;
Render me mine again, or leave thine own,
Two are too much for thee, ſince I have none:
But if thou wilt not, I will ſwear thou art
A ſweet-fac'd creature with a double heart.

On the paucity of the fair.

Number the dayes, the cloudy and the clear,
And thou ſhalt find more fair than foul i'th year;
But womens beauties, if thou ſo compare,
The greateſt number are more foul than fair.

But he that takes a foul ſlut to his wife,
Doth penance daily, yet ſins all his life.

To his Miſtriſs, on the frailty of beauty.

Let not brittle beauty make
You wiſer thoughts forſake,
For that lovely face will fail;
Beauty's ſweet, but Beauty's frail:
It ſooner fades, 'tis ſooner done
Then Summers Rain, or Winters Sun;
Moſt fleeting, whilſt it is moſt clear,
'Tis gone, whilſt you but ſay, it's here.
That time will come, when cheek, chin, noſe,
Shall be deflowr'd o'th, Lilly and the Roſe;
And what will then become of all
Thoſe which you now your ſervants call?
Like Swallows when the Summer's done,
They'l flye unto ſome warmer Sun:
Then ſeek amongſt the multitude
Of Lovers that dare to intrude
Into your favours, One that may
Love for an age, and not a day;
One that will quench your youthful fire,
And feed in age your hot deſire.

Diſdain for Diſdain.

Tell him that hath my heart in chaſe,
But now at other game doth flye;
Green ſickneſs ne'r ſhall ſpoyl my face,
Nor pulling heigh haes wet mine eye.

To his Miſtriſs.

Ask me no more, whither do ſtray
The golden Atomes of the day;
For in pure love the heavens prepare,
Such powders to enrich your hair.
Ask me no more, whither doth haſte
The Nightingale, when May is paſt.

For

For in thy ſweet dividing throat,
She winters. and keeps warm her note.
Ask me no more, where *Jove* beſtows,
When *June* is paſt, the fading Roſe;
For in thy beauties orient deep,
All flowers, as in their caſes ſleep.
Ask me no more, where thoſe Stars light,
That downward ſhoot in dead of night:
For in thine eyes they ſet, and there
Fixed become as in their Sphere.
Ask me no more, whether Eaſt or Weſt,
The *Phœnix* builds her ſpicie Neſt;
For unto thee at laſt ſhe flies,
And in thy fragrant boſome dyes.

On his Miſtriſs kind expreſſions.

Thy words ſo cheer up this faint heart of mine,
'Tis brisker now, then when 'tis glad with wine.

An Invective againſt women.

Oh heavenly powers! why did you bring to light,
A thing call'd woman, natures overſight;
That ſlave-born Tyrant, ſhop of immunity;
That guilded weather-cock, trunk of miſery?
Why? what is woman? She is ſuch a creature
As nature ſeeming to adorn her feature,
Forgot to make her honeſt; this is She
That firſt did pluck from the forbidden tree;
From which ſhe then began to fall
From bad to worſe, from worſe to worſt of all;
And therefore thus I will define a woman,
To be a ſpeculative thing, that's good for no man;
A woman can do more then any Devil;
Man God made good, but ſhe hath made him evil;
And thoſe fond women, which we moſt men cheriſh,
Are the efficients why the wiſeſt periſh.

On his Miſtriſs walking in the Snow.

I ſaw *Clarinda* walk about,
When feathered rain came ſoftly down;
Then *Jove* deſcended from his tower,
To court her in a ſilver ſhowre;
The wanton ſnow flew to her breaſt,
Like little birds into their neſt,
But overcome with whiteneſs there,
For grief it thaw'd into a tear;
Then falling down her garments hem,
To deck her, froze into a gem.

On Love.

Love is a game of Tables, where the Dye
Of Maids affection doth by fancy fly;
And if you take ſuch pleaſures in a blot,
'Tis ten to one, if that you enter not,
But being a gameſter, you may ſafely venter,
When that your point is oppoſite to th' center;
And watch your play, for now and then,
Do what you can, they will be bearing men.

A deſcription of true Love.

Two hands, two feet, two ears, two eyes,
One tongue, one heart, where Love ne'r dies.

A Reprieve for a Love ſick mind.

Thoughts do not vex me whilſt I ſleep,
Grief do not move me,
Smile not falſe hope, whilſt I weep;
She cannot love me.
Had I been as cold and nice,
And as often burning,
Then as ſhe, had I been Ice,
And ſhe as I, now burning.
Tears flow no more from my ſwoln eyes,
Sighs do not ſo oppreſs me;
Stop not your ears at my ſad cries,
Oh! but releaſe me:

Were

Were you as ſad as I,
And as full of mourning,
Very grief would make you die,
At leaſt leave off your ſcorning.

A Reſolve.

Shall I be ſlave unto a womans will?
Or fear her frowns, that with a frown can kill?
Shall I pour out my thoughts to ſuch a one,
That cannot reſt till ſhe hath made them known?
Oh no, i'le hate your Sex, yet hate i'le ſmother.
Becauſe I know a woman was my mother.

A whimſie to his Miſtriſs.

Venus naked in her chamber,
Wounds more deep than *Mars* in Armour.

Her Reply.

If ſuch an enemy you fear,
Look to it, ſee you come not there.

The Lover's Ghoſt.

Go reſtleſs Ghoſt, tell that proud Fair,
She was my cauſe of dying,
And if ſhe will prove coy to hear,
Importune her with crying;
If angry looks do threaten War,
Oh then tell beauties Jewel,
Though Angels are leſs fair by far,
Yet Tygers are leſs cruel.
Tell her thoſe eyes that wrought my ill,
Never gave them power to kill
The heart that ſo adores them;
Tell her it comes to beg of her
What cannot be prevented,
Upon my grave to drop one tear,
And I ſhall be contented.

Loves Exchange.

Hand, heart, and all I have is thine;
Hand, heart, and all thou haſt is mine.

The Lovers complaint and resolution.

Oh Love, are all thy Arrowes gone,
That shot chaste fire?
Or is it my poor fate alone,
To feel desire?
Whose ends do fright us to begin,
And make it though of love a sin?
Break heart: what strong affection
Will it prove?
This is not lust; yet none
Dares call it love.
I'le gaze no more on her
Bewitching face,
Since ruine harbours there
In every place:
For my inchanted soul, alack she drowns
With calmes and tempests of her smiles and frowns;
I'le love no more those cruel eyes of hers,
That pleas'd or angry still are murtherers:
For if she dart like lightning through the air,
Her beams of wrath,
She kills me with despair;
If she behold me with a pleasant eye,
I surfeit with excess of joy, and die.

On the Complexions and Constitutions.

The fair to folly is easie to be led,
The long are lazie both at board and bed;
The little for the most part they are curst,
The black are proud, so from the cradle nurst;
The fat are frolick, unto mirth inclin'd;
The lean with sadness are like famine pin'd;
The red are subtile, and their brows are sure
Both to their friend, and to their wedlock pure:
The fearful and the peevish, pale and wan,
The black a woman lover more then man:

In

In fine, my friend, for thy more quiet life,
Too far trust no complexion, with thy wife.

Upon Clarinda's *begging a lock of hair.*

Divine *Clarinda*, she whom truth calls fair,
Begg'd my heart of me, and a lock of hair;
Should I give both, said I, how should I live?
The lock, I would, the heart I would not give;
For that lest thieving love should steal away
Discretion hath lockt up, and kept the Key:
As for the lock of hair which Lovers use,
My head laid on her Knee, I prayed her chuse:
Taking her Scisars by a cutting art,
First pickt the lock, and then she stole my heart.

The Lovers undertakings.

Fierce Bulls, when *Venus* stings incite,
Loud bellowing for their Heifers fight;
The jealous Heart, not then inclin'd
To fear, dares combate for his kind.
If Beasts these bold attempts dare do,
What is't I will not venture too?
I'le climb up Rocks my love to please,
And do much more to gain her ease.

Clarinda's *Picture to be drawn thus,*

INgenious Artist, teach thy pencil how
To paint a goddess; I would have thee know
I have a Mistris, thy admired art
Must limn like my description; do not start,
If I command a work above thy skill,
And send thee once more to *Parnassus* hill,
To hear *Thalia's* Lectures. Have you seen
The lovely feature of the Cyprian Queen?
Her cheeks resemble somewhat, though each Rose,
In hers seem'd pluck't, but my *Clarinda's* grows.
Yet may they pass the Lillies that do stand
Upon her breasts, tell you my Mistris hand.

As patient to the whiteneſs of her eye,
Nor want that heavenly virtue to ſurprize
Only my heart; let them be lov'd by none
Whoſe glories are to captive every one:
'Tis only my ambition for to be
Fit for my Miſtriſs, here's juſt jump for me:
But to my firſt deſcription: For her hairs,
Let them be ſuch as chaſt *Diana* weares
And let the Fore-head not inferior be,
To that which ſhews great *Juno's* Majeſty.
Let thoſe two roſie Portals, that I call
Her Ruby lips, be but ſo Magical,
As is her own, ſo ſweet, ſo balmy made;
Sure I ſhall leave the ſubſtance for the ſhade:
If you think theſe Enigmaes, and that I
Strive but to poſe you with my Poetry:
Making an argument you never ſaw
Such goodneſs ſeighned by Poetick law:
I anſwer, ſuch divine parts you ſhall ſee,
Get ſuch a Miſtriſs, and but love like me.

On ugly Women.

Kate doth not hide her privy parts,
But breaſt and neck, where coyeſt maids go bare;
Yet there is one foul unbeſeeming place
Uncover'd left; what call you that? her face.

To his Miſtriſs.

Deareſt, thy twin'd hairs are not threds of gold,
Nor thine eyes Diamonds; nor do I behold
Thy lips for Rubies, nor thy cheeks to be
Freſh Roſes, nor thy Dugs of Ivory;
Thy skin that doth thy dainty body ſheath
Nor Alablaſter is, nor doſt thou breath,
Arabian Odours; theſe the earth bring forth,
Compar'd with thine, they would impair thy worth.
Such then are other Miſtriſſes; but mine
Hath nothing, earth, but all in all divine.

Upon

Upon the withered Roſe of his quondam *Miſtriſs Cheeks.*

DOſt ſee how unregarded now
That peece of beauty paſſes?
There was a time when I did vow
To that alone.
But mark the fate of faces;
That red and white works now no more on me,
Then if it could not charm, nor I not ſee;
And yet the face continues good,
And I have ſtill deſires,
And ſtill the ſelf ſame fleſh and blood
As apt to melt,
and ſulter from ſuch fires.
Oh, ſome kind power, riddle where it lies,
Whether my heart be faulty or her eyes.
She every day her man doth kill,
And I as often die;
Neither her power then, or my will,
What is the myſtery?
Sure beauties Empire, like to greater States,
Have certain periods ſet, and hidden fates.

A Ladies prayer to Cupid.

SInce I muſt needs into thy School return,
Be pittiful, O Love, and do not burn
Me with deſires of cold and frozen age,
Nor let me follow a fond Boy or Page:
But gentle *Cupid*, give me, if you can,
One to my Love, whom I may call a man,
Of perſon comely, and of face as ſweet,
Let him be ſober, ſecret, and diſcreet,
Well practis'd in Loves School, let him within
Wear all his beard, and not upon his chin.

To his Miſtreſs.

A conſtant heart within a woman's breaſt
Is Ophir gold within an Ivory cheſt.

Her anſwer.

Of ſuch a treaſure then thou art poſſeſt,
For thou haſt ſuch a heart in ſuch a breaſt.

A back ſide Complement.

Miſtriſs, believe me, for I tell you true,
I cannot but diſgorge to you
The queazy maw of my o're-cramb'd affection,
Suck'd from your Magazine of full perfection.
The comely ſpreading of your twelve ſiz'd feet,
Made me enamour'd when we firſt did meet.
Thoſe ill-match'd twins, then your columnious leg,
Gramercy ſhort coat, ſcrewed up the peg
From love to admiration; ſure ſaid I,
The Fabrick, arch'd with monſtrous rarity;
What's underneath ſhould one but dare to ſee,
'Twou'd caſt him ſtraight into a Lethargy.
Keep cloſe, I pray your Arcanum, 'tis enough
To view your Non-ſuch (moſt egredious ſtuff)
Your hand ſo like the fair paw of a puttock,
Your face the effigies of my Grannams---
Your eyes like to the Sun in an Eclipſe:
But O the fullneſs of her well hang'd lips!
Your Gnomon noſe; oh how it doth me pleaſe!
'Twould ſerve me for an Ephemerides:
To precipitate my ſatiated ſenſe
With its illuſtrial opal influence;
Who travelleth the craggy *Alpes*, ne'r ſeeth
More choice variety then in your teeth.
All dainty Virginal knacks how they do chatter,
And make ſweet muſick on each tinckling platter.
Your neat compoſed bundle, to be brief,
Is of all Pack horſe carriages the chief.

But

But what needs praiſes? I'le ſay no more but thus,
Thou art a pretty ugly durty pus.

Another.

Fair Madam, thee, whoſe every thing
Deſerves the cloſe ſtool of a King:
Whoſe head is fair as any bone,
White and ſmooth as Pumice ſtone:
Whoſe natural baldneſs ſcornes to wear
The needleſs excrements of hair;
Whoſe foreheads ſtreaks our hearts commands,
Like *Dover* Clifts, or *Goodwin's* Sands.
While from thoſe dainty Glow worm eyes,
Cupid ſhoots Plum-pudding pies.
While from the Arches of thy noſe
A Creampot of ſweet Nectar flowes.
Fair dainty lips, ſo ſmooth, ſo ſlick,
And truly Alablaſter cheek:
Pure Saffron teeth, happy the meat
That ſuch pretty milſtones eat.
O let me hear ſome ſilent Song.
Tun'd by the Jews-trump of thy tongue.
O how thy chin becomes thee well,
Where never hairy beard ſhall dwell;
Thy Coral neck doth ſtatelier bow,
Then *Io's* when ſhe turned Cow.
O let me, or I ſhall ne'r reſt,
Suck the black bottles of thy breaſt;
Or lay my head, and reſt me ſtill
On that dainty Gogmagog hill.
O curious and unfathom'd waſte,
As ſlender as the ſtateliеſt maſt;
Thy fingers to breed my delight,
Each wart a natural Margarite;
O pitty then my diſmal moan,
Able to melt thy heart of ſtone.

Thou

Thou know'ſt how I lament and howl,
Snort, condole, loook ſad, and ſcoul:
Each night ſo great our paſſions be,
I cannot wake for thought of thee.
Thy Gown can tell how much I loved,
Thy Peticote to pitty moved;
Then let Lover mercy find
To kiſs thee once, though't be behind.
Sweet kiſs, ſweet lips, delicious ſenſe,
How ſweet a Zephyrus blows from thence?
Bleſt Petticote, moſt bleſt her ſmock,
That daily buſſeth her buttock,
For now the Proverb true I find,
That the beſt part is ſtill behind.

A wooing fit in Verſe.

HE. Much ado I have God wot,
I would love, but thou wilt not
SHE. Reaſon, Sir, men are not true,
HE. Why, was any falſe to you?
Sweeteſt, I have lov'd thee long;
SHE. Yet, Sir, Love ſhould do no wrong,
HE. Prethee ſweet come kiſs me then.
SHE. No, Sir, Maids muſt kiſs no men.
HE. I the Heavens for witneſs crave,
SHE. They will ſhine clear, though you'r a knave.
HE. Never lov'd a truer youth,
SHE. Men do not alwayes ſpeak the truth.
HE. By all thoſe vows that Lovers uſe,
SHE. Thus they proteſt, yet do abuſe:
And full oft maids are deluded,
When with kiſſes love's concluded.

Love Queries.

Bel. When will Love be void of fears?
Tel. When jealouſie hath neither eyes nor ears:
Bel. When is love moſt male-content?
Tel: When Lovers range, and bear their brows unbent

Bel.

Bel. Tell me when love is beſt fed?
Tel. When it hath ſuckt the ſweet that eaſe hath bred.
Bel. When it loves time ill ſpent?
Tel. When love doth farm and take no rent.
Bel. When is time well ſpent in love?
Tel. When deeds enſue, and words work love.
Bel. What call'ſt thou Love? I prethee tell,
Tel. It is a fountain and that well
Where pleaſure and repentance dwell;
It is a work on holy day;
It is December matcht with May.
B. I prethee fair one do not feign,
T. It is a Sun ſhine mixt with rain;
It is a tooth ach, or like game:
It is a yea, it is a nay,
A pretty kind of ſporting fray,
B. Come, come I'le have no more away,

A parley betwixt a Fryer *ſomewhat laſcivious, and a fair* Nun.

F. Since both our age, our ſex, and all do move
Why doth not thy reſpects requite my love?
N. Thy habit pleaſeth not, others love black,
The white that's in my eye beſt fits a Lovers back:
F. Under this Robe of black behold white skin,
Though black thou doſt exclude, let whiteneſs in.
N. To chaſtity Frier thou know'ſt thou art wedded
And that black Robe is whiteneſs to thy vow. (now,
F. My vail i'le caſt aſide, if that hath bred
Any diſlike of me, to enjoy thy naked bed.
N. Thy vail though thou forſake, thou art the ſame,
Or is my ſin the leſs, or leſs thy ſhame?
F. A fault I do confeſs it, but a ſmall,
And if a ſin, ſure 'tis but venial.
N. To violate chaſtity, is the greate'ſt of crimes,
But as a votreſs, more a thouſand times.

F. Sure

F. Sure I can ſhrift thee for thy greateſt ſin,
If thou wilt not conſent, let's both walk in.

Another ſhort wooing ſit.

I. SWeet ſoul, to whom I vow'd I am a ſlave,
Let me th' enjoyments of my wiſhes have.
M. Sweet Sir, let not a wretch that is ſo poor,
Expect to hoord up treaſure for his ſtore:
I. Yet ſtill take heed, leſt thou thy ſelf ſubmit,
M. To one that hath his wealth, but wants his wit.
I. Prethee be ſilent, beauty takes in rent;
M. But folly bought, is worſe then money ſpent.
I. Well, for this once, I'le take thee as thou art,
M. For richer, for poorer, agreed mine own ſweet (heart.

The fears and reſolutions of two Lovers.

D. WHat wouldſt thou wiſh? tell me dear lover.
S. How I might but thy thoughts diſcover.
D. If my firm love I were denying,
Tell me with ſighs, wouldſt thou be dying?
S. Thoſe words in jeſt to hear thee ſpeaking,
For very griefe this heart is breaking.
D. Yet wouldſt thou change? I prethee tell me,
In ſeeing one that doth excell me,
S. O no, for how can I aſpire
To more then to my own deſire?
This my miſhap doth chiefly grieve me:
Though I do ſwear't you'l not believe me.
D. Imagine that thou doſt not love me,
But ſome beauty that's above me.
S. To ſuch a thing, ſweet do not will me,
The naming of the ſame will kill me.
D. Forgive me fair one, Love hath fears?
S. I do forgive, witneſs theſe tears.

The wooing of a coy Dame.

R. THe cauſe, my ſweet, thou doſt deny.
M. Becauſe thou doſt not pleaſe my eye.

R. Thy

R. Thy reaſon why to me impart.
M. Thou doſt offend and grieve my heart.
R. There is no heart ſo fierce and hard.
M Nor perſon of ſo ſmall regard.
R. Thy reaſon doth thy love controle,
M. Thou doſt torment my very ſoul.
R. O remedy my loving ſmart,
M. I'le keep ſuch dangers from my heart,
R: Why doſt thou thus thy beauty keep
M. It will deſtroy it, Sir, to weep.
R. My paſſions doſt thou mock at too ?
M. Farewell, Sir, without more to do.

The Lover and his Miſtriſs.

HE. I ſay I love, and if thou ask how well ?
My tongue replies to thee, No tongue can tell.
SHE. You ſay you love, beſure you do,
For lying will not profit you.
HE. Madam, I love, and love to do,
And will not lye unleſs with you.

A contention between a Wife, a Widdow, and a Maid.

Wife. If to be born a Maid, be ſuch a grace,
So was I born, and grac'd by nature too :
But ſeeking more perfection to imbrace,
I did become a wife as others do.
W. And if the maid and wife ſuch honours have,
I have been both and hold a third degree ;
Moſt maids are wards, and every wife a ſlave :
I have my livery ſued, and I am free.
M. That is the fault that you have maidens been,
And were not conſtant to continue ſo.
The fall of Angels did increaſe their ſin,
In that they did ſo pure a ſtate forgo.
Wife. Why, marriage is an honourable eſtate :
W. And Widdowhood is a reverend degree :
M. But maiden-head that will admit no mate,
Like Majeſty it ſelf muſt ſacred be.

Wife

Wife. The wife is mistris of her Family,
W. Much more the widdow, for she rules alone,
M. But mistris of my own desires am I,
when you rule others wills, and not your own.
W. only the wife enjoyes the vertuous pleasure,
W. The widdow can abstain from pleasures known,
M. But the uncorrupted maid prefers such measure,
As being by pleasure woo'd she cares for none.
W. The wife is as a Diamond richly set,
M. The maid unset, doth yet more rich appear.
W. The widdow a Jewel in a Cabinet,
Which though not worn, yet still esteem'd as dear.
W. The wife doth love, and is belov'd again
W. The widdow is awak'd out of that dream.
M. The maids white mind hath never such a stain;
no passions trouble her clear vertuous stream.
W. Then what's a Virgin? but a fruitless Bay?
M. And what's a widdow? but a Roseless brier,
And what are wives, but wood-binds which decay.
Yea, stately Oaks which by themselves aspire?
W. Wives are as Birds in golden cages kept;
Yet in those cages chearfully they sing.
W. Widdows are birds out of those cages lept,
Whose joyful notes make all the Forrest ring.
M. but maids are Birds amidst the woods secure.
Which never hand could touch, nor yet could take,
Nor whistle could deceive, nor bait allure,
But free unto themselves do Musick make.
W. The wife is as a Turtle with her mate,
W. The widdow as the widdow Dove alone,
Whose truth shines most in her forsaken state:
M. The maid a Phœnix; and is still but one,
W. The wife's a soul unto her body tyed.
W. The widdow a soul departed into bliss,
M. The maid an Angel which is stellified,
And now unto fair heaven ascended is,

W. Wives

W. Wives are fair houſes kept and furniſh't well.
W. Widdows old Caſtles void, but full of ſtate.
M. But Maids are temples where the Gods do dwel.
W. An office well ſupply'd is like a wife.
W. The widdow like a gainfull office void.
M. But maids are like contentment in this life,
Which all the world hath ſought, but none enjoy'd.
M. Go wife to Dunmow. and demand thy hire.
W. Go gentle maid, and lead thy Apes in Hell.
W. Go widdow, make ſome younger brother rich;
And then take thought and die, and all is well.
W. Alaſs poor maid, thou haſt no help nor ſtay.
W. Alaſs poor wife, that nothing doſt poſſeſs.
M. Alaſs poor widow, charity doth ſay,
Pitty the widow and the fatherleſs.
W. We wives have children, what a joy is this?
W. Widdows have children too, but maids have none.
M. No more have Angels, yet they have more bliſs
Then ever yet to mortal earth was known.
W. The wife is like a fair manured field.
W. The widdow once was ſuch, but now doth reſt.
M. The maid like Paradiſe, undreſt, until'd,
Bears crops of native vertue in her breſt.
W. Who would not die a wife as *Lucrece* did;
W. Or like a widdow, as *Penelope*.
M. Or be a maid, and ſo be ſtellifi'd,
As all the Vertues and the Graces be.
W. Wives are like apples ſerv'd in golden diſhes,
W. Widdows good wine, which time makes better much
M. But maids are grapes, deſir'd by many wiſhes,
But that they grow ſo high as none can touch.
W. I have a Daughter equals you my girl.
M. The Daughter doth excel the mother then:
As Pearls are better than the mother of Pearl,
Maids loſe their value when they match with men.

A maid's the perfect'ſt of created things,
The pureſt gold that ſuffers no allay,
The ſweeteſt flower that on earth's boſome ſprings,
The pearl unbor'd, whoſe price no price can pay;
The Cryſtal glaſs that will no venom hold,
The mirror wherein Angels love to look,
Diana's bathing fountain, clear and cold,
Beauties freſh Roſe, and vertues living book.
Wife. Maids cannot judge, becauſe they cannot tell,
What comforts and what joyes in marriage be.
M. Yes, yes, though bleſſed Saints in heaven do dwell,
They do the Souls in Purgatory ſee.
Wife. There was never a wife that lik't her lot,
W. Nor widdow but was clad in mourning weeds.
M. Do what you will, marry or marry not,
Both this eſtate and that repentance breeds.

A Lover and his Miſtris.

L. Whilſt thou didſt love me, and that neck of thine
More white and ſoft then Roſes ſilver'd down,
Did wear a neck-lace of no armes but mine,
I envied not the King of *Spain* his Crown,
M. Whilſt of thy heart I was ſole ſoveraign,
And thou did'ſt ſing none but my beauties praiſe,
Which now, poor maid, thou doſt ſo much diſdain,
I envied not the Queen of *Englands* fame.
L. What though I ſue to thee again for grace,
And ſing thy praiſes ſweeter then before,
If I within my heart imprint thy face,
Wilt thou love me again, and love me more?
M. Thou ſhalt be then again my morning ſtar,
Though lighter then yet floating Cork thou be;
And then the *Iriſh* Sea more angry far.
With thee i'le wiſh to live, and die with thee.

A Lovers diſcourſe with his heart.

SHe's cold, thou hot, how can we then agree?
Not nature now, but Love doth govern me.

L. What

L. What if her heart be hard, ſhe ſtops her ears?
H. I'le ſigh aloud, and make it ſoft with tears.
L. Why then deſpair, go, pack thee hence away.
H. I live in hope to have a happy day.

A Diſcourſe between a Lover, Death, and Cupid. (preſt

L COme gentle death, *D.* who calls? *L.* one that's op-
D. What is thy will? *L.* That thou abridge my wo,
By cutting off my life. *D.* Ceaſe thy requeſt,
I cannot kill thee yet. *L.* Alas, why ſo?
D Thou want'ſt thy heart. *L* who ſtole that ſame away?
D. Love, whom thou ſerv'ſt. Entreat him if thou may.
L. Come *Cupid*, come. *C.* Who calleth me ſo oft?
L. Thy vaſſal true, whom thou ſhouldſt know by right.
C. What makes thy cry ſo faint? *L.* My voice is ſoft,
Quite broke and ſpent with crying day and night.
C. What then, what's thy requeſt? *L* That thou reſtore
To me my heart, and ſteal the ſame no more.
And thou, O death, when I poſſeſs my heart,
Diſpatch me then at once. *D.* Alaſs why ſo?
L. By promiſe thou art bound to end my ſmart.
D. But if thy heart return, then what's thy wo?
L. That brought from froſt it never will deſire
To reſt with me, that am more hot then fire.

The Curſe.

May that man whom thy imbrace
Would make happy in my place,
By thy example prove
As falſe to thee and Love.
And e're thy amorous ſheets invite
Him to glory in my right,
May thy own fears make thee ſee
Meduſa in his face; that he
With every lock of hair
May teach thee to deſpair.
Yet reſt not there, but be more fond to know
Whether thy heart be ſtone or no;

Till

Till of thoſe doubts to be releaſt,
Thou ſtrik'ſt a wound into my breaſt;
So bold, ſo great, that I
May be aſſur'd that thou wilt die;
Thus offer'd up a *Sacrifice* to me,
I may at laſt forget thy perjury.

A Vapor.

Give me a breath of thunder, let me ſpeak
Sonorous accents, till their clamours break
Rocks with their noiſe obſtreperous; I will warble
Such bouncing notes will clear obdurate marble:
Upon mount *Caucaſus* heaven-knocking head
Boreas ſhall blow my trumpet, untill I ſpread
Thy fame, grand Patron of thrice three Siſters,
Till envies ears ſhall hear it and have bliſters.

Praiſes on her ſinging.

The Graſhopper chants not in Autumn quire
So ſweet, nor Cricket by the Chimny fire.

On her Dancing.

Have you beheld the little ſable beaſt
Clad in an Ebon mantle, height a Flea,
Whoſe ſupple joynts ſo nimbly skip and caper,
Dancing a meaſure o're a Ladies ſmock;
With motion quick, and courtly Equipage;
So trips my Miſtriſs o're the flowry ſtage.

On her ſleeping.

Zephyrus breathes not with a ſweeter gale,
Through a Grove of Sycamores; the ſoft ſpring
Chides not the pebbles that diſturb his courſe
With ſweeter murmur; Let *Amphions* Lute,
That built the *Theban* walls, be henceforth mute:
Orpheus ſhall break his Harp, and ſilent be,
The Reed of *Pan*, and Pipe of *Mercury*.
Yea, though the Syhereas be dum, I care not for't,
No muſick ſuch as her melodious ſnort.

On her ſpitting.

Like the ſweet Gums that from Electar trees,
Diſtill, or honey of the labouring Bees;
Like morning dew, that in a pleaſant ſhower,
Drops Pearls into the boſome of a flower:
Cupid with Acorn cups cloſe by her ſits,
To ſnatch away the Nectar that ſhe ſpits;

In praiſe of Sack.

Fill me a bowl of Sack with Roſes crown'd,
Fil't to the brim, I'le have my temples bound
With flowry chaplets, and this day permit
My Genius to be free and frolick it;
Let me drink deep, then fully warm'd with wine
I'le chant *Ben Johnſon*'s praiſe, that ev'ry line
Shall prove immortal, till my moyſtned quill
Melt into verſe, and Nectar-like diſtil:
I'me ſad or dull, till Bowls brim fil'd infuſe
New life in me, new ſpirit in my Muſe:
But once reviv'd with Sack, pleaſing deſires
In my chil'd blood, kindled ſuch active fires,
That my gray hairs ſeem fled, my wrinkled face
Grown ſmooth as *Hebe*'s youth, and beauties grace,
To my ſhrunk veins freſh blood and ſpirits bring
Warm as the Summer, ſpightful as the ſpring:
Then all the world is mine, *Cræſus* is poor
Compar'd with me; he is rich that asks no more;
And I in Sack have all which is to me,
My home, my life, health, wealth, and liberty.
Then have I conquered all, I boldly dare
My Trophies with the *Pileau* youth compare.
Him I will equal, as his ſword, my pen,
My conquer'd world of ears, his world of men:
Then fill my bowl, if that I dye to morrow,
Killing cares to day, I have out-liv'd my ſorrow.

To the Painter and his Picture.

I could not write before; but when I saw
The quaint presumer offering to draw
A piece beyond the richness of his Art,
I was as bold as he, and took't to heart:
For (if the Author failes not) Poets may
Dare with their Pens, as with their Pencils they;
Lord, how the Painter look'd! her face he spies,
And her fair face does make his colour rise:
He was amaz'd at first, when every part
Advanc'd by Nature, and not helpt by Art,
Came out to view him, as he thought, and show
How he and's piece must to the pattern owe.
He questions mispent time, and swears he had
Great injury when he first learn'd the trade;
For had he seen you then, and known you too,
His service had been prentice unto you:
To you in whose most perfect figure shine,
What Painters call most rare, Poets divine.
Now let me tell thee truly, what I see;
Thou mak'st the Picture, and the piece makes thee.
'Tis true, thou dost it well, for I have seen
Thee, when th'ast often lim'd our beauties Queen,
Not to have shewn such curious Workmanship.
Either in eye, or brow, or cheek, or lip:
Thou dost it well, I say, but yet, good Sir.
Allow most credit of the work to her:
Did not she shew thee, when she sweetly smil'd,
How to paint *Venus*, sending of her child
About Loves powerful errand; one may know
By th' cast o'th eye to whom her heart doth go.

On two Lovers playing for kisses.

My love and I for kisses plaid,
She would keep stakes, I was content,
But when I won she would have paid,
This made me ask her what she meant.

Prethee

Prethee since I see (quoth she) your wrangling vein,
Take your own kisses, give me mine again.

On a Mistress, too learned for him.

One proffer'd me a Wife, was fair and young,
Who had the *French*, *Dutch*, and the *Latin* tongue.
I thanked him: but I will have none such,
For I think one tongue for a Wife too much.
Why, love you not the learn'd? Yes, as my life,
A learned Scholar, not a learned Wife.

On his Mistress, sick of a Calenture.

And must she languish, and we sorrow thus,
And no kind god help her, or pity us?
Is Justice fled from heav'n? Can she permit
A foul deformed Ravisher to sit
Upon her Virgin cheeks, and pull from thence
Thr Rose-buds in their Maiden-excellence?
To spread cold paleness in her lips, and chase
The frighted Rubies from their native place,
To lick up with his scorching flames a floud
Of dissolv'd Coral running in her bloud;
And with the damps of his infectious breath,
Print in her brow moist characters of death?
Must the clear light 'gainst course of nature cease
In her fair lips, and yet the flames encrease?
Must favours shake this golden tree, and all
The ripe fruit from hes fairest branches fall;
Which Princes have desir'd to taste? must she
Who hath preserv'd her spotless chastity
From every mans aspersion, now at last
By Ague, and Diseases be imbrac't?
Forbid it, holy gods, or else who shall
Pay Vows, or let a drop of incense fall
At your neglected Altars, if you bless
No better this your zealous Votaress?
Haste thou, O Maiden Goddess, to her aid applied,
And let not thy saving medicines be deny'd?

O rock her fainting body in thine arms;
Then let the god of muſick with ſtill charms,
Her reſtful eyes in peaceful ſlumber cloſe,
And with ſoft ſtrains ſweeten her calm repoſe.
Cupid deſcend, and whilſt *Apollo* ſings,
The cool air fanning with thy gentle wings,
Ever relieve her with refreſhing wind,
And let thy mother with her treſſes bind
Her labouring temples, with whoſe balmy ſweat
She ſhall perfume her hairy coronet,
Whoſe precious drops ſhall upon every fold
Hang like rich pearls upon a chain of gold:
Her leſſer locks, as they embroider'd lye,
Shall ſpread themſelves into a Canopy;
Under whoſe ſhadow let her reſt ſecure
From chilling cold, and from a Calenture;
And if ſhe freeze with Ice of chaſte deſires,
O holy *Hymen* kindle nuptial fires.
And when at laſt death comes to pierce her heart,
Convey into his hands the golden dart.

On Love.

How ſhall I do to be reveng'd on Love?
There is but one way that I dare approve;
I'le ſteal his arrows, and I'le head them new
With womens hearts, and then they'l ne'r fly true.

A Lover on the day-break.

Wherefore peep'ſt thou, envious day?
We can kiſs without thee;
Lovers hate the golden ray
That thou bear'ſt about thee.
Go and give them light that ſorrow,
And to Saylor's flying,
Our imbraces need no morrow,
Nor our pleaſures eying.

On Maids.

When *Phœbus* firſt did *Daphne* love,
And could no way her fancy move,
He crav'd the cauſe; The cauſe, ſaid ſhe,
Is, I have vow'd Virginity,
Then *Phœbus* raged ſore, and ſaid,
Paſt fifteen none ſhould dye a Maid.
If Maidens then chance to be ſped
E'r they can ſcarcely dreſs their head;
Yet blame them not, for they are loath
To make *Apollo* break his oath:
For better were a child unborn,
Than that a god ſhould be forſworn.
Yet ſilly they, when all is done
Complain mens wills have their hearts won:
When 'tis for fear, leſt they ſhould be,
Like *Daphne* turn'd into a tree,
And who would ſo her ſelf abuſe,
To be a tree, if ſhe could chuſe?

To a Gentlewoman.

In your fair cheeks two pits do lye,
To bury thoſe ſlain by your eye;
Then this at length doth comfort me,
That fairly buried I ſhall be:
My grave with Roſe and Lillies ſpread,
Methinks 'tis life for to be dead.
Come then and kill me with your eye,
For if you let me live, I dye.
When I behold your lips again
Recover thoſe your eyes have ſlain
Wiah kiſſss, like that Balſam pure,
Deep wounds ſo ſoon as made, can cure.
Methinks 'tis ſickneſs to be ſound,
And there's no health like ſuch a wound:
Come and kill me with your eye,
For if you let me live, I dye.

When in your bosome I behold
Two hills of snow, yet never cold:
And Lovers whom your beauty kills,
Reviv'd by climbing up those hills:
Methinks there's life in such a death,
That gives new hopes of future breath.
Come then and kill me with your eye,
For if you let me live, I dye.
Then sure one death prevails not, where
So many Antidotes are near;
And your bright eyes do but in vain
Kill him whose life you do sustain:
That I no more such deaths survive,
Your way's to bury me alive
In place unknown, seeing that I
Can dying live, and living dye.

On women.

Women are dainty vessels fine,
Both tender, neat and soft,
They must be sometimes born withal,
Since they do bear so oft.

Against proud Women.

Breath of *Pandora*'s box, thou female sex,
Sent to the world to plague it, and to vex
Poor Lovers: O that it had been so,
That man without thee might be man, we owe
His birth to thee; but as of trees we see
A skilful Gardiner plant a Colony
Without an aid, and also here a Date
Unto a Peach-tree doth enoculate,
And there adopt into a Crab-tree stock
The mellow Pippin, and the Apricock;
That from one branch, with wonder you may reach
A Plumb, a Cherry, and a velvet Peach.
Or as the Phœnix in her funeral flame,
Springs from her ashes, and returns the same;

Who

Who whilſt ſhe makes her cradle in her tomb,
Her birth ſhe owes not to the female womb;
But boaſt not, weaker ſex, that thou bear'ſt them,
That like a Lilly from a baſer ſtem,
Or like a Roſe pluckt from a ſpiny thorn,
Is honour'd, when the ſtalk is left in ſcorn;
So ſang and wept *Philander* as he ſate,
Bewailing to the woods his cruel fate,
And *Phillis* tyranny: a cryſtal ſtream
Flow'd from his eyes, each pearly drop a theam
Of ſorrow, whilſt the birds with tuned wing
Sate liſt'ning round about to hear him ſing
The ſtories of his love, on every buſh
The Linnet ſate, the Nightingale or Thruſh,
The Hare, the Ape, the Cony and the Goat,
The Doe, the Fox ſtood wondring at his note;
Fountains wept tears, the Eccho wrought this Song,
The Rocks, the Brooks that run along,
Wiſh'd to be glaz'd to Cryſtal, and to ſtay,
To hear him tune his grief to *Phillis* ay;
Who whilſt he ſate and mourn'd, and ſung and wept,
Rockt with the murmur of a River, ſlept.

On a Shepherdeſs dying for love.

Chloris ſate, and ſitting ſlept;
Sleeping ſigh'd, and ſighing wept;
Sate, ſigh'd, ſlept, and wept again
For *Amyntas* that was ſlain:
Oh had you ſeen his face (quoth ſhe)
How fair, how full of Majeſty.
Aud then ſhe ſlept,
And then ſhe cry'd,
Amyntas twice,
And then ſhe died.

On a Gentleman, dying preſently after his Miſtreſs.

She firſt deceaſed, he liv'd, and tried
To live without her, lik'd it not, and died.

On the praiſe of his Miſtreſs.

What would any man deſire?
Is he cold? then ſhe's a fire:
Is he hot? ſhe'll gently ſchool him,
Till he find that ſhe doth cool him:
Is he ſad? then ſhe's a pleaſure;
Is he poor? then ſhe's a treaſure.
Loves he muſick? here's the choice
Of all ſweet ſounds in her ſweet voice.
Doth he hunger? ſhe's a feaſt
Whereat a god may be a gueſt;
To taſte Viands if he thirſt,
She's Nectar for him; ſince the firſt
Of men that was for ſin a debter,
Never any taſted better:
Here's all compleat, from head to heel,
To hear, to taſte, to ſmell or feel.

On his Miſtreſs.

My Miſtreſs is a Tennis-ball,
Compos'd of Leather fine:
Full oft ſhe's ſtrucken to the wall,
But ſtrucken under line.
He that will win my Miſtriſs will,
Muſt ſtrike her in the hazzard ſtill.
My Miſtriſs is a Tinder-box,
Would I had ſuch a one;
Her ſteel endureth many knocks
Being ſtruck againſt the ſtone.
But if you ſtrike the tinder much,
The match will fire without a touch.

Clarinda.

Poor credulous and ſimple Maid,
By what ſtrange wiles art thou betray'd?
A treaſure thou haſt loſt to day,
For which thou canſt no ranſom pay.

How

How black art thou transform'd with ſin?
How ſtrange a guilt gnaws me within?
Grief will convert this red to pale,
When every Wake and Whitſon-ale
Will talk my ſhame; break, break, ſad heart,
There is no medicine for my ſmart;
No herb nor balm can cure my ſorrow,
Unleſs you meet again to morrow.

On Women.

All you that Women love,
and like the amorous trade,
Come learn of me what women are,
and whereof they are made.
Their head is made of Raſh,
their tongue is made of Say:
Their love like ſilk, ſilk changeable,
that laſteth for a day.
Their wit mockado is,
of durance is their hate;
The food they feed on moſt is Carp,
their gaming is check-mate:
Their pride doth ſpring from Satan,
their vanity is a feather,
Their beauty is, Stand further off,
their conſcience is of leather.

On his Miſtreſs being let blood.

Fools, that believe that clearer blood
will forth thoſe purple channels flow;
Or that thy pure unſtained blood
can any ſoul-diſtemper know;
Or that thy weak ſteel can inciſe
that cryſtal caſe wherein it lies:
Know that her blood doth proudly beat
a dance quite through her azure veins;
Whoſe harmony no cold nor heat
diſturbs, whoſe hue no tincture ſtains,

And the hard Rock wherein it dwells,
the keeneſt dart of love expels.
But thou reply'ſt, behold ſhe bleeds,
thou art deceiv'd, and doſt not know
The muſick knot whence it proceeds:
how Lovers in each others grow.
Thou ſtrik'ſt her arm, but 'twas my heart
ſhed all the blood, felt all the ſmart.

Lack-wits *Ironical praiſe of his Miſtreſs.*

Her hairs rhey are but thin, in all but three;
O curious hair, as big as wheaten ſtraw;
Her noſe ſurmounts three inches in degree,
In ſhape and colour like a Lobſters claw:
Her lips like two blew Figs, of liquoriſh kiſſing,
Her teeth like ranks of clouds, O double bleſſing,
Her forehead flat, pleited with lovely folds,
Her eys like ſnuffs of candles prick and beck,
Her paps like globes, which up her belly holds,
As *Atlas* doth the Heavens on his neck;
Her fingers ſhort, yet fat, piec'd ovt with nails.
No waſte at all, her body is ſo ſquare;
Her girdle may in any place be found,
Her legs like arms, her feet ſo broad they are
Like two Colloſſes, fixed on the ground.
But what may not be nam'd, I here omit,
So large a mark, that who ſo ſhoots may hit.

On Muſick.

When whiſpting ſtreams with pleaſing wind,
Diſtil ſoft paſſions through the heart,
And whilſt at every ſtrain we find
Our pulſes beat and bear a part:
When threats do make,
Our hearts to quake,
Philoſophers can ſcarce deny,
Our ſouls conſiſt of harmony.

When

When unto Heaven joyes we fain,
What e're the ſoul affecteth moſt;
Which only thus we can explain
By muſick of the winged hoſt,
Whoſe lays we think,
Make ſtars to wink,
Philoſophers can ſcarce deny,
Our ſouls conſiſt of harmony.
O lull me, lull me, charming air,
My ſenſes rock with muſick ſweet,
Like ſnow on wool thy fallings are,
Soft like ſpirits are thy feet.
Grief who needs fear,
That hath an ear,
Down let him lie,
And ſlumbering die,
And change his ſoul for harmony.

To her Suiter that would have lain with her before marriage, ſhe being too young.

FOnd Lunatick forbear, why didſt thou ſue
For my affections, e're Nature hath [illegible] due:
Lovers fruits are legal uſe, and therefore may
Be only taken on the marriage-day;
Who for ſuch intereſts do too early call,
By that exaction loſe their principal;
Then gather not theſe immature delights,
Before their riper autumn thee invites:
He that abortive corn cuts from his ground,
No husband, but a raviſher is found;
And he that reaps his own, before he's wed,
Whores a chaſte wife, and cuckolds his own bed.

A Lovers reſolution.

Purſue no more (my thoughts) thou falſe, unkind,
Thou maiſt as well impriſon the North-wind,
Or catch the lightning as it leaps, or reach
The leading billows, firſt run down a breach;

Or undertake the flying cloud to track;
In the same path they yesterday caus'd a wrack.
My love's a torch turn'd downward, and the same
Desire that nourisht it, put out the flame:
And thus I do divorce thee from my breast,
False in thy Vows, and traitress to my rest.
Henceforth all tears shall be, though thou repent,
A pardon after execution sent:
For ever shalt thou my loves story read,
But as some Epitaph on one that's dead;
So may my hope on future blisses dwell,
This is my firm resolve, my last farewel.

A Healh.

To her whose beauty doth excell
Story, we toss these Cups, and sell
Sobriety a sacrifice,
To the bright lustre of her eys,
Each soul that sips here is divine,
Her beauty deifies the Wine.

On an ignorant Lover.

Clarinda, the beauty of whose splendent rays
Gain'd heav'ns high wonder, and the earths best praise,
Then *Thyrsis* met, who fair and lovely too,
Did like her well, but knew not how to woo;
They arm in arm into the garden walk'd,
Where endless riddles they together talk'd;
Her speech and actions wisely had an end,
Yet knew not whereunto they did intend:
She griev'd to see his youth no better taught,
To gather him a Posie he her besought;
With that her light green Gown she up tuckt,
And *May* for her, and *Time* for him she pluckt;
Which when she brought, he took her by the middle
And kist her, but he could not read the riddle:
Go fool, quoth she, and thus burst into laughter,
Blusht, ran away, and scorn'd him ever after.

On Clarinda's *lips and eyes.*

In *Clarinda*'s face a queſtion did ariſe,
Which were moſt beautiful, her lips or eys,
We ſay the eys ſend forth thoſe pointed darts,
Which wound the hardeſt adamantine hearts:
But from her lips withal proceed thoſe bliſſes
Which lovers reap by kind words, and by kiſſes,
Then wept her eys, and from thoſe eys did pour
Of liquid oriental pearls a ſhower;
Whereat her lips mov'd with delight and pleaſure,
Through a ſweet ſmell unlockt her Ivory treaſure,
And bid love judge, whether did add more grace,
Weeping, or ſmiling, to *Clarinda*'s face.

Senſe.

Like to the ſilent tone of unſpoke ſpeeches,
Or like a Lobſter clad in Logick breeches,
Or like the gray fleece of a crimſon Car,
Or like the Moon-calf in a ſlip-ſhooe hat s
Or like the ſhadow when the Sun is gone,
Or like a thought that ne'r was thought upon;
Even ſuch is man, who never was begotten,
Until his children were both dead and rotten.
Like to the Ivory touch-ſtone of a Cabbage,
Or like a Crab-louſe with his bag and baggage,
Or like the four-ſquare circle of a Ring,
Or like the hey ding ding a ding ding;
Or like the brainleſs brains of a butter'd fiſh,
Or like the garbage of a quaffing diſh.
Even ſuch is man, who without doubt,
Spoke to ſmall purpoſe when his tongue was out.
Like the freſh fading withered Roſe,
Or like the Rythm and Verſe that runs in Proſe,
Or like the humbles of a Tinder-box,
Or like a man that's ſound and hath the pox;
Or like a Hob-nail rogue in ſingle pence,
Leſt it ſhould want its preterperfect tenſe.

Ever

Even ſuch is man, who dy'd, and then did laugh,
To ſee theſe ſtrange lines on his Epitaph.

De origine Mulieris.

Man went to bed, and in a drunken fit,
He got this ſecond child, the female Chit:
He pranckt it up with farthingales and buſks,
Pouderings, perfumes, with paintings and with muſks;
With ſhaperoons, Rebatoes, and with wyres,
With Dutch, Italian, Spaniſh, French attires:
Thus was it born and bred; this puppet Baby,
Is the ſame thing we now do call my Lady.

upon a Kiſs.

AMong the fancies tell me this,
What is the thing we call a Kiſs?
I ſhall reſolve you what it is.

2.

It is a creature born and bred
Betwixt the lips, all cherry red,
By love and warm deſires fed,
And makes more ſoft the Bridal-bed.

3.

It is an active flame that flies
Firſt to the babies of the eyes,
And charms it there with lullabies,
And ſtills the Bride too, when ſhe cries.

4.

Then to the cheek, the chin, the ear,
It friſks and flies, now here, now there;
'Tis now far off, and now 'tis near,
And here, and there, and every where.

5.

Hath it a noiſing virtue? yes,
How ſpeaks it? ſay, do you but this,
Part your joyn'd lips, then ſpeak your kiſs,
And this loves ſweeteſt language is.

6. Hath

6.

Hath it a body? yes, and wings,
With thousand more in colourings.
And as it flies it gently sings,
Love honey yields, but never stings.

To the Green-sickness.

Stay coward blood, and do not yield
To thy pale sister beauties field,
Who there displaying round her white
Ensigns, hath usurp'd thy right,
Invading thy peculiar throne,
The lip, where thou shouid'st rule alone,
And on the cheek (where natures case
Allotted each an equal share.)
Her spreading Lilly only grows,
Whose milky deluge drowns the Rose.
Quit not the field, faint blood, nor rush
In the short sally of a blush,
Upon thy sister-foe, but strive
To keep an endless war alive.
Though Peace do petty States maintain,
Here war alone makes beauty reign.

Seeing her face in the water.

STand still ye streams, do not deface
That Image which you bear;
So Votaries from every place,
To you shall Altars rear.

2.

No wind but Lovers sighs draw nigh
To trouble these glad streams,
On which no stars nor the worlds eye
did ever dart such beams.

3.

To Crystal then in haste congeal,
lest thou should'st lose thy bliss;
And to my cruel shame reveal
how hard, how cool she is.

4.

But if the curious Nymphs ſhall fear
Their beauties will be ſcorned:
And hide the ruder winds to tear
That face with thee adorned;

5.

Then rage and foam amain, that we
Their malice may deſpiſe;
When from the froth we ſoon ſhall ſee
A ſecond *Venus* riſe.

upon a Lady that wore in her Breaſt a wounded heart carved in a precious ſtone.

1.

WHen on my *Celia* I did ſpy
A wounded heart of ſtone,
The wound had almoſt made me cry
That heart was ſure mine own;
But when I ſaw it came inthron'd
In her celeſtial breſt,
O! it no longer then I own'd:
For mine was ne'r ſo bleſt.

2.

Yet in higheſt heavens doth ſhine,
Each conſtant Martyrs heart;
She then may well make room for mine
Which for her ſake doth ſmart,
Where ſeated in ſo high a bliſs,
Though wounded yet ſhall live;
Death enters not in Paradiſe,
That place true light doth give.

3.

Yet if the place leſs ſacred were
Did but her ſaving eye
Bathe my deep heart in one kind tear,
Then would I never die.
Sleight Balms may cure a ſlighter ſore,
No medicine but divine

Can

Can ever hope for to reſtore,
A wounded heart like mine.

upon flowers in his Miſtreſſes boſom.

YOu fragrant flowers, tranſported from the earth,
Where firſt you grew, into this ſecond birth;
Render your odours, as my ſacrifice
To her whom *Cupid* offered up his eys.
Who having view'd the beſt of *Cupids* ſtore,
Burnt out his eyes, and vow'd to ſee no more;
Becauſe the like elſewhere could not be ſeen,
In Milk-maid, Lady, Fairy, Nymph or Queen.
Repine not then to wither in thoſe plains,
Adorn'd with Ivory mounts, and azure veins,
Where *Cupid* of his Altar made a Grave,
And *Venus* would her ſacrifices have.
O happy Altar, O more happy ſhrine,
Moſt bleſſed Tomb, I would it had been mine!

The Court of *Venus* Songs, of Love and Mirth.

The firſt Song.

SAy lovely dream, where couldſt thou find
Shades to counterfeit that face?
Colours of this glorious kind
Come not from any Mortal place.

In Heaven it ſelf thou ſure wert dreſt
With that Angel-like diſguiſe:
Thus deluded am I bleſt,
And ſee my joy with cloſed eyes.

But ah! this Image is too kind
To be other than a dream,
Cruel *Sachariſſa's* mind
Never put on that ſweet extream.

Fair Dream, if thou intend'ſt me grace,
Change this heavenly form of thine;
Paint deſpis'd love in thy face,
And make it to appear like mine.

Pale, Wan, and Meager, let it look,
With a pity-moving ſhape,
Such as wander by the brook
Of *Lethe*, or from Graves eſcape.

Then to that Matchleſs Nymph appear,
In whoſe ſhape thou ſhineſt ſo,
Softly in her ſleeping ear
With humble words expreſs my woe.

Perhaps from greatneſs, ſtate and pride,
Thus ſurpriſed ſhe may fall;
Sleep does diſproportion hide,
And death reſembling equals all.

2. *A Song.*

BEhold the brand of Beauty toſt,
See how the motion does dilate the flame,
Delighted Love his ſpoils does boaſt,
And triumph in this game:
Fire to no place confin'd,
Is both our wonder, and our fear,
Moving the Mind
Like lightning hurled through the air.

High heaven, the glory doth increaſe
Of all her ſhining Lamps this Artfull way;

The

The Sun in figures ſuch as theſe
Joys with the Moon to play;
To theſe ſweet ſtrains they advance,
Which do reſult from their own ſphears,
As this Nymphs dance
Moves with the Numbers which ſhe hears.

3. *A Song.*

HOw ill doth He deſerve a Lovers name,
Whoſe pale weak flame
Cannot retain
His heat in ſpight of abſence or diſdain;
But doth at once, like paper ſet on fire,
Burn and expire.

True love can never change his ſeat,
Nor did he ever love that could retreat;
That noble flame which my breaſt keeps alive
Shall ſtill ſurvive,
When my ſoul's fled;
Nor ſhall my love die when my body's dead,
That ſhall wait on me to the lower ſhade,
And never fade.

My very Aſhes in their Urn
Shall, like a hallowed Lamp, for ever burn.

4. *A Song.*

LEt Fools great *Cupid's* yoak diſdain,
Loving their own wild freedome better,
whilſt proud of my triumphant Chain,
I ſit and court my beauteous fetter.

Her murd'ring glances, ſnaring hairs,
And her bewitching ſmiles ſo pleaſe me,
As he brings ruine that repairs
The ſweet afflictions that diſpleaſe me.

Hide

Hide not thoſe panting balls of ſnow
With envious veils from my beholding;
Unlock thoſe lips their pearly row
In a ſweet ſmile of love unfolding.

And let thoſe eyes whoſe motion wheels
The reſtleſs fate of every Lover;
Survey the pains my ſick heart feels,
And wounds themſelves have made diſcover.

5. Song.

Stre. ORpheus, I am come from the deeps below
To thee, fond man, the plagues of love to ſhow.
To the fair Fields, where Loves eternal dwell,
There's none that come, but firſt they paſs through hell.
Hark, and beware, unleſs thou haſt lov'd ever.
Belov'd again, thou ſhalt ſee thoſe Joys never.
Hark how they groan that died deſpairing,
O take heed then:
Hark how they houl for ever daring,
All theſe were men.
They that be fools, and die for fame,
They loſe their name;
And they that bleed,
Hark how they ſpeed.
Now in cold froſts, now ſcorching fires,
They ſit and curſe their loſt deſires:
Nor ſhall their ſouls be free from pains and fears,
Till women waft them over in their tears.

6. Song.

Orph. CHaron, O Charon,
Thou waſter of the ſouls to bliſs or bane.
Cha. Who calls the Ferry-man of Hell?
Orph. Come near,
And ſay who lives in joy, and who in fear.

Cha.

Cha. Thoſe that die well, eternal joy ſhall follow;
Thoſe that die ill, their own ſoul fate ſhall ſwallow.
Orph. Shall thy black Bark thoſe guilty ſpirits ſtow
That kill themſelves for love?
Cha. O no, O no,
My cordage cracks when ſuch great ſins are near,
No wind blows fair, nor I my ſelf can ſtear.
Orph. What Lovers paſs, and in *Eliſium* raign?
Cha. Thoſe gentle loves that are belov'd again.
Orph. This Souldier loves, and fain would die to win,
Shall he go on?
Cha. No, 'tis too foul a ſin:
He muſt not come aboard: I dare not row,
Storms of deſpair and guilty bloud will blow.
Orph. Shall time releaſe him ſay?
Cha. No, no, no, no,
Nor time, nor death can alter us, nor prayer;
My Boat is Deſtin'd, and who then dare,
But thoſe appointed, come aboard? Live ſtill,
And love by reaſon mortal, not by will.
Orph. And when thy Miſtris ſhall cloſe up thine eyes,
Cha. Then come aboard and paſs.
Orph. Till when be wiſe.
Cha. Till when be wiſe.

7. *Song.*

ARm, arm, arm, arm, the Scouts are all come in,
Keep your Ranks cloſe, and now your honour win.
Behold from yonder Hill the Foe appears,
Bows, Bills, Glaves, Arrows, Shields, and Spears;
Like a dark wood he comes, or tempeſt powring;
O view the wings of Horſe the Meadows ſcowring.
The Vant-guard marches bravely, hark the Drums--*Dub,*
They meet, they meet, now the battle comes: (*Dub.*
See how the Arrows fly,
That darken all the Sky;

Hark

Hark how the Trumpets ſound,
Hark how the hills rebound--tara, tara, tara.
Hark how the horſes charge in boys, in boys in,-tara, tara.
The Battle totters, now the wounds begin,
O how they cry,
O how they dye!
Room for the valiant *Memnon* armed with Thunder,
See how he breaks the ranks aſunder:
They fly, they fly, *Eumenes* hath the Chaſe,
And brave *Politius* makes good his place.
To the plains, to the woods,
To the rocks, to the floods
They fly for ſuccour: follow, follow, follow, hey, hey.--
Hark how the Souldiers hollow,
Brave *Diocles* is dead,
And all his ſouldiers fled,
The Battle's won and loſt,
That many a life hath coſt.

8. *Song.*

CAſt our Caps and care away, this is beggers holiday,
At the crowning of our King, thus we ever dance & ſing:
In the world look out & ſee, where ſo happy a Prince as he
Where the Nation lives ſo free, and ſo merry as do we:
Be it peace, or be it war, here at liberty we are,
And enjoy our eaſe and reſt, to the field we are not preſt:
Nor are cal'd into the Town to be troubled with the gown.
Hang all Offices we cry, and the Magiſtrate too by:
When the Subſidies encreaſt, we are not a peny ceaſt:
Now will any go to Law with the begger for a ſtraw?
All which happineſs he brags, he doth owe unto his rags.

9. *Song.*

TAke her and tug her,
And turn her and hug her
And turn again boy, again;

Then

Then if she mumble,
Or if her tail tumble,
Kiss her amain boy, amain:
Do thy endeavour
To take off her Feaver,
Then her disease no longer will raign.

If nothing will serve her,
Then thus to preserve her,
Swing her amain boy, amain.
Give her cold jelly
To take up her belly,
And once a day swing her again:
If she stand all these pains,
Then knock out her brains,
Her disease no longer will reign.

10. *Song.*

BRing out your Coney-skins fair Maids to me,
And hold 'em fair that I may see,
Grey, black and blew, for your smaller skins
I'le give ye Looking-glasses, pins:
And for your whole Coney here's ready, ready money,
Come gentle *Joan* do thou begin
With thy black, black, black Coney-skin,
And *Mary* then and *Jane* will follow
With their silver hair'd skins, and their yellow:
The white Coney-skin I will not lay by,
For though it be faint, 'tis fair to the eye:
The grey it is warm, but yet for my money
Give me the bonny, bonny black Coney.
Come away fair Maids, your skins will decay,
Come and take money Maids, put your ware away.
Coney-skins, Coney-skins, have ye any Coney-skins,
I have fine Bracelets, and fine silver Pins.

11. *Song.*

LOok out bright eyes, and bleſs the Air,
Even in ſhadows you are fair:
Shut up, beauty is like fire
That breaks out clearer ſtill and higher;
Though your body be confin'd,
And loſt love a priſ'ner bound,
Yet the beauty of your mind,
Neither Gheek nor Chain hath found.
Look out Nobly then, and dare,
Even the Fetters that you wear.

12. *Song.*

BRoom, Broom, the bonny Broom,
Come buy my Birchen Broom,
I'th' Wars we have no more room,
Buy all my bonny Broom.
For a kiſs take two,
If thoſe will not do,
For a little, little pleaſure,
Take all my whole treaſure;
If all theſe will not do't,
Take the Broom-man to boot;
Broom, Broom, the bonny Broom.

13. *Song.*

THe Wars are done and gone,
And Souldiers now neglected Pedlars are;
Come maidens, come along,
For I can ſhew you handſome, handſome ware,
Powders for the head,
And drinks for your bed,
To make ye blith and bonny;
As well in the night we Souldiers can fight,
And pleaſe a young wench as any.

14. *Song.*

14. *Song.*

WIll ye buy any honeſty? come away,
I ſell it openly by day;
I bring no forced Light, nor no Candle
To cozen ye; come buy and handle.
This will ſhew the great man good,
The Tradeſman where he ſwears and lies,
Each Lady of a Noble bloud,
The City Dame to rule her eyes:
Ye are rich men now, come buy, and then
I'le make ye richer, honeſt men.

15. *Song.*

HAve ye any crackt Maidenheads to new-leach or mend?
Have ye any old Maidenheads to ſell, or to change?
Bring 'em to me, with a little pretty gin,
I'le clout 'em, I'le mend 'em, I'le knock in a pin
Shall make 'em as good Maids agen
As ever they have been.

16. *Song.*

'TIs late and cold, ſtir up the fire,
Sit cloſe and draw the Table nigher:
Be merry, and drink wine that's old,
A hearty Med'cine 'gainſt a cold.
Your beds of wanton Down the beſt,
Where you ſhall tumble to your reſt:
I could wiſh you wenches too,
But I am dead, and cannot do;
Call for the beſt, the houſe may ring,
Sack, White, and Claret let them bring,
And drink apace while breath you have,
You'l find but cold drink in the grave;
Plover, Partridge for your dinner,
And a Capon for the ſinner,

You shall find ready when you are up,
And your horse shall have his sup:
Welcome shall fly round,
And I shall smile, though under ground.

17. *Song.*

COme follow me you Country Lasses,
And you shall see such sport as passes:
You shall dance, and I will sing,
Pedro he shall rub the string:
Each shall have a Loose-bodied Gown
Of Green; and laugh till you lie down.
Come follow me, come follow, *&c.*

18. *Song.*

HOw long shall I pine for love?
How long shall I sue in vain?
How long, like the Turtle Dove,
Shall I heartily thus complain?
Shall the sails of my love stand still?
Shall the grists of my hopes be ungrouud?
Oh fie, oh fie, oh fie,
Let the Mill, let the Mill go round.

19. *Song.*

ONthe bed I'le throw thee, throw thee down;
Down being laid shall we be afraid
To try the rights that belong to love?
No, no, there I'le wooe thee with a Crown,
Crown our desires, kindle the fires,
When love requires we should wanton prove,
Wee'l kiss, wee'l sport, wee'l laugh, wee'l play,
If thou com'st short for thee I'le stay:
If thou unskilful art the ground,
I'le kindly teach, wee'l have the Mill go round.

20. *Song.*

THink me ſtill in my Fathers Mill,
Where I have oft been found--a
Thrown on my back on a well-fill'd ſack,
While the Mill has ſtill gone round--a.
Prethee Sirrah try thy skill,
And again let the Mill go round--a.

21. *Song.*

THe young one, the old one, the fearful, the bold one,
The lame one, though ne're ſo unſound,
The Jew or the Turk have leave for to work
The whilſt that the Mill goes round.

22. *Song.*

THou Deity, ſwift-winged love,
Sometimes below, ſometimes above,
Little in ſhape, but great in power,
Thou that makeſt thy heart a Tower,
And thy loop-holes Ladies eyes,
From whence thou ſtrik'ſt the fond and wiſe.
Did all the ſhafts in thy fair Quiver
Stick faſt in my ambitious Liver;
Yet thy power would I adore,
And call upon thee to ſhoot more,
Shoot more, ſhoot more.

23. *Song.*

FAin would I make you, Sweet, but fear
I ſhould invite you to worſe chear:
In your dreams you cannot fare
Meaner then Muſick, no compare;
None of your ſlumbers are compil'd
Under the pleaſure makes a Child:
Your day-delights ſo well compact,
That what you think turns all to Act;

I'de wiſh my life no better play,
Your dream by night, your thought by day.
Wake gently, wake,
Part ſoftly from your dreams,
The morning flies
To your fair eyes,
To take her ſpecial beams.

24. *Song.*

YE Fiends and Furies come along,
Each bring a Crow and maſſie Prong;
Come bring your Sheckles, and draw near,
To ſtir up an old Sea-coal cak't,
That in the hollow hell hath bak't
Many a thouſand thouſand year.
In ſulphurous Broth *Tyrius* hath boil'd;
Baſted with Brimſtone, *Tarquin* hath broil'd
Long, long enough; then make room,
Like ſmoaky Flitches hang 'um by
Upon their ſooty walls to dry;
A greater Raviſher will come,
If you want fire, fetch it from *Ætna* pure,
Yet ſtay a while and do not ſtir,
For if his glowing eyes ſhould chance
On *Proſerpine* to ſhoot a glance,
He is ſo hot he'd raviſh her.

25. *Song.*

DIſputes daily ariſe, and errors grow bolder,
Philoſophers prattle, and ſo does the ſizer,
The more we ſhould know then by being the older,
But plainly 't appears there's no body wiſer:
He that ſpends what he has, and wiſely drinks all,
'Tis he is the man Ma-the-ma-ti-cal.

26. *Song.*

WHere the Bee ſucks, there ſuck I,
In a Cowſlips Bell I lie;

There

There I crouch when Owls do cry,
On the Bats back I do fly,
After Summer merrily:
Merrily, merrily, ſhall I live now,
Under the bloſſom that hangs on the bow.

27. *Song.*

WHat ſhall he have that kill'd the Deer?
His Leather skin and Horns to wear,
Then ſing him home, the reſt ſhall bear his burthen,
Take thou no ſcorn
To wear the Horn,
It was a Greſt e're thou waſt born,
Thy Fathers Father wore it,
And thy Father bore it:
The Horn, the Horn, the luſty Horn,
Is not a thing to laugh to ſcorn.

28. *Song.*

A Curſe upon thee for a ſlave,
Art thou here and heardſt me rave?
Fly not ſparkles from mine eye,
To ſhew my indignation nigh?
Am I not all foam and fire?
With voice as hoarſe as a Town-cryer;
How my back opes and ſhuts together,
With fury, as old mens with weather:
Couldſt thou not hear my teeth knack hither,
Thou naſty, ſcurvy mungril Toad,
Miſchief on thee, light upon thee
All the plagues that can confound thee,
Or did ever raign abroad:
Better a thouſand lives it coſt,
Then have brave Anger ſpilt or loſt.

29. *Song.*

I Can love for an hour when I'me at leasure,
He that loves half a day sins without measure:
Cupid come tell me, what art had thy Mother,
To make me love one face more then another.
Men to be thought more wise, daily endeavour,
To make the world believe they can love ever.
Ladies believe them not, they will deceive you,
For when they have their wills, then they will leave you.
Men cannot feast themselves with your sweet features,
They love variety of charming creatures;
Too much of any thing sets them a cooling,
Though they can nothing do, they will be fooling.

30. *Song.*

Tom and *Will* were Shepherd-Swains,
They lov'd and liv'd together,
When fair *Pastora* grac'd their Plains,
Alas! why came she thither?
For though they fed two several Flocks,
They had but one desire,
Pastora's eyes and amber locks
Set both their hearts on fire.
Tom came of honest gentle Race,
By Father, and by Mother,
Will was Noble, but alas,
He was a younger Brother.
Tom was toysom, *Will* was sad,
No Huntsman, nor no Fowler,
Tom was held a proper Lad,
But *Will* the better Bowler.
Tom would drink her health, and swear
The Nation could not want her,
Will could take her by the ear,
And with his voice enchant her.

Tom

Tom kept always in her ſight,
And ne're forgot his duty,
Will was witty, and could write
Smooth Sonnets on her Beauty.
Thus did ſhe exerciſe her skill,
When both did dote upon her,
She graciouſly did uſe them ſtill,
And ſtill preſerv'd her honor.
So cunning and ſo fair a ſhe,
And of ſo ſweet behaviour,
That *Tom* thought he, and *Will* thought he
Was chiefly in her favour.
Which of thoſe two ſhe loved moſt,
Or whether ſhe lov'd either,
'Tis thought they'l find it to their coſt,
That ſhe indeed lov'd neither.
For to the Court *Paſtora*'s gone,
'T had been no Court without her;
The Queen among her train had none
Was half ſo fair about her.
Tom hung his Dog, and threw away
His Sheep-crook, and his Wallet,
Will burſt his Pipes, and curſt the day
That e're he made a Sonnet.

31. *Song.*

'TIs well, 'tis well with them (ſay I)
Whoſe ſhort-liv'd paſſions with themſelves can die;
For none can be unhappy, who
Midſt all his ills, a time does know,
Though ne're ſo long, when he ſhall not be ſo.
What ever parts of me remain,
Thoſe parts will ſtill the love of thee retain;
For 'twas not only in my heart,
But like a God by powerful art,
'Twas all in all, and all in every part.

My affection no more periſh can
Then the firſt matter that compounds a man.
Hereafter if one Duſt of me,
Mixt with anothers ſubſtance be,
'Twill Leaven that whole Lump with love of thee.
Let Nature if ſhe pleaſe diſperſe
My Atoms over all the Univerſe,
At the laſt they eaſily ſhall
Themſelves know, and together call,
For thy Love, like a Mark, is ſtampt on all.

32. *Song.*

NOw, by my Love, the greateſt Oath that is,
There's none that loves thee half ſo well as I,
I do not neither ask your love for this;
For Heavens ſake believe me, or I die:
No faithful ſervant e're but did deſerve
His Maſter ſhould believe that he did ſerve,
And I ask no more wages though I ſtarve.
My Love, fair Beauty, like thy ſelf is pure,
Nor could I e're a beaſtial love approve,
One ſmile would make me willingly endure,
It can't but keep together Life and Love.
Being your priſ'ner and your captive ſlave,
So do not feaſt nor banquet look to have,
A little bread and water's all I crave.
Upon your ſigh for pity I can live,
One tear will keep me twenty years at leaſt,
And fifty more a gentle Look will give,
A hundred years but one kind word will feaſt,
A thouſand more will ſurely added be,
If you an inclination have for me,
They comprehend a vaſt Eternity.

33. *Song.*

DEar Love, let me this Ev'ning die,
Oh ſmile not to prevent it;

But

But uſe this opportunity,
Leſt we do both repent it:
Frown quickly then, and break my heart,
So that my way of dying
May, though my life prove full of ſmart,
Be worth the worlds envying.
Some ſtriving knowledge to refine,
Conſume themſelves with thinking,
And ſome whoſe friendſhip's ſeal'd in wine,
Are kindly kill'd with drinking.
And ſome are wrackt on *Indian* Coaſt,
Thither by gain invited,
And ſome in ſmoak of battle loſt,
Whom Drums nor flutes delighted.
Alas, how poorly theſe depart,
Their graves ſtill unattended,
Who dies not of a broken heart
In love is not befriended;
His memory is onely ſweet,
All praiſe no pity moving,
Who fondly at his Miſtreſs feet
Doth die with over-loving.
And now thou frown'ſt, and now I die,
My Corps by Lovers follow'd
Shall ſhortly by dead Lovers lie,
For that ground's only hallow'd.
If the Prieſt tak't ill I have a grave,
My death not well approving,
The Poets my eſtate ſhall have,
To teach the Art of loving:
And now let Lovers ring the Bells,
For the poor youth departed,
He which all others elſe excels
That are not broken-hearted.
My grave with flowers let Virgins ſtrow,
But if thy tears fall near them,

They'l ſo excel in ſcent and ſhow,
Thy ſelf will ſhortly wear them:
Such flowers how much will *Flora* prize,
That on a Lover's growing,
And water'd by his Miſtris eyes
With pity overflowing?
A grave ſo deckt will (though thou art
Yet fearful to come nigh me)
Provoke thee ſtraight to break thy heart,
And lie down boldly by me.
Then ev'ry where the Bells ſhall ring,
While all to black is turning,
All Torches burn, and each Quire ſing,
As Natures ſelf were mourning.
And we hereafter may be found
(By Deſtinies right placing)
Making, like flowers, love under ground,
Whoſe roots are ſtill imbracing.

33. *Song.*

Pompey was a mad man, a mad man,
Pompey was a mad man, a mad man was he,
So long he was a glad man, a glad man,
So long he was a glad man, a glad man was he,
Till *Cæſar* in *Pharſalia* routed his Battalia,
'Cauſe he was a madder, a madder far then he.
Then be thou mad, and I mad, and mad let us be,
And the Devil himſelf ſhan't be madder then we.

34. *Song.*

THe Pot, and the Pipe,
The Cup, and the Can,
Have quite undone, quite undone,
Many a man.
The Hawk, and the Hound,
The Dice, and the Whoae,

Have

Have quite undone, quite undone,
Many a ſcore.
Quite undone, quite undone,
Many a more.

35. *Song.*

THere was three Cooks of *Colebrook*,
And they fell out with our Cook,
And all was for a pudding they took,
From one of the Cooks of *Colebrook*.
Slaſh Cook,
Swaſh Cook,
And thou maiſt kiſs mine Arſe Cook,
And all was for a pudding they took,
From one of the Cooks of *Colebrook*.
And they fell all on our Cook,
And beat him ſore that he did look,
As black as did the Pudding he took,
From one of the Cooks of *Colebrook*.

36. *Song.*

NO man Loves fiery paſſion can approve,
As yielding either pleaſure or promotion;
I like a mild and luke-warm zeal in Love,
Although I do not like it in devotion.
For it hath no coherence with my Creed,
To think that Lovers mean as they pretend,
If all that ſaid they dy'd, had dy'd indeed,
Sure long ere this the world had had an end.
Some one perhaps in long Conſumption dry'd,
And after falling into love might die:
But I dare ſwear he never yet had dy'd,
Had he been half ſo ſound at heart as I.
Another rather then incur the ſlander
Of true Apoſtate, will falſe Martyr prove;
I'le neither *Orpheus* be, nor yet *Leander*,
I'le neither hang, nor drown my ſelf for love.

Yet I have been a Lover by report,
And I have dy'd for love as others do,
Prais'd be great *Jove*, I dy'd in such a sort,
As I reviv'd within an hour or two.
Thus have I liv'd, thus have I lov'd till now,
And ne're had reason to repent me yet,
And whosoever otherwise will do,
His courage is as little as his wit.

37. *Song.*

STrait my green Gown into Breeches I'le make,
My long yellow Locks much shorter I'le take,
With a Hey Down, Down, a Down, Down-a.
Then I'le cut me a Switch, and with that ride about,
And wander, and wander, till I find him out,
With a Hey Down, Down, a Down, Down-a.
And when *Phylander* shall be dead,
I'le bury him, I'le bury him,
And I'le bury him in a Primrose-bed,
Then I'le sweetly ring his Knell,
With a pretty Cowslip-Bell,
Ding Dong Bell, Ding Dong Bell.

38. *Song.*

I Wo' not go to't, I mun not go to't,
For love, nor yet for fee,
For I am a maid, and will be a maid,
And a good one till I dee;
Yet mine intent I could repent,
For one mans Company.

39. *Song.*

HE that marries a merry Lass,
He has most cause to be sad;
For let her go free in her merry tricks
She'l work his patience mad.

But

But he that marries a ſcold, a ſcold,
He has moſt cauſe to be merry;
For when ſhe's in her fits,
He may cheriſh his wits,
With ſinging hey down derry.
He that weds a roaring Girl,
That will both ſcratch and fight;
Though he ſtudy all day
To make her away,
Will be glad to pleaſe her at night.
And he that copes with a ſullen wench,
That ſcarce will ſpeak at all;
Her doggedneſs more
Then a Scold or a Whore,
Will penetrate his gall.
He that's matcht with a Turtle Dove,
That has no ſpleen about her;
Shall waſte ſo much life,
In love of his wife,
He had better be without her.

40. *Song.*

MY lodging it is on the cold ground,
And very hard is my fare,
But that which troubles me moſt, is
The unkindneſs of my Dear;
Yet ſtill I cry, O turn my Love,
And I prethee Love turn to me,
For thou art the man that I long for,
And alack what remedy.
I'le Crown thee with Garlands of ſtraw then,
And I'le marry thee with a Ruſh Ring;
My frozen hopes ſhall thaw then,
And merrily we will ſing,
Oh turn to me my dear Love,
And I prethee Love turn to me,

For

For thou art the man that alone canſt,
Procure my liberty.
But if thou wilt harden thy heart ſtill,
And be deaf to my pitiful moan,
Then *I* muſt endure the ſmart ſtill,
And tumble in ſtraw all alone;
Yet ſtill I cry, Oh turn Love,
And I prethee Love turn to me,
For thou art the man that alone art
The cauſe of my miſery.

41. *Song.*

THou Deity, ſwift-winged Love,
Sometimes below, ſometimes above,
Little in ſhape, but great in power,
Thou that mak'ſt thy heart a Tower,
And thy loop-holes Ladies eyes,
From whence thou ſtrik'ſt the fond and wiſe.
Did all the ſhafts in thy fair Quiver,
Stick faſt in my ambitious Liver;
Yet thy power would I adore,
And call upon thee to ſhoot more,
Shoot more, ſhoot more.

42. *Song.*

HElp, help, O help, Divinity of Love,
Or *Neptune* will commit a Rape
Upon my *Chloris*, ſhe's on his Boſom,
And without a wonder cannot ſcape.
See, ſee, the Winds grow drunk with joy, and throng
So faſt to ſee Love's *Argo*, and the wealth it bears,
That now the tackling, and the ſails they tear,
They fight, they fight who ſhall convey
Amintor's love into her Bay,
And hurl the Seas at one another,
As if they would the Welkin ſmother.
Hold *Boreas*, hold! he will not hear,

The

The Rudder cracks, the Main-maſt falls,
The Pilot ſwears, the Skipper bawls,
A ſhower of Clouds in darkneſs fall,
To put out *Chloris* light withall:
Ye Gods, where are ye? are ye all aſleep,
Or drunk with Nectar? why do you not keep
A Watch upon your Miniſters of Fate?
Tye up the winds, or they will blow the Seas
To Heav'n, and drown your Deities.
A calm, a calm, Miracle of love,
The Sea-born Queen that lies above,
Hath heard *Amintor*'s cryes,
And *Neptune* now muſt loſe his prize.
Welcome, welcome *Chloris* to the ſhore,
Thou ſhalt go to Sea no more:
We to *Tempes* Groves will go,
Where the calmer winds do blow,
And embark our hearts together,
Fearing neither Rocks, nor Weather;
But out-ride the ſtorms of love,
And for ever conſtant prove.

43. *Song.*

BY Heaven I'le tell her boldly that 'tis ſhe,
Why ſhould ſhe aſham'd or angry be,
That ſhe's belov'd by me?
The Gods may give their Altars o're;
They'l ſmoak but ſeldome any more,
If none but happy men muſt them adore.
The lightning which tall Oaks oppoſe in vain,
To ſtrike ſometimes does not diſdain
The humbler Furzes of the plain.
She being ſo high, and I ſo low,
Her power by this doth greater ſhow,
Who at ſuch diſtance gives ſo ſure a blow.
Compar'd with her, all things ſo worthleſs prove,
That nought on earth can towards her move,

Till't

Till't be exalted by her love.
Equal to her, alas, there's none;
She like a Deity is grown,
That must create, or else must be alone.
If there be man who thinks himself so high,
As to pretend equality,
He deserves her less then I,
For he would cheat for his relief,
And one would give with lesser grief,
To an undeserving beggar then a thief.

44. *Song.*

WHen I drein my Goblets deep,
All my cares are rockt asleep.
Rich as *Cræsus*, Lord o'th' earth,
Chanting *Odes* of wit and mirth,
And with Ivy Garlands crown'd,
I can kick the Globe round, round.
Let others fight while I drink,
Boy, my Goblet fill to th' brink;
Come fill it high, fill it high,
That I may but drink and die.
For when I lay down my head,
'Tis better to be drunk, 'tis better to be drunk,
Dead drunk, then dead.

45. *Song.*

Cupid's no God, a wanton Child,
His Art's too weak, his Power's too mild;
No active heat, nor noble fire
Feathers his Arrows with desire;
'Tis not his Bow or Shaft, 'tis *Venus* eye
Makes him ador'd, and crowns his Deity.

46. *Song.*

IF I freely might discover
What would please me in my lover,

I would have her fair and witty,
Savouring more of Court then City,
A little proud, but full of pity;
Light and humorous in her toying,
Oft building hopes, and soon destroying;
Neither too easie, nor too hard,
All extreams I would have bar'd.

47. Song.

YOung and simple though I am,
I have heard of *Cupids* name;
Gues I can what thing it is
Men desire when they do kiss:
Smoke can never burn they say,
But the flames that follow may.

I am not so fond or fair,
To be proud, or to despair;
Yet my lips have oft observ'd
Men that kiss them press too hard,
As glad lovers use to do,
When their new-met Loves they woo.

Faith 'tis but a foolish mind,
Yet methinks a heat I find,
And thirsty longing that doth bide
Ever on the weaker side.
O! I feel my heart doth move,
Venus grant it be not love.

If it be, alas what then?
Were not women made for men?
As good it were a thing were past,
That must needs be done at last.
Roses that are over-blown
Grow less sweet, and fall alone.

Yet no churl, nor silken gull,
Shall my Virgin-blossom pull,

Who ſhall not, I ſoon can tell,
Who ſhall, would I could as well,
Yet I'm ſure what e're he be,
Love he muſt, or flatter me.

48. *Song.*

OH that joy ſo ſoon ſhould waſte,
Or ſo ſweet a bliſs
As a kiſs,
Might not for ever laſt.
A ſugry melting ſo ſoft, ſo delicious,
The dew that lies on Roſes,
When the morn her ſelf diſcloſes,
Is not ſo precious;
Or rather when I would it ſmother,
Were I to taſte but ſuch another,
It would be my wiſhing,
That I might die with kiſſing.

49. *Song.*

WHy ſo pale and wan fond lover?
Prethee why ſo pale?
If looking well it will not move her,
Can looking ill prevail?
Prethee why ſo pale?
Why ſo dull and mute young ſinner?
Prethee why ſo mute?
If ſpeaking well it cannot win her,
Can ſaying nothing do't?
Prethee why ſo mute?
Quit, quit for ſhame, this will not move her,
This cannot take her:
If of her ſelf ſhe will not love,
Nothing can make her,
The Devil take her.

50. *Song.*

AMongſt the Myrtles, as I walk'd
Alone, I with my ſighs thus talk'd:

Tell

Tell me, ſaid I, in deep diſtreſs,
Where I may find my Shepherdeſs.
Then Fool, ſaid Love, know'ſt thou not this,
In every thing that's good, ſhe is;
In yonder Tulip, go and ſeek,
There thou ſhalt find her lip and cheek.
In that enamel'd Pancy by,
There thou ſhalt find her curious eye,
In bloom of Peach, in Roſes bud,
There waves the ſtreamers of her bloud.
'Tis true, ſaid I, and thereupon
I went and pluckt them one by one,
To make of parts an union,
But on a ſudden all was gone.
At which I ſtopt: ſaid Love, theſe be,
Fond man, reſemblances of thee:
For as theſe flowers, thy joy muſt die.
Even in the turning of an eye;
And all thy hopes of her muſt withrr,
As do thoſe flowers when knit together.

15. *Song.*

COme, come, you Goddeſſes of the night,
That in ſilent ſports delight,
And ſee the wanton Moon-ſhine play,
To light us in our doleful way.
Come, come, come Ladies, come,
The night's not blind, though deaf and dumb.
Ladies, have you ſeen a toy,
Called Love, a little Boy?
Almoſt naked, wanton, blind,
Cruel now, and then as kind;
If he be 'mongſt you Ladies, ſay,
That he is *Venus* run-away.

Marks

Marks he hath about him plenty,
You may know him amongſt twenty;
As his body is on fire,
And his breath out-flames deſire;
So being ſent like Lightning in,
He wounds our hearts, but not our skin.
If any here can but diſcover,
Where this winged wag doth hover,
For her pains ſhall have a kiſs,
When and where her heart can wiſh:
But ſhe that can but bring him to his Mother,
From *Venus* and her boy ſhall have another.

52. *Song.*

WHy ſhould paſſion lead the blind,
'Cauſe thy Miſtris is unkind?
She's yet too young to know delight,
And is not plum'd for *Cupids* flight.
She cannot yet, in height of pleaſure,
Pay her lovers equal meaſure:
But like a Roſe, new blown, doth feed
The eye alone, but yield no ſeed.
She is as yet but in her ſpring,
Cold in love, till *Cupid* bring
A hotter ſeaſon with his fire,
Which ſoon will kindle her deſire.
Autumn will ſhortly come and greet her,
Making her taſte and colour ſweeter:
Her ripeneſs then will ſoon be ſuch,
That ſhe will fall even with a touch.

53. *Song.*

LIe ſtill my Dear, why doſt thou riſe?
The light that ſhines comes from thine eyes;
The day breaks not, it is my heart,
To think that you and I muſt part.

Oh

Oh ſtay! or elſe my joys will die,
Or periſh in their infancy.

'Tis time, 'tis day! What if it be?
Wilt thou therefore ariſe from me?
Did we lie down becauſe of night?
And ſhall we riſe for fear of light?
No, ſince in darkneſs we came hither,
In ſpight of light wee'l lye together:
Oh let me die on thy ſweet breaſt,
Far ſweeter then the Phœnix neſt.

54. *Song.*

FRom hunger, cold, who lives more free?
Or who leads merrier life then we?
Our bellies are full, our backs are warm,
And 'gainſt all pride our rags are charm.
Enough is a feaſt, and for to morrow
Let rich men care, we feel no ſorrow.
Both City and Town, and every Village,
Affords us either arms or pillage:
But when the weather is cold or raw,
Then in a Barn we tumble in ſtraw.
In Summer together like Bees we do flock,
And tumble in the graſs, or in the hay-cock.

55. *Song.*

SInce love hath brought me,
And I have caught thee,
Here in this Bower;
Nor ſhall thy faigning,
Nor thy complaining;
Thy cauſleſs chiding,
Thy ſhort abiding,
Thy crafty ſmiling,
Thy quaint beguiling,
Thoſe thy ſtruglings,
With all thy juglings.

Can

Can make me leave thee,
No, no, thou ſhalt no more deceive me.

56. Song.

HE that will court a wench that is coy,
That is proud, that is peeviſh and antick,
Let him be careleſs to ſpott and toy,
And as peeviſh as ſhe is frantick:
Laugh at her, and ſlight her,
Flatter her, ſpight her,
Rail and commend her again.
It is the way to woo her,
If that you mean to come cloſe to her,
Such Girls will love ſuch men.
He that will court a wench that is mild,
That is ſoft and kind of behaviour;
Let him kindly woo her,
Not roughly come to her,
'Tis the way to win her favour.
Give her kiſſes plenty:
She'l take them were they twenty;
Stroke her and kiſs her again,
It is the way to woo her,
If that you mean to come cloſe to her,
Such Girls do love ſoft men.
He that will court a wench that is mad,
That will ſqueek and cry out if you handle her,
Let him kiſs and fling, till he make the houſe ring,
'Tis the only way to tame her:
Take her up and rouze her,
Salute her, and rouze her,
Then kiſs her, and pleaſe her again:
It is the way to woo her,
If that you mean to come cloſe to her,
Mad Girls do love mad men.

57. *Song.*

A Nymph (when as the Summers beams
made hot the colder air)
Into a fountains cryſtal ſtreams,
to bathe her did repair:
And by degrees ſhe boldly did
at length thoſe parts unhide;
Which to the baſhful, nature made
ſo curious to be ſpy'd.

Oft downwards would ſhe caſt her head,
and bluſhing look away;
Then twiſt her arms, and twine her thighs,
as fearful to betray
Her ſelf unto her fearful ſelf:
thus frighted ſhe at laſt,
Into the fountains ſwifteſt ſtreams
her pureſt body caſt.

The waves did proudly bear her up,
and yet the ſilver brook,
Seem'd not to cleanſe her as ſhe ſwam,
but from her purifying rook.
And underneath the cryſtal ſtreams,
as ſhe did gliding paſs,
She ſeemed like a Lilly fair,
that ſunk into a glaſs.

And as ſhe did her dainty arms
in ſundry ſort diſplay,
Oft-times ſhe would *Narciſſus*-like,
with her own ſhadow play.
Oft would ſhe lie upon her back,
with legs and arms both ſpread,
And imitate thoſe wanton joys,
that women uſe in bed.

Women their modeſty forget,
and often lay aſide;
This Nymph, that thought her ſelf unſeen,
was by a Shepherd ſpy'd;
Who raviſht with the ſight he ſaw,
no longer ſtaid to woo her,
But flung away his hook and ſcrip,
and boldly ſtept unto her.
She ſcreeking div'd, thought to have hid
her ſelf, but all in vain,
The waters to preſerve her life,
did bear her up again:
The Shepherd caught her in his arms,
and laid her on the brink,
And what he did without delay,
you know, or elſe may think.

58. *Song.*

AMongſt the Myrtles ſate my Love,
With a more Downy skin
And tender breaſt then *Venus* Dove,
And clearer from all ſin.

For her I pluckt the Mary-gold,
Whoſe leaf ſhut with the evening dew,
I ſaid to her, riſe and behold,
What pretty riddle this doth ſhew.
Thoſe leaves ſhut in, like to a cloiſtered Nun,
Will open when they feel the radiant Sun.

What mean you by this riddle, Sir, ſhe ſaid,
I pray expound it: then I thus began;
Know, maids are made for men, and men for maids,
Which ſaid, ſhe chang'd her colour, and look'd wan.
Since you the riddle, Sir, ſo plain have told,
Be you my Sun, I'le be your Mary-gold.

59. *Song.*

AS I travers'd to and fro,
And in the fields was walking,
I chanc'd to hear two Sisters,
That secretly were talking:
The younger to the elder said,
Prethee why dost not marry?
In faith, quoth she, I'le tell to thee,
I mean not long to tarry.
When I was fifteen years of age,
Then I had suitors many,
But I a wanton peevish wench,
Would not sport with any:
Till at the last, I sleeping fast,
Cupid came to woo me,
And like a Lad that was stark mad,
He swore he would come to me.
And then he lay down by my side,
And spread his arms upon me,
And I being 'twixt asleep and wake,
Did strive to thrust him from me:
But he with all the power he had,
Did lie the harder on me.
And then he did so play with me,
As I was play'd with never:
The wanton Boy so pleased me,
I would have slept for ever.
And then methought the world turn'd round,
And *Phœbus* fell a skipping,
And all the Nymphs and Goddesses
About us two were tripping.
Then seemed *Neptune* as he pour'd
His Ocean streams upon us,
But *Boreas* with his blustring blasts
Did strive to keep him from us.

Limping

Limping *Vulcan* he came in,
As if he had been jealous,
Venus followed after him,
And ſwore ſhe'd blow the bellows;
Mars call'd *Cupid* Jack-an-apes,
And ſwore he would him ſmother,
Quoth *Cupid*, ſaid I ſo to thee,
When thou laid'ſt with my Mother?
Juno then and *Jupiter*,
Came marching with *Apollo*;
Pan came in with *Mercury*,
And then began the hollow:
Cupid ran and hid himſelf,
And ſo of joys bereft me,
For ſuddenly I did awake,
And all theſe fancies left me.

60. *Song.*

I'Le gaze no more on that bewitching face,
Since ruine harbours there in every place:
For my inchanted ſoul alike ſhe drowns,
With calms and tempeſts of her ſmiles and frowns.
I'le love no more thoſe cruel eyes of hers,
Which pleas'd or anger'd, ſtill are murtherers.
For if ſhe dart like lightning through the air
Her beams of wrath, ſhe kills me with deſpair:
If ſhe behold me with a pleaſing eye,
I ſurfeit with exceſs of joy, and dye.

61. *Song.*

LOvers rejoyce, your pains ſhall be rewarded:
The God of Love himſelf grieves at your crying,
No more ſhall frozen honour be regarded,
Nor the coy faces of the Maids denying:
No more ſhall Virgins ſigh, and ſay, We dare not,
For men are falſe, and what they ſay they care not.
All ſhall be well again, then do not grieve,
Men muſt be true, and women ſhall believe.

Lovers

Lovers rejoyce, what you ſhall ſay henceforth,
When you have caught your ſweet-hearss in your armr,
It ſhall be accounted oracle, and worth
No more faint-hearted girles ſhall dream of harms,
And cry they are too young; the god hath ſaid,
Fifteen ſhall make a mother of a maid.
Then wiſe men pull your roſes yet unblown,
Love hates the too ripe fruit that falls alone.

62. Song.

HOw ill doth He deſerve a Lovers name,
Whoſe pale weak flame
Cannot retain
His heat in ſpight of abſence or diſdain;
But doth at once, like paper ſet on fire,
Burn and expire.
True love can never change his ſeat,
Nor did he ever love that could retreat;
That noble flame which my breaſt keeps alive
Shall ſtill ſurvive,
When my ſoul's fled;
Nor ſhall my love die when my body's dead,
That ſhall wait on me to the lower ſhade,
And never fade.
My very Aſhes in their Urn
Shall, like a hallowed Lamp, for ever burn.

63. Song.

Sheph. TEll me deareſt what is love?
Nymph. 'Tis a lightning from above.
'Tis an arrow, 'tis a fire,
'Tis a toy they call deſire;
'Tis a ſmile that doth beguile
The poor hearts of men that prove:
Shep. Tell me more, Are women true?
Nymph. Some love change, and ſo do you.
Shep. Are they fair, and ever kind?
Nymph. Yes, when men turn with every wind.

Shep. Are they froward?
Nymph. Ever toward
Thoſe that love, to love anew.

64. Song.

COme Shepherds come,
Come away without delay,
Whilſt the gentle time doth ſtay.
Green woods are dumb,
And will never tell to any
Thoſe dear kiſſes, and thoſe many
Sweet embraces that are given,
Dainty pleaſures, that would even
Raiſe in coldeſt age a fire,
And give Virgin blood deſire:
Then if ever,
Now or never,
Come and have it;
Think not I
Dare deny,
If you crave it.

65. Song.

WOuld you know what's ſoft? I dare
Not bring you to the Down or Air;
Nor to the ſtars to ſhew what's bright,
Nor to the ſnow to teach you white.
Nor if you would Muſick hear,
Call the Orbs to take your ear.
Nor to pleaſe your ſenſe bring forth
Bruiſed Nard, or what's more worth:
Or, on food were your thoughts plac'd,
Bring you Nectar for your taſte.
Would you have all theſe in one,
Name my Miſtreſs, and 'tis done.

66. Song.

1. THis Lady ripe, and calm, and freſh,
As Eaſtern Summers are,

Muſt

Muſt now forſake both time and fleſh,
To add light to a ſtar.
2. Whilſt yet alive, each ſtar decay'd,
She may relieve with light;
But death leads beauty to a ſhade,
More cold, more dark than night.
1. The ſaucy faith of man doth blind
His mind, till it conduce
To deſtine all his abject kind
From ſome external uſe.
2. Then ask not bodies doom'd to die,
To what abode they go,
Since knowledge is but ſorrows ſpie,
It is not ſafe to know.

67. *Song.*

YOu Virgins nine, from whence there flows
Words able to expreſs our ill,
Teach me to warble out my woes,
And with a ſigh each accent fill;
Infuſe my breaſt with doleful ſtrains,
Whoſe heavy note may ſpeak my pains,
O let me ſigh, and ſighing weep,
Till night beguile mine eyes with ſleep.
The pleaſing murmurs of the air,
That gently fan each moving thing,
I being heard, ſtraight do repair,
And bear a burthen, whilſt I ſing
A heavy burthen, doleful ſong,
The fathers grief, the ſubjects wrong.
O let me ſigh,, and ſighing weep,
Till night beguile mine eyes with ſleep.
The grieved *Flora* hangs the head,
Of every youthful plant and tree.

And flowry pleaſures are ſtark dead,
At my lamenting melody.
Then all my Muſes keep my ſtrains,
To keep the depth of bitter pains,
O let me ſigh, and ſighing weep,
Till night beguile mine eyes with ſleep.

Methinks I hear the ſinging ſpheres,
Tune their melodious ſtrains to mine,
The dewy clouds diſſolve in tears,
As if they griev'd to ſee me pine,
And all things joyn to help my moan,
Thus ſeldome come true ſighs alone:
Then let me ſigh, and ſighing weep,
Till night beguile mine eyes with ſleep.

68. Song.

MY Miſtreſs loves no Woodcocks,
Yet loves to pick the bones,
My Miſtreſs loves ſome Jewels,
And other precious ſtones.
My Miſtreſs loves no hunting,
Yet loves to hear the horn.
My Miſtreſs loves not Iriſh,
Yet loves to ſee men born.
My Miſtreſs loves no wreſtling,
Yet loves to catch a fall.
My Miſtreſs loves not all thingss
Yet loves my Maſter withal.

69. Song.

AH me, thou never lov'dſt me yet;
Faith and troth are but a fit,
But to try, if that I
Would deny, or comply
With thy falſe diſſembling wit,
Hoping my heart, by thy cunning wit and art

To betray, as a prey for thine own.
Not to prove, or to love,
But deceive, and bereave
Of the hope that it feeds upon.
Oh then wonder not at me,
If I find in thy mind ſuch deceit:
'Twere more ſtrange not to change,
But to yield in the field,
Where love doth ſo faintly beat.
Bluſh not then, thou haſt found out the cauſe
Of thy ſhame, then blame not my deſert:
'Tis ſuſpicious to be vicious,
Or give fire to deſire,
When Love inflames but ſo in part.

70. *Song.*

STill to be neat, ſtill to be dreſt,
as you were going to a feaſt;
Still to be powdered, ſtill perfumed,
Lady it is to be preſumed,
Though arts hid cauſes are not found,
All is not ſweet, all is not ſound,
Give me a look, give me a face,
that makes ſimplicity a grace:
Robes ſweetly flowing, hair as free,
ſuch ſweet neglect more taketh me,
Than all the adulteries of art,
they wound mine eyes, but not mine heart.

71. *Song.*

FLow, flow, freſh Font, keep time with thy ſalt tears,
Yet ſlower, yet, oh faintly gentle ſprings,
Liſt to the heavy part, the muſick bears,
We weep out her diviſions when ſhe ſings.
Drop herbs and flowers,
Fall grief in ſhowers,
Our beauties are not ours.

Oh I could ſtill,
Like melting ſnow upon ſome craggy hill,
Drop, drop, drop, drop,
Since Nature's pride is now a-wither'd Daffadil.

72. *Song.*

HOld back thy hours, dark night, till we have done;
The day will come too ſoon.
Young maids will curſe thee if thou ſteal'ſt away,
And leav'ſt their bluſhes open to the day.
Stay, ſtay, and hide,
The bluſhes of the Bride.
Stay gentle night, and with thy darkneſs cover
The kiſſes of my lover.
Stay, and confound her tears, and her ſhril cryings,
Her weak denials, vows, and often dyings.
Stay and hide all:
But help not though ſhe call.

73. *Song.*

Streph. COme my *Daphne*, come away,
We do waſte the Chryſtal day?
It is *Strephon* calls. *Daph.* What ſays my love?
Streph. Come follow to the Myrtle grove,
Where I with *Venus* will prepare
New chaplets to adorn thy hair.
Daph. *Strephon*, were I ſhut in this tree,
I'de break the bark to follow thee.
Streph. My Shepherdeſs make haſte,
The minutes flye too faſt;
Let's to thoſe cooler ſhades, where I,
Blind as *Cupid* in thine eye,
Betwixt thy breaſts will ever ſtray.
Daph. In ſuch warm ſnow,
Who would not loſe his way?

74. *Song.*

WE'll laugh and leave this world behind,
And *Jove* himſelf who ſees,

Shall

Shall envy us ſuch, but ne're ſhall find
Such pleaſure in his Deities.

75. Song.

BAck again, fond man forbear,
Buy not a minutes play too dear:
Come with holy flames, and be
Welcome to vertue, and to me.

76. Song.

COurtier if thou needs wilt wive,
From this Leſſon learn to thrive:
If to match it be thy fate,
Let her ſurpaſs in birth and ſtate:
Let her curious garments be
Twice above thine own degree.
This will draw great eyes upon her,
Get her ſervants, and thee honour.

77. Song.

POor Citizen, if thou wilt be
A happy husband, learn of me,
To ſet thy wife firſt in thy ſhop;
A fair, kind, ſweet wife, ſets a poor man up;
What though his ſhelves be ne'r ſo bare?
A woman ſtill is currant ware;
Each man will cheapen, foe and friend;
But whilſt thou art at th' other end,
Whate're thou ſeeſt, or what doſt hear,
Fool have no eye to, nor no ear,
And after ſupper, for her ſake,
When thou haſt fed, ſnort, though thou wake:
What though the Gallants call thee Mome,
Yet with thy Lanthorn light her home:
I am confident, but will not tell,
Where ſuch a Citizen doth dwell.

78. Song.

LOve, a thouſand ſweets diſtilling,
And with Nectar boſomes filling.

Charm all eyes that none may find us,
Be above, before, behind us,
And whilſt we thy pleaſures taſte,
Inforce time it ſelf to ſtay,
And by the fore-lock hold him faſt,
Leſt occaſion ſlip away.

79. *Song.*

THere was an inviſible Fox by chance,
Did meet with two inviſible Geeſe;
Haled them a fine inviſible dance,
For a hundred Crowns a piece.
Inviſible all but his head he would go,
But when it came to be try'd,
Not only his hand which was left he did ſhow,
Put a fair pair of heels beſide:
Inviſible ſince their wits have been,
But yet there is hope of either;
Their wits and their crowns may return again,
Inviſible altogether.

80. *Song.*

IF Love his arrows ſhoot ſo faſt,
Soon his feathered ſtock will waſte,
But I miſtake in thinking ſo,
Loves arrows in his quiver grow,
That he wants no artillery,
That appears too true in me.
Two ſhafts feed upon my breaſt,
Oh mak't a quiver for the reſt:
Kill me with love thou armed ſon
Of *Cytherea*, or let one,
One ſharp golden arrow flye
To wound her heart for whom I die.
Cupid, if thou beeſt a child,
Be a good boy, be more mild.

81. *Song.*

ROom for the melancholy wight,
Some call him willow-Knight,
Who theſe pains had undertaken,
To find out Lovers are forſaken:
Whoſe heads becauſe but little witted,
Shall with Garlands ſtraight be ſitted:
Speak who are toſt on *Cupids* billows,
And receive the crown of Willows:
This way, that way, round about,
Keep your heads from breaking out.

82. *Song.*

SEck not to know my Love, for ſhe
Hath vowed her conſtant love to me;
Her mild aſpects are mine;
Shalt only know a ſtormy brow:
For if her beauty ſtir deſire,
In me her kiſſes quench that fire.

Or can I to loves fountain go,
Or dwell upon thoſe hills of ſnow;
But when thou burn'ſt ſhe ſhall not ſpare
One gentle breath to cool thy air,
Thou ſhalt not climb thoſe Alps, nor ſpy,
Where the ſweet ſprings of *Venus* lye.
Search hidden nature, and there find
A treaſure to enrich thy mind.
Diſcover Arts not yet revealed,
But let my Miſtreſs live concealed.
Though men by knowledge wiſer grow,
Yet here 'tis wiſdome not to know.

83. *Song.*

WElcome, welcome again to thy wits,
This is a holy day:
I'le have no plots, nor melancholy fits,
But merrily paſs the time away:

They are mad that are ſad,
Be ruled by me,
And none ſhall be ſo merry as we.
The Kitchin ſhall catch cold no more,
And we'll have no key to the Buttery door,
The Fidlers ſhall ſing,
And the houſe ſhall ring,
And the world ſhall ſee
What a merry couple,
Merry couple
We will be.

84. *Song.*

LOve is a bog, a deep bog, and a wide bog;
Love is a clog, a great clog, and a cloſe clog;
'Tis a wilderneſs to loſe our ſelves,
And a halter 'tis to nooſe our ſelves,
Then draw Dun out of the mire,
And throw the clog i'th fire:
Keep in the Kings high-way
Sober, and you cannot ſtray.
If you admire no female elf,
The halter may go hang it ſelf,
Drink wine and be merry, for love is folly,
And dwells in the houſe of melancholy.

85. *Song.*

THe bluſhing Roſe, and purple flower,
Let grown too long, are ſooneſt blaſted.
Dainty fruits, though ſweet, will ſour,
And rot in ripeneſs left untaſted;
Yet there is one more ripe than theſe,
The more you taſte, the more ſhe'l pleaſe.

Beauty though enclos'd with Ice,
Is a ſhadow chaſte as rare;
Then how much thoſe ſweets entice,
That have iſſue full as fair.

Earth

Earth cannot yield from all her powers,
One equal for Dame *Venus* bowers.

86. *Song.*

FOnd fables tell of old,
How *Jove* in *Danaes* lap,
Fell in a ſhower of gold:
By which ſhe caught a clap;
O! had it been my hap.
How-e're the blow doth threaten,
So well I like the play,
That I could wiſh all day,
And night to be ſo beaten.

87. *Song.*

CHant birds in every buſh,
The Black-bird and the Thruſh,
The chirping Nightingale,
The Linnet and the Wagtail,
The Mavis and the Lark,
O how they do begin, hark, hark!

88. *Song.*

COme follow, follow me,
You Fairy elves that be;
Come compaſs in this green,
And follow me your Queen.
Hand in hand let's dance a round,
For this place is Fairy ground.
When mortals are at reſt,
And ſnorting in their neſt
Unheard, or uneſpy'd,
Through Key-holes we do glide;
Over tables, ſtools, and ſhelves,
We trip it with our Fairy elves.
Then if the houſe be foul,
With platter, diſh, or bowl,

Up

Up ſtairs we nimbly creep,
And find the ſluts aſleep,
Then we pinch their arms and thighs,
None us hears, none us eſpies:
But if the houſe be ſwept,
And from uncleanneſs kept,
We praiſe the houſhold maid,
And ſurely ſhe is paid:
For every night before we go
We drop a teſter in her ſhoo.
Upon a Muſhroom head,
Our table-cloath is ſpread,
A corn of Rye or Wheat,
Is the dyet that we eat:
Pearly drops of dew we drink,
In Acorn cups up to the brink.
The brains of Nightingales,
With unction fat of Snails,
Between two Muſcles ſtew'd,
Is meat that's eaſily chew'd:
Brains of Worms, and marrow of Mice,
Do make our feaſts of wondrous price.
The Graſhopper, Gnat and Fly,
Serve for our Miſtreſs high,
Grace ſaid, we dance a while,
And ſo we do the time beguile:
And when the Moon doth hide her head,
The Glow-worms light us to our bed.
O're tops of dewy graſs,
So nimbly we do paſs,
The young and tender ſtalk,
Ne're bends where we do walk:
But in the morning may be ſeen,
The night before where we have been.

89 *Song.*

SAy *Clarinda* while we prove
The mutual acts of bliſs and love;
Why weep'ſt, theſe are no maiden fears,
That hath our kiſſes in thy tears.
What faith taught thee to begin,
Repentance in the act of ſin?
Or do theſe grieved ſprings run o're,
Becauſe we did not meet before?
Or do thoſe ſilver fountains flow
In envy of thoſe ſilver pearls below;
Or ſorrow melt thy fairer eyes,
Becauſe my *Clare* would be too wiſe?
No, no *Clarinda*, I have found
Of all thy griefs the perfect ground:
And thou muſt needs be ſorry for't,
That ſports ſo ſweet ſhould be ſo ſhort.

90. *Song.*

DRink, drink, all you that think
To cure your ſouls of ſadneſs;
Take up your Sack, 'tis all you lack,
All worldly care is madneſs.
Let Lawyers plead, and Scholars read,
And Sectaries ſtill conjecture,
Yet we can be as merry as they,
With a cup of *Apollo*'s Nectar.

Let gluttons feed, and ſouldiers bleed,
And fight for reputation;
Phyſicians be fools, to fill up cloſe ſtools,
And cure men by purgation,
Yet we have a way, far better than they,
Which *Galen* could never conjecture,
To cure the head, nay, quicken the dead,
With a cup of *Apollo*'s Nectar.

We

We do forget we are in debt,
When we with liquor are warmed,
We dare out-face the Sergeants Mace,
And Martial Troops though armed.
The Swediſh King much honour did win,
And valiant was as *Hector*,
Yet we can be as valiant as he,
With a cup of *Apollo*'s Nectar.
Let the Worlds ſlave his comfort have,
And hug his hoards of treaſure,
Till he and his wiſh meet both in a diſh,
So dies a miſer in pleaſure.
'Tis not a fat Farm our wiſhes can charm,
We ſcorn this greedy conjecture;
'Tis a health to our friend, to whom we commend
This cup of *Apollo*'s Nectar.
The Pipe and the Pot, are our common ſhot,
Wherewith we keep a quarter;
Enough for to choak with fire and ſmoak
The great Turk and the Tartar.
Our faces red, our enſigns ſpread,
Apollo is our Protector;
To rear up the Scout, to run in and out,
And to drink up this cup of Nectar.

91. *Song.*

WE lived one and twenty year
As man and wife together,
I could no longer keep her here,
She's gone I know not whither.
Could I but gueſs, I do proteſt,
I ſpeak it not to flatter,
Of all the women in the world,
I never would come at her.
Her body is beſtowed well,
A handſome grave did hide her,

And

And ſure her ſoul is not in Hell,
The Devils would not abide her.
I rather think ſhe's ſoar'd aloft,
For in the laſt great thunder,
Methought I heard her very voice
Rending the clouds aſunder.

92. *Song.*

LOve not me for lovely grace
From my pleaſant eye or face;
Or from any outward part,
No not from my conſtant heart.
These may fail, or turn to ill,
So thou and I ſhall ever ſerve,
Keep therefore a true womans eye,
And love me ſtill, and know not why;
So haſt thou the ſame reaſon ſtill,
To dote upon me ever.

93. *Song.*

FAir fare the Muſes, which in well-chim'd verſe
Our Princes noble birth do ſing;
I have a heart as full of joy as theirs,
As full of duty to my King.
And thus I tell,
How every Bell
Did ſound forth *Englands* merry glee:
The Bonefires too,
With much ado,
It were great pity to bely her,
Made *London* ſeem as all on fire,
A joyful ſight to ſee.
2. The wiſeſt Citizens were drunk that day,
With Beer and Wine moſt ſoundly paid:
The Conſtables in duty reel'd away,
And charged others them to aid.
To ſee how ſoon
Both Sun and Moon,

And ſeven ſtars forgotten be,
But all the night
Their heads were light,
With much exalting from their horn,
Becauſe the Prince of *Wales* was born.
A joyful ſight to ſee.

3. The Dutch-men they were drunk ſix dayes before,
And pray'd unto us to excuſe their joy;
The French-man vow'd ne're to be ſober more,
But drunk healths to the Royal Boy
In their own wine,
Both briſk and fine,
The valiant Iriſh cram a cree,
It pledged hath,
In Uſque bath,
And being in his joyful vain,
He made a bog even of his brain;
A joyful ſight to ſee.

4. The Scots their joy in bonny Ale did ſing,
And wiſh'd the Royal Babe a man,
That they might beg him but to be their King,
And let him rule them when he can.
The Spaniard made
A ſhrug, and ſaid,
After my Pipe come follow me.
Canary Sack
Did go to wrack,
Our Gentlemen with them took part,
The Papiſt drank it with one heart.
A joyful ſight to ſee.

5. The Welch for joy her Couſen Prince was born,
Do mean to change Saine *Davids* day,
Swearing no Leek hereafter ſhall be worn,
But on the twenty ninth of *May*.

None

None ſo merry,
Drinking Perry,
And Methegling on her knee.
Every man
His crack and Can:
Thus arm'd the devil they defied,
And durſt tell *Beelzebub* he lyed.
A joyful ſight to ſee.

94. *Song.*

HE that will woo a Widow muſt not dally,
He muſt make hay while the Sun doth ſhine,
He muſt not ſue with a ſhally, ſhally,
But boldly ſay, Widow thou art mine:
'Tis vain to woo a Widow over-long,
In once or twice her mind you may perceive,
Widows are ſubtle, be they old or young,
They know ſo much they quickly can deceive;
Strike home at firſt, ſhe quickly will be kind,
Or elſe ſhe'll be as fickle as the wind.

95. *Song.*

SHew me no more the Mary-gold,
Whoſe leaves like grieved arms do fold,
My longings nothing can explain,
But ſoul and body rent in twain.
Did I not moan,
And ſigh and groan,
And talk alone,
I ſhould believe my ſoul were gone from home:
She's gone, ſhe's gone away, ſhe's fled,
Within thy breaſt to make her bed;
In me there dwells her Tenant woe,
And ſighs are all the breath I blow:
Then come to me,
One touch of thee
Will make me ſee,
Whether living thus, alive or dead I be.

96. *Song.*

96. *Song.*

IF my Mistress bid me begin,
Shall I say no, no; it is a sin?
If she bid me kiss and play,
Shall I cold fool shrink away?
If she clap my cheek, and spy
Little *Cupid* in my eye,
Pinch my lips, and stroke my hair,
Shall I like a faint heart fear?
O no, no, no, I can't do so.

97. *Song.*

SLaves are they that heap up mountains
Still desiring more and more;
Lets carouse in *Bacchus* fountains,
Never dreaming to be poor.
Give us then a cup of liquor,
Fill it up unto the brim;
For then methinks our wits grow quicker,
When our brains in liquor swim.

98. *Song.*

NOr fate nor Love can I accuse,
For that my love did me refuse,
But O mine own unworthiness,
That durst presume to mickle bliss:
Too mickle far for me to love,
A maid so like the Saints above;
An Angels face, a Saint-like voice,
O too divine for humane choice!

99. *Song.*

WEre my love a silly shepherd,
I would be his shepherdess,
Or were he a poor Neat-herd,
I would love him ne're the less;
But he is one that is well known
To be a man in every part:
And he alone shall be my own,
For in faith I love him with all my heart.

100. *Song.*

I Am confirm'd, a woman can
Love this, or that, or any man;
To day her love is melting hot,
To morrow ſwears ſhe knows not what:
Let her but a new object find,
And ſhe is of another mind.
Then hang me, Ladies, at your door,
If e're I dote upon you more.
And yet I love the fair one, Why?
For nothing but to pleaſe mine eye;
For her that's muſical I long,
When I am ſad to ſing a ſong;
And for the fair and ſmooth-skin'd dame,
I flatter to appeaſe my flame.
Then hang me, Ladies, at your door,
If e're I dote upon you more.
I give my fancy leave to range
In every face to find a change;
The black, the brown, the fair ſhall be
But objects of variety:
I court you all to ſerve my turn,
But with ſuch flames as ſhall not burn.
Then hang me, Ladies, at your door,
If e're I dote upon you more.

101. *Song.*

HAve you a deſire to ſee
The glorious heavens epitome,
Or an abſtract of the Spring,
Adonis Garden, or like thing?
Here behold it open laid:
More full of wonder Natures ſhop diſplaid
Hung with the choiceſt pieces ſhe hath made,
Here behold it open laid.
Or elſe would you bleſs your eyes,
With a type of paradiſe?

Or,

Or, behold how Poets fain
Jove to ſit amidſt his train;
Or ſee what made *Acteon* rue,
Diana 'mong her Virgin crew,
Lift up your eyes and view.

102. *Song.*

AS I beheld the quick deſcent
Of laſt nights falling ſtar,
I ask'd of many what it meant,
Or what it came down for?

Some ſaid it was a Planet ſure,
That wandring miſt his way,
And finding there a heaven more pure,
Would there be fix'd and ſtay.

Some ſaid the gods were all o're-ſeen,
When they beheld thy feature;
They look'd on thine, and thought 'tad been
Too fair for any creature,

Mars ſwore 'twas *Venus* his deſire,
And to the gods did ſay,
Let's ſend a flame of *Vulcans* fire
To light her in her way.

But ſweet, if thou wouldſt have me tell,
This my opinion is;
When the other gods had view'd thee well,
They needs would beg a bliſs.

They ſent this ſtar to fetch new light
From thy more radiant eye;
'Twould grace the heavens in cleareſt night,
And beautifie the skie.

But keep thy ſplendour ſtill ſo rare,
And thou ſhalt ſhortly ſee,

They

They will be forc'd to have thee there,
Or they'l come down to thee.

103. *Song.* by Herrick

GAther your roſe buds whilſt you may,
Old Time is ſtill a flying,
Thoſe bloſſoms which do bloom to day,
To morrow will be dying.

The glorious Lamp of Heaven, the Sun,
The higher he's a getting,
The ſooner will his race be run,
And nearer he's to ſetting.

That age is beſt that is the firſt,
When youth and blood are warmer,
Expect not then the laſt and worſt,
Which ſtill ſucceeds the former.

Then be not coy but uſe your time,
And whilſt you may, go marry,
For having once but loſt your prime,
You may for ever tarry.

104. *Song.*

FIre, fire, lo here I burn in ſuch deſire,
That all the tears that I can ſtrain,
Out of an empty love-ſick brain,
Cannot allay my ſcorching pain.

Come *Humber*, *Trent*, and ſilver *Thames*,
Dread Ocean, haſte with all thy ſtreams,
And if thou canſt not quench my fire,
Oh drown both me and my deſire.

Fire, fire, there is no help for my deſire,
See all the Rivers backward flye,
And th' Ocean doth his aid deny,
For fear my heart ſhould drink them dry.

Come

Come heavenly ſhowers, come pouring down,
Come you that once the world did drown.
Some then you ſpar'd, but now ſave all,
Which elſe muſt die, and with me fall.

106. *Song.*

I Love a woman, be ſhe tall,
Be ſhe low, or thick or ſmall;
Be ſhe fair, or be ſhe brown,
So ſhe hath nothing of the Clown,
'Tis behaviour that doth give
Beauty, whereas none doth live.
Which though it cannot ſpeak her mind,
It doth teach how to be kind:
If her tongue do over-run,
Kiſs her, and ſhe will have done;
If her carriage ſtately be,
That doth more enamour me.
If her looks be meek and humble,
She will yield, although ſhe grumble;
If ſhe be ſtudious, ann love books,
Learning hath a thouſand hooks.
If intelligent and witty,
She's the apter to take pity;
If ſhe ſing unto the Lute,
Who can in her praiſe be mute?
If good qualities ſhe want,
Think her yet not ignorant;
If her hair be black or white,
Colour hinders not delight.
As I began, I'le end my Song,
I love a woman ſhort or long.

107. *Song.*

VAin men! whoſe follies make a god of love,
Whoſe blindneſs beauty doth immortal deem;
Praiſe not what you deſire, but what you prove,
Count thoſe things good that are, not thoſe that ſeem.

I can-

cannot call her true that's falſe to me,
or make of women more than women be.

107. *Song.*

HAppy were he could finiſh forth his fate
In ſome unhaunted deſert, moſt obſcure
rom all ſociety, from love and hate
Of worldly folk, there might he reſt ſecure:
Where when he dies his tomb may be a Buſh,
Where harmleſs Robbin dwells, with th'harmleſs thruſh.

108. *Song.*

A *Urora* to bluſh have I ſeen,
I have viewed the leaves of the Roſe,
By the new-faln Snow I have been,
And where the white Lilly grows;
Yet never ſaw in any place
Pure white and red, but in your face.

109. *Song.*

HAve you ſeen the white Lilly grow
Before rude hands have toucht it?
Have you markt the fall of the Snow
Before the ſoyl hath ſmutch it?
Have you felt the wool of Beaver,
Or Swans down ever?
Have you ſmelt of the bud of the Bryar?
Or the Nard in the fire?
Or taſted the bag of the Bee?
O ſo white, O ſo ſoft, O ſo ſweet is ſhe!

110. *Song.*

IS't for a grace, or is't for ſome miſlike,
Where others give the lip, you give the cheek?
ome hold it for a pride of your behaviour,
ut I do rather take it for a favour.
Wherefore to ſhew my kindneſs and my love,
le leave both lips and cheeks and kiſs your Glove.

The

The reaſon is to make you full acquainted,
Your glove's perfum'd, your lips and cheeks are painted.

111. *Song.*

NOt wiſe enough to rule a State,
Not fool enough to be laught at;
Not childiſh young, nor Bedlam old;
Not fiery hot, nor Icy cold;
Not richly proud, nor baſely poor,
Not chaſte, yet no reputed whore;
If ſuch a one I chance to find,
I have a Miſtreſs to my mind.

112. *Song.*

SLeep, ſleep, fair Virgin, ſleep in peace,
Pity thou dieſt without increaſe;
Strangers weep that do but hear
How good thou wert, and how ſoon gone;
Well may the loſer ſpend a tear,
That knew the joy of ſuch a one.
To thy ſweet memory ſhall be paid,
A plenteous dew each morn and even;
Farewel for ever lovely maid,
A Virgin-lamp on earth, a ſtar in heaven.

113. *Song.*

IPrethee leave me, love me no more.
Call home that heart you gave me;
I but in vain that Saint adore,
That can, but will not ſave me.
Theſe poor half-kiſſes kill me quite,
Was ever man thus ſerved,
Amidſt an Ocean of delight
And pleaſure to be ſtaryed?
Oh *Tantalus* thy pains ne'r tell,
By me thou art prevented,
'Tis nothing to be plagu'd in hell,
But thus in heaven tormented.

114. *Song.*

LIke Hermit poor in penſive place obſcure,
I mean to ſpend my dayes in endleſs doubt;
To wail ſuch woes as time cannot re-cure,
Where none but Love ſhall ever find me out:
And at my gates deſpair ſhall linger ſtill,
To let in death when love and fortune will.

A gown of grey my body ſhall attire,
My ſtaff of broken hope whereon I'le ſtay;
Of late repentance link'd with long deſpair,
The Couch is form'd whereon my limbs I'le lay:
And at my gates deſpair ſhall linger ſtill,
To let in death when love and fortune will.

My food ſhall be of care and ſorrow made,
My drink nought elſe but tears faln from mine eyes;
And for my light in this obſcured ſhade,
The flames may ſerve which from mine heart ariſe:
And at my gates deſpair ſhall linger ſtill,
To let in death when love and fortune will.

115. *Song.*

WOods, Rocks and Mountains, and you deſart places,
Where nought but bitter cold and hunger dwells,
Hear a poor Maid's laſt will, kill'd with diſgraces,
Slide ſoftly, whil'ſt I ſing, you ſilver fountains,
And let your hollow waters like ſad bells
Ring to my woes, whil'ſt miſerable I
Curſing my fortune, drop a tear and dye.

116. *Song.*

SWeet golden ſlumbers kiſs your tender eyes,
Sweet ſmiles awake you, when you mean to riſe;
Sad care is heavy, therefore ſleep awhile,
So ſhall ſweet ſleep thy ſad-fac'd care beguile.
Stay gentle *Morpheus* while ſhe ſleeps her fill,
And bleſs her with ſome ſweet illuſion ſtill:

Sleep gentle creature, sleep, and cease to cry,
While I sit here and sing thy lullaby.

117. *Song.*

1.

LET her give her hand, her glove,
Let her sigh, and swear she dyes,
He that thinks he hath her love,
I shall never think him wise:
Then be the old love ne're so true,
She is ever for the new.

2.

One Nail drives another forth,
Land must lose when Sea doth win:
Next that comes, though least of worth,
Drives him forth that first was in.

3.

Store of dishes makes a feast.
Shift of cloaths is sweet and clean:
Change of pasture fats the beast,
Think you then she will be lean?
Then be the old love ne're so true,
She is ever for the new.

118 *Song.*

OH let me groan one word into thine ear,
And with that groan break all my vital strings;
Thou that would'st never, now vouchsafe to hear
How *Leda*'s bird on sweet *Meander* sings:
So dying tapers have their fiery flashes,
And deadest embers have some burning ashes.
Those were the looks that once maintain'd my strength,
Those were the words that all my parts did cherish,
And what unkindness wilt thou gain at length,
If by the same I miserably perish?
That frown, I say, did in a minute starve
That, which a smile did many years preserve.

119. *Song.*

HEnce all you vain delights
As ſhort as are the nights,
Wherein you ſpend your folly;
There's nought in this life ſweet,
If men were wiſe to ſee't,
But only Melancholy:
Come folded arms and fixed eyes,
A ſigh that piercing mortifies,
A look that's faſtned to the ground,
A tongue chain'd up without a ſound.

120. *Song.*

GO ſpend thy time ſome other way,
Unthrifty boy, leave courting play,
For be a woman what ſhe can,
She's at the beſt not worth a man.
Quench thy flames, and let them dye:
Reaſon bids thee, and not I;
She's a woman, go no higher,
It is enough to cool thy fire.
Women are but for the ſight,
Glo-worm like they'r beſt in night;
But if you needs muſt loving be,
Let it be no more a ſhe:
Love thy Self, and love thy Friend,
Love thy Sack, and there's an End.

121. *Song.*

THou ſent'ſt to me a heart was ſound,
I took it to be thine;
But when I ſaw it had a wound,
I knew the heart was mine.

2.

A bounty of a ſtrong conceit,
To ſend mine own to me.
And ſend it in a worſe eſtate
Than when it came to thee.

3.
The heart I ſent thee had no ſtain,
It was intire and ſound;
But thou haſt ſent it back again
Sick of a deadly wound.

4.
O heavens! how wouldſt thou uſe a heart
That ſhould rebellious be;
Since thou haſt ſlain mine with a dart,
That ſo much honoured thee.

122. *Song.*

YOu that think Love can convey,
no other way,
But through the eyes into the heart,
his fatal dart;
Cloſe up thoſe Caſements, and but hear
this Syren ſing,
and on the wing
Of her ſweet voyce it ſhall appear,
That love can enter at the ear.
Then unveil your eyes, behold
the curious mould.
Where that voyce dwells: and as we know
when the Cocks crow,
And *Sol* is mounted on his way,
we freely may
gaze on the day:
So may you, when the Muſick's done,
Awake and ſee the riſing Sun.

123. *Song.*

MAdam, be cover'd, why ſtand you bare,
It fits not with your female ſex,
We know you carry worthy ware,
Which found may be without index.
Theſe bare ſigns do but bid us look
For unknown ſtuff in your two-leav'd book.

Spartane

Spartane Ladies ſome there be,
Which to their ſuitors naked ſtood,
And you your bare breaſts let us ſee,
Which tells your hidden parts are good.
This wanton *Venus* drew on *Mars*:
A bare breaſt ſhews an open ———

They hang forth ſigns at common Inns,
That ſtrangers may know where to lodge,
And you ſhew forth your naked twins,
And uſe them as a Brothel-badge;
Theſe wanton ſigns direct men *gratis*
The high-way to your *nunquam ſatis*.

Diana being naked ſeen
Did hornifie *Acteons* creſt,
And the fair ſtript *Hebrew* Queen
Her husbands forehead finely dreſt;
Shut up then, Madam, flie mens ſcorns,
For open breaſts breed ſecret horns.

The *Perſian* Matrons when their men
Before the *Medes* did flie and fall,
For to encourage them again,
Shew'd them their bellies bare, and all.
You with your fair breaſts would (be-like)
Move even a heartleſs man to ſtrike.

Our grandam *Eve*, before the Fall,
Went naked and ſham'd not a whit,
You not to one, but unto all,
Shew both your hills and naked pit:
Very well read in Rhetoricks ſchool,
You ſhew us but a part for th' whole.

The Mask you wear upon your face
Upon your breaſts would better ſhew,
By nature that's a naked place,
Then Madam uſe your Mask below,

Left that some gazing fellow venter,
And so descend to loves low center.

124. *Song.*

HE that loves a rosie cheek,
Or a coral lip admires,
Or from star-like eyes doth seek
Fewel to maintain his fires;
As old time makes theirs decay,
So his flames must waste away.

2.

Gentle thoughts and calm desires,
Hearts with equal thoughts combined,
Kindle never dying fires.
Where they are not, I despise,
Loves cheeks, or his lips, or eyes.

3.

Celia, now no tear can win
My resolv'd heart to return,
I have search'd thy soul within,
And find nought but pride and scorn,
I have learn't thy art, and now
I can disdain as much as thou.

125. *Song.*

COme sorrow, come, bring all thy cryes,
All thy laments, and all thy weeping eyes,
Burn out the living monuments of woe,
Sad sullen griefs now rise and over-flow;
Vertue is dead, oh cruel fate,
All youth is fled, all our laments too late.
Our noble youth to thy ne're dying name;
Oh happy soul to thy ne're dying fame;
To thy long peace on earth, this sacred knell
Our last love rings, farewel, farewel, farewel.

126. *Song.*

BEauty clear and fair;
Where the air

Rather

Rather like a perfume dwells,
Where the Violet and the Roſe,
In blew veins their bluſh diſcloſe,
And come to honour nothing elſe.

2.

Where to live neer,
And planted there,
Is to live, and ſtill live now,
Where to gain a favour is
More than life, perpetual bliſs;
Make me live by ſerving you.

3.

Dear, again back recall
To this light,
A ſtranger to himſelf and all.
Both the wonder and the ſtory
Shall be yours, and all the glory,
I am your ſervant and your thrall.

127. *Song.*

FAir Maid, you did but caſt your eyes ere while,
your ripening eyes,
Upon a bank of Camomile,
And ſtraight a bluſhing birth
of ſtraw-berries
Began to ſmile,
And all to gild the earth,
Would you have every harveſt here
Still laſt, then do no more
But kiſs your Sycamore,
That Myrtle, or that Bay;
And berries will appear,
Not only ripe for this whole day,
But dangling all the year.

128. *Song.*

I Can love both fair and brown, (betrayes,
Her whom abundance melts, and her whom want

Her who loves lovelineſs, and her who ſports and playes,
Her whom the Countrey formed, and her whom the town,
Her who believes, and her who cryes,
Her who ſtill weeps with ſpungy eyes,
And her who is dry cork and never cryes.
I can love her, and her, and you, and you,
I can love any, ſo ſhe be not true.
Will no other vice content you,
Will it not ſerve your turn,
To do as did your mother?
Or have you all old vices worn,
And now would find out other?
Or doth the ſhame that men are true torment you?

2.

Oh we are not, be not you ſo,
Tell me, and do you twenty know?
Rob me, but bind me not, and let me go:
Muſt I come to travel through you,
Grow your ſubject becauſe you are true?

Venus heard me ſing this ſong,
And by Loves ſweeteſt name ſhe ſwore,
She heard not this till now, it ſhould be ſo no more.
She went, enquired, and return'd ere long,
And ſayes alas, ſome two-or three
Poor hereticks in love there be,
Who think t' eſtabliſh dangers conſtancy;
But I have told them, ſince you will be true,
You ſhall be true to them who're falſe to you.

129. *Song.*

GOod morrow to the day ſo fair,
Good morrow Sir to you;
Good morrow to mine own torn hair,
All dabled in the dew.

2. Good

2.

Good morrow to this Cowſlip too,
Good mororw to each Maid
That will with flowers this tomb beſtrew,
Wherein my Love was laid.

3.

Ah woe is me, woe, woe is me,
Alack and welladay,
For pity, Sir, find out that he,
That bore my love away.

4.

I'le ſeek him in your Cities brave,
I'le ſeek him in your eyes,
Nay, now I think you have made his grave
I'th' bed of Strawberries.

5.

I'le ſeek him there, I hope ere this,
The cold, cold earth doth ſhake him;
But I will go, or ſend a kiſs
By you, Sir, to awake him.

6.

Pray hurt him not, though he is dead
He knows well who doth love him,
And who with green turfs rears his head,
And who doth rudely move him.

7.

He's ſoft and tender, pray take heed,
With bands of balſam bind him,
And bring him back, but 'tis decreed,
That you ſhall never find him.

30. *Song.*

SEeſt thou thoſe jewels which ſhe wears
In that rich Caskanet,
And thoſe on her diſhevel'd hair,
Fair Pearl in order ſet.
Believe young men, all thoſe are tears,
From ſundry wooers ſent.

In bubbles Hyacinth and Rew,
Emblems of diſcontent,
Which when not warmed by her love,
By cold neglect each one,
Congeal'd to pearl and ſtone,
Which now the ſpoils of love upon her
She wears as Enſigns of her honour:
Wherefore young man beware, and thus ſurmiſe,
She that will wear thy tears, will wear thy eyes.

131. *Song.*

OH what a ſhow
From the top to the toe,
How rich, how dear,
Thoſe garments appear.
How't does a man good,
And ſtirs the life-blood,
To touch and to take,
How the ſenſes awake.
How the whiſtling ſilk
Our fancy doth milk:
How every thing ſhowes,
And how the waſte grows
From little to leſs,
Oh I could gueſs,
But 'tis a ſaucie ſin,
Give me the luſtie, luſtie life within.

132. *Song.*

PReſerve thy ſight, unthrifty girle,
To purifie the air,
Thy tears to thread inſtead of pearl,
On bracelets of thy hair.

2.

The trumpet makes the eccho hoarſe,
And wakes the talking drum,
The expreſs of grief gains no remorſe,
When ſorrow ſhould be dumb.

3.
For I muſt go where ſilken peace
Hath loſt her drowſie head,
And for the ſport of Kings, increaſe
The number of the dead.

4.
But firſt I'le chide thy cruel theft,
Can I in war delight,
That being of my heart bereft,
Have no heart left to fight?

133. *Song.*

IT is not feature nor a face,
That doth my free election grace,
Nor are my paſſions only led,
By a well-temper'd white and red,
Could I enamour'd be of thoſe,
The Lilly and the bluſhing Roſe,
United in one ſtock might be
As dear unto my thoughts, as ſhe.
But I ſearch further, and do find,
Far richer treaſure in her mind;
Where ſomething is ſo laſting fair,
That age nor art can it impair.
Hadſt thou a proſpective ſo clear,
That thou couldſt view my object there,
Thou'lſt wonder and confeſs that I
Had cauſe to love her, and learn thence,
To love by judgment, not by ſenſe.

134. *Song.*

SO doth the early Lark ſalute the day,
So the young birds do skip and play,
When the Suns chearful beams ariſe,
Such is the precious luſtre of thine eyes.
For without that ight,
With me 'tis endleſs night.

By

By them I live, I ſpring and grow, and have
By their Eclipſe a mournful grave.
When our hard parents interpoſe,
A world of earthly thoughts, which doth procure
Great pain till it renews again:
But we will borrow from Love's fire,
To kindle and enflame deſire;
That though our joyes meet not, we may
By that warmth think there's another day.
Then meeting 'twill appear,
A thouſand times more clear.

135. *Song.*

AWay, away delights,
Away your follies all!
Dwell here no more,
You that are wanton, proud, and fear no fall,
Your ſins deplore.
You that are high,
Sit and defie fair fame,
Hark what muſt follow,
Oh, a dying name:
Hark what muſt follow,
Oh, an endleſs ſhame.
A lovely face, and not a vertuous mind,
Fair hope flies from, and leaves deſpair behind.

136. *Song.*

COme hither you that love,
And hear me ſing
Of joyes ſtill growing,
Green, freſh, and luſty as the pride of ſpring,
And ever blowing.
Come hither you that bluſh,
And dare not know what is deſire,
And old men worſe than you,
That cannot blow one ſpark of fire.

And with the power of my inchanting ſong,
Boyes ſhall be able men, and old men young.

137. *Song.*

WHen doth Love ſet forth deſire?
In prime of youth men ſay,
And when again will it retire?
When beauty falls away.
Then you in youth that think on this,
Taſte what the ſweetneſs of Love is,
The night comes not at Lovers call,
Being come ſtayes not their leaſure;
Hours that are ſweet, are ſwift withall,
And attend not on our pleaſure:
Then you in youth that think on this,
Taſte what the ſweet of beauty is.

138. *Song.*

SAd ſorrow! put thy Cypreſs Garland on,
And in a habit that may make joy weep,
Preſent thy ſelf, that when thy part is done,
There's not an eye thou mayeſt not force to ſleep,
And that this ſong if any yet dare ſing,
May be the fall, may be the fall, of ſome unhappy King.

139. *Song.*

FAir eyes let fall, let fall your tender covers,
Caſe up thoſe ſparks ye gem of Lovers
In calmneſs reſt.
Thy pillow ſhall be *Venus* breſt,
Lullabie, Lullabie.

140. *Song.*

CLear the eyes of the Watch,
Lazie ſleep we diſpatch
From hence as far as *Deptford*;
For your flock-bed and your feather
We expoſe to the weather,
And hang all the ſheets in the bed-cord.

Chorus.

Chorus.

Then sleep, sleep, and enjoy your beds,
Your quiet drowsie heads:
May the furies of the night,
Scarlet fleas you affright,
And pinch you black and yellow,
But the plump brownie louse,
Scorns the shelter of the house,
Oh he is a souldiers fellow.

Their Goblings and their Gig,
We regard not a fig;
Our fancies they cannot vary;
We ne're pity girles that do
Find no treasure in their shoo,
But are nipt by the tyrannous Fairy.
Chorus. Then sleep, *&c.*

Lift! the noise of the Chairs,
Wakes the wench to her prayers,
Queen *Mab* comes worse than a witch in;
Back and sides she intails
With the print of her nails,
She'll teach to snort in the Kitchin.
Chorus. Then sleep, *&c.*

Some the Night-mare hath prest,
With that weight on their breast,
The returns of their breath cannot pass;
But with us that tale is addle,
We can take off her saddle,
And turn out the Night-mare to grass.
Chorus. Then sleep, *&c.*

Now no more will we heark
To the charms of the Lark,

Nor

Nor the tunes of the early Thruſh ;
All the woods ſhall retire
And ſubmit to the quire
Of the birds of the holy buſh.
Chorus. Then ſleep, *&c.*

While the Countrey Laſs
With her Dairy doth paſs,
Our joyes no tongue can utter ;
For we Centries ſtand,
And exact by command
The exciſe of her Lips and Butter.
Chorus. Then ſleep, ſleep, and enjoy your beds,
You quiet drowſie heads,
May the furies of the night,
Scarlet fleas you affright,
And pinch you black and yellow ;
But the plump browny louſe,
Scorns the ſhelter of the houſe,
Oh he is a ſouldiers fellow.

141. *Song.*

PRepare thy hollow womb, O earth,
To take unto thy dead arms, and embrace
A tear-dew'd hearſe, in death now do him grace,
O never was deriv'd from humane birth
A King ſo lov'd, ſo honour'd, ſo renown'd,
Peace to thy ſoul, life to thy name,
Death to our joyes, O thy dear name !
Stop tears, drop heart, never was wound
So deep, ſo deadly to a Land,
O cruel ſtroke, O fatal hand !

142. *Song.*

URns and Odors bring away,
Vapors ſighs darken the day ;
Our griefs more heavy look,
Than dying youth too ſoon took :

Our

Our dolefull chears
Be ſacred Vials fill'd with tears,
Our clamors through the wild air flying,
All ſad and ſolemn ſhews of dying,
Whatever's ſerious to mirth's foes,
Attend upon our funeral woes.

143. *Song.*

ADverſe fortunes ever flie thee,
No diſaſtrous fate come nigh thee:
O worthy of worthieſt name, adorned in this manner,
Lead bravely thy forces on, under wars martial banner.
Love and fortune may they ſtill
Be guided by thy noble will,
Arts and forces victory attend thee nigh,
Whil'ſt fame ſings loud thy powers,
Triumphant fall on thee bleſt ſhowers;
Arms and honours enrich thy ſtory,
To thy fames eternal glory.

144. *Song.*

FLow ſtreams of brinie ſalt from my ſad eyes,
To celebrate his mournful obſequies;
My Love is dead, he's dead, I muſt remain,
To draw my poor life in continual pain,
Till I have paid to his clear memory
A Sea of Love; O then moſt willingly,
Drown'd in my tears, as he in waves, I'le dy.

145. *Song.*

LOſe no time nor youth, but be
As kind to them, as they to thee;
The fair Lillies that do grow
In thy Cheeks, and purely ſhow,
The Cherry and the Roſe that blow;
If too long they hang, they'l waſte,
Winter comes which all will blaſt.
Thou art ripe, full ripe for men,
In all thy ſweets be gathered then.

146. *Song.*

AWay, delight! go ſeek ſome other dwelling,
For I will bid farewell;
Falſe hope! thy tongue is ever telling
Lye after Lye;
For ever let me reſt now from my ſmarts
Alas for pitie,
Away, and fire ſome other hearts
That have been hard to thee,
Mine was not ſo, nor ſhall not be,
Never again deluding Love ſhall know me,
For I will dye,
And all thoſe griefs that overgrow me,
Shall be as I,
For ever will I reſt, whileſt poor Maids cry,
Alas for pity ſtay, and let us dye,
That men may
But mock our Clay.

147. *Song.*

WHen that the chill Gharocco blows,
And Winter tells a heavy tale;
When Pies and Daws, and Rooks and Crows,
Do ſit and curſe in froſt and ſnows,
Then give me Ale.
Ale in a Saxon Kumkin then,
Such as will make grim *Malkin* prate;
Bids valour burgeon in tall men,
Quickens the Poets wit and pen,
Deſpiſes fate.
Ale the abſent battel fights,
And ſcorns the march of Swediſh drum,
Diſputes of Princes, Laws and Rights,
What's done and paſt, tells mortal Wights,
And what's to come.

Ale

Ale that the Plowmans heart up-keeps,
And equals it to Tyrants thrones;
That wipes the eye that fain would weep,
And lulls in sweet and dainty sleep
The o're wearied bones.

Grandchild of *Ceres*, barlies daughter,
Wines emulous neighbour if but stale,
Ennobling all the Nymphs of the water,
And filling each mans mouth with laughter.
Oh give me Ale.

148. *Song.*

A Liberal heart makes our Fiddles ring,
And a free heart commands us to sing,
The Steward is our tune and string,
Heigho now play any thing.
Of *Dick* and *Tom*, he that vexes at our mirth,
A small-beer star reign'd at his birth.

Such a steward ever live,
To be merry and to give,
To be Lord of every one, to be honour'd without lowring.
That keeps the good *March*-beer from sowring.
He that vexeth at our mirth,
A small-beer Star reign'd at his birth.

Let us sing time away,
Some drink, some laugh, whil'st we do play,
The steward gives us wine and pay,
heigho holyday.
The steward is our tune and string,
Strike up boyes, play any thing
Of *Gill* or of *Joan* ———
He that vexeth at our mirth,
A small-beer Star reign'd at his birth.

149. *Song.*

149. *Song.*

FRom the Temple to the board,
From the board unto the bed
We conduct your Maiden-head;
Wiſhing *Hymen* to afford
All the pleaſures that he can,
'Twixt a woman and a man.
So merrily, merrily we paſs along,
With our joyful, with our joyful bridal Song.

150. *Song.*

Cupid is *Venus* only joy,
But he is a wanton boy,
He ſhoots at Ladies naked breaſts,
He is the cauſe of moſt mens creſts,
I mean upon the forehead,
Inviſible, but horrid;
'Twas he firſt thought upon the way,
To keep a Ladies lips in play.

151. *Song.*

COme my honey, my douſe, my del, my dear,
We have neither houſe nor land, yet never want good cheer.
We take no care for lands or rents,
We lye, we ſwear,
We ſport in tents,
We rouze betimes, and quickly ſteal our dinners,
We'r ne'r taken
Without Hens and Bacon,
And that's good meat for ſinners.
At wakes and at fairs we couzen
Poor Gountrey folks by the dozen.
Some one diſburſes,
Whileſt the other they pick their purſes,
When thus out of uſe,
We cover our cloaths,

Our

Our boots, and our jingling Rowels.
With ſhirts or with ſmocks, with ſheets or with towels.
We dance and we friſk,
And merrily whisk
Our morrice unto the taber;
The fools that would ſee
My Marrian and me,
We tickle their ſobs for their labour;
Then live with us, with us, all you that love your eaſes.
He that's a Gypſie,
May be drunk or tipſie
At any hour he pleaſes;
We laugh, we quaff, we ruffle;
Then live with us, &c.

WE all ſee how faith and fame
Are followed by deſire and ſhame,
How that Women wanton are,
Their follies foul, their faces fair;
Oh a handſome Maid did moan,
Alas, for her Maiden-head was gone;
For loſs of which ſhe did ask men, (en-head.
Till that ſhe were ſped, who 'twas had found her Maid-
I'th' City, Sir, we ſaw beſides the market-place,
A Maid that cry'd, a handſome Maid, gone it was,
Tell me, O tell me, where have you been,
And what have you ſeen?
Did you hear what was her moan,
Oh her Maiden-head was gone.
Maids that do loſe thar jewel amongſt men,
They know not how to find it, find it they know not
(when.

Fancies

Fancies, Devices, and flouriſhing Expreſſions on Love-tokens, &c.

Upon a Scarf preſented.

TAke this Scarf, bind *Cupid* hand and foot,
So Love muſt ask you leave before he ſhoot.

Upon a pair of Sciſſers preſented.

Theſe Sciſſers do your Houſewifery betray,
You love to work, though you were born to play.

Upon a Looking-glaſs preſented.

Blind fortune doth not ſee how fair you be,
But gives a glaſs, that you your ſelf might ſee.

Upon a Fan preſented.

You love to ſee, and yet to be unſeen;
Take this Fan to be your beauties skreen.

On a plain gold Ring preſented.

Fortune doth lend you, hap it well, or ill,
This plain gold Ring to wed you to your will.

Upon a pair of Bracelets preſented.

Lady, your hands are fall'n into a ſnare,
For *Cupids* manacles theſe bracelets are.

Upon a Scarf preſented.

O Faireſt, wear this Scarf which I do ſend,
It will your beauty from the wind defend;
For whatſoever breathes this air will be
Deſirous for to kiſs thy lips like me.

On a Looking-glaſs preſented.

In this ſame Looking-glaſs my watry eye I ſee,
But I do wiſh that thou wouldſt ſhew
Her cheartul countenance to me.

But why do I accuſe thee here?
'Tis not thy fault, for thou art clear.

On a Fairing, requeſted.

Let them whoſe heart diſtruſts a Miſtreſs faith,
Bribe it with gifts, mine no ſuſpition hath;
It were a ſin of a deep ſtrain for me
To think you falſe, as, ſo my ſelf to be;
If to reward for that you have expreſt,
You may expect a preſent, 'tis confeſt,
'Twere Juſtice from another, but I am
So poor, I have not left my ſelf a name
In ſubſtance, not made thine by ſtyle before,
He that beſtows himſelf can give no more.
If thou wilt have a Fairing from me then,
Give me thy ſelf, I'le give my ſelf agen.

A Countrey Clowns Preſent.

I ſend thee here a Ribbon a whole yard,
I had ſent thee Garters, but the world's ſo hard;
If Ribbon will not pleaſe thee, then let ſhe
Hang in her old Garters, ſhall have no new for me.

On a Knife.

May this ſame Knife,
Elſe end my life.

On his Picture cut in ſilver, preſented.

Pray take me kindly, Miſtreſs, kiſs me too:
The ſubſtance will do more for you..

On a twiſt of her hair.

When this about thine arm doth reſt,
Remember him that loves thee beſt.

On a pair of Gloves preſented.

Faireſt, to thee I ſend theſe Gloves,
If you love me leave out the G
And make it a pair of Loves.

Another.

Theſe Gloves I ſend for thy delight,
For to ſet off thy purer white.

On a ſilver Bodkin preſented.

My deareſt ſweet, like this is love:
It muſt be thruſt in, and then it muſt move.

Written on a Gentlewomans Viol in the time of her abſence.

Mournful tunes to her complain,
And now ſhe is gone, ſigh her diſdain:
When that ſhe gives thee next a touch,
Beg I may play on her as much.

On a Ropes end preſented in mirth to his Miſtreſs.

Leſt our loves ſhould part or ſever,
Here's a Rope to tye us together.

Her anſwer.

The Rope is old, the Jeſt is new:
I take the Rope, a Rope take you.

On his ſending a Handkerchief.

Here back to thee I do re-ſend thy Clout,
Take away C and then I ſend thee Lout.

On a pair of Gloves ſent to his Miſtreſs.

With theſe love-bands
I bind thy hands.

The Lover perſwades his Miſtreſs to pin on her Mask, and preſents her with theſe Verſes.

Thy Mask put on thy beautie's lighter,
This darkneſs makes thoſe flames ſhine brighter;
The Sun gilds clouds; but from thine eyes
A day through night more clear doth riſe.

On a Knife given to his Valentine.

Fair Valentine, ſince once your welcome hand
With your warm touch did my new life command;
Vouchſafe the ſame hand ſtill, to ſhew thereby
That fortune did your will no injury.
What though a Knife I give, your beauties charm
Will keep the edge from doing any harm;

Wool dulls the ſharpeſt blade, and will not ſuch
A weak edge turn, meeting a ſofter touch?

On the Letters of Wife.

The *W.* is double wealth,
The *I.* an everlaſting joy.
The *F.* a friend unto thy health,
The *E.* doth end even all annoy.

The Reply.

The *W.* is double woe,
The *I.* nought elſe but jealouſie,
The *F.* a ſleering flattering foe,
The *E.* an earthly enemy.

On his Miſtriſſes Watch.

Go and count her better hours,
That more happy are than ours;
The day that gives her any bliſs,
Mak't as long again as 'tis;
The hour ſhe ſmiles in, let it be
By thine Art encreaſt to three;
But if ſhe frown on thee or me,
Know night is made by her, not thee;
Be ſwift in ſuch an hour, and ſoon
Make it night, though't be but noon.
Obey her time, who is the free
Fair Sun, that governs thee and me.

On an empty Purſe.

Heaven's a place, ſome ſay, where Angels dwell,
My purſe wants Angels, therefore call it Hell.

A Parſon to his Miſtreſs.

My Calling is divine, my parſonage large and fair,
Come joyn thy love with mine, we'll make a loving pair.

Her anſwer.

Your Calling is divine, your parſonage during life,
But if you chance to dye (then) wher's the Parſons wife?

To his Mistress, tying a Ribbon about his wrist.

THis silken wreath that circles in mine arm
Is but an Emblem of the mystick charm;
Wherewith the Magick of your beauty binds
My captive soul, this round about it winds
My flesh alone; that hath impal'd my mind,
That to your beauty only is confin'd.
Time may wear out these soft weak bands, but those
Strong charms of love fate never shall unloose.
This holy relique may preserve my wrist,
But my whole frame doth by that knot exist:
To that, my prayers and sacrifice; to this,
I only pay a superficial kiss:
This but the Idol, that's the Deity;
Religion there is due, here Ceremony:
That I receive in faith, but this in trust;
Here I may render duty, there I must:
This moves like air, that like the center stands;
That knot your vertues tied, this but your hands;
That Nature framed, but this is made by Art;
This makes my Arm your pris'ner, that my Heart.

Upon Nothing left for a New-years gift.

These costly Kalends put me to my shift,
What I should send thee for a New-years gift;
Nor *India*, nor *Ophir*, yield me gem or gold,
I want those Knacks that in the Burse are sold:
Chains, Bracelets, Ear-rings, *Ariadne's* Lawn,
The curious work by holy Sisters drawn,
Are far above my reach to compass; so
All that I have is Nothing to bestow.
Accept, I pray, the gift beseems you well,
For you do nothing want that I can tell.
Scorn not the present, look on't, and you'l find
'Tis of great worth. Nothing contents the mind;
Nothing is happy, Nothing is truly good,
For nothing we pick quarrels, and draw blood.

And though for nothing Lawyers ſpeak not now,
Yet about nothing they make much ado.
So rare is nothing, that now adayes 'tis made
Reward unto deſert, ſervice is paid
Richly with nothing: therefore do not grieve
To wear this rare new-nothing on your ſleeve.

Poſies for Rings, and other pleaſant things.

Rings and true friends,	Are without ends.
The Ring is grac'd,	That is ſo plac'd.
The love that is chaſte,	Doth never waſte.
It was not ſent,	In complement.
Think on me,	Thoughts are free.
Let us ſhare,	In joy and care.
In thy breaſt,	My heart doth reſt.
Good wives and health,	Are mans beſt wealth.
Love is here,	In the true ſphere.
This wreath of gold,	Two hearts doth hold.
No force can move,	A fixed love.
Deſpiſe not me,	I joy in thee.
Reading this,	With me a kiſe.
I vow to kiſs,	Her that reads this.
Abſence me're parts,	Two loving hearts.
This and the giver,	Are thine for ever.
Abſence will prove,	The trueſt love.
Ah, be not coy,	My deareſt joy.
The love I owe,	I muſt ſhow.
Of all the reſt,	I love thee beſt.
Rather never,	Than once and not for ever.
No turtle Dove,	Shall ſhew more love,
As I affect thee,	So reſpect me.
Well directed,	If accepted.

The love I owe — I fain would ſhow.
This give I you — Love to renew.
O that I might — Enjoy my delight.

If you to harbour me deny,
I periſh in the waves and die.

When this you ſee, — Think well of me.
Vertue and love — Are from above.
Like to a circle round — No end in love is found.
More near to me — Than life can be.
This and I — Until I die.
Had I not ſpoke — My heart had broke.
Your conſent — Is my content.
'Tis love alone — Makes two but one.
You and I — Will lovers die.
Though friends croſs love — We'll meet above.
Sweeteſt, thou art — My deareſt heart.
I languiſhing die — If you deny.
Faithful love — Can ne're remove.
Deſire like fire — Doth ſtill aſpire.
All born to live — And live to love.
We lingred long, — Yet lik'd at laſt.
I ſeek to be — Not thine but thee.
In thee each part — Doth catch a heart.
I love none — But you alone.
Loves knot once tied — Who can divide?
In bodies two, — In heart but you.
My heart, ah me, — Is fled to thee.
As I to thee — So wiſh to me.
When *Cupid* fails — The eye prevails.
True love appears — In midſt of tears.
Be thou mine — As I am thine.
I'le rather die — Then my promiſe deny.
My love for this — Deſerves a kiſs.
Till death doth call — My heart and all.
My fancy is — Endleſs as this.
My joy will die — If you deny.

Some comfort give,
Hit or miſs,
What I call mine
My faith once paſt
My conſtant love
Love's delight
Thy true affection
So decreed,
Each day I die
We muſt be one,
No change whatſoever
Till death us part
Be firm to me,
God above
My heart liveth
Nothing for thee
I joyn in one
My love by this
More I cannot
Heart and hand
Though far apart
The love I owe
Where this I give
By this token
No recompence
My hearts love
Once reſpected,
I wiſh to have,
Your bleſt ſight
In thy breaſt
Let friend nor foe
My love to thee
Your friend am I
Take this in part
Beſt election
I fancy none

By this I live.
Have at thee *Siſs.*
Shall all be thine.
Shall ever laſt.
Shall ne're remove.
Is to unite.
My perfection,
And ſo agreed.
If you deny.
Or I ſhall be none.
Shall part us ever.
Thou haſt my heart.
As I to thee.
Encreaſe our love.
Where it loveth.
Too dear can be.
But enjoy none.
Preſented is.
Leſs I will not.
At your command.
Yet near in heart.
I cannot ſhow.
I wiſh to live.
You are beſpoken.
But a remembrance.
Shall endleſs prove.
Now neglected.
But bluſh to crave.
Is my delight.
My heart doth reſt.
This ſecret know.
Like this ſhall be.
And ſo will die.
Of my true heart.
Is conſtant affection.
But thee alone.

For a kiſs Take you this.
In very grief Love yields relief.
Its in thy will To ſave or kill.
Where hearts agree No ſtrife can be.
As true to thee As death to me.
I joy to find A conſtant mind.
Loves knot once tied Who can divide?
In conſtancie I live and die.
I am yours Whilſt life endures.
Love never dies Where vertue lies.
Is all perfection from above? Then ſurely, love.

FEar God, and love thou me,
That is all I crave of thee.

Thee did I find, thee did I chooſe,
Thee do I bind, till death doth looſe.

My fancy firſt hath choſen thee,
By faith I well requited thee.

I love thy beauty, but thy vertue moſt;
Vertue is found when beautie's loſt.

As I expect, ſo let me find,
A faithful heart, a conſtant mind.

Paſt, preſent, and in future time,
I was, I am, and ever ſhall be thine.

Be it my fortune, or my fault,
Love makes me venture this aſſault.

Be not too raſh, deny not flat,
For you deny you know not what.

My eyes did find, my heart made choice
Of her that makes me now rejoice.

The ſacred purpoſe and decree,
Is manifeſt in chooſing thee.

God hath kept my heart for thee,
Grant that our love may faithful be.

My faith is given this pledge doth ſhow,
A work from heaven, perform'd below.

Where vertue is the cauſe of love,
Nothing till death can it remove.

God hath thee choſen a mate for me,
I'le honour him in loving thee.

The eye findeth, the heart chooſeth,
The hand bindeth, and death looſeth.

Wit, Wealth, and Beauty, all do well,
But conſtant Love doth far excel.

Such liking in my choice I find,
That none but death ſhall change my mind.

Innumerable are the ſtars I ſee,
But in my heart no ſtar like thee.

A ſhort ridling entertainment.

Queſt. MY fleſh and my skin is red,
But white is all my heart,
Where round about the Wall is ſet,
Beaten with every dart?

Sol. *It is a Cherry and a Cherry ſtone.*

Queſt. What is that, is as white as ſnow,
And yet as black as any Crow,
And more pliant than a wand,
Tyed in a ſilken band;
And every day a Princes peer,
Looks on it with a mirth that's clear?

Sol. *It is a Book tyed with a ſilken lace,*
Whoſe paper is as white as ſnow,

Ink

Ink as black as any Crow,
And leaves more pliant than any wand.

Queſt. Learning hath bred me, yet I know no letter,
I have lived among books, yet am never the better;
I have eaten up the Muſes, yet know not a verſe,
What ſtudent is this, I pray you rehearſe?

Sol. *A Worm bred in a book.*

Queſt. One evening, as cold as cold might be,
With froſt, and hail, and pinching weather,
Companions about three times three,
Lay cloſe all in a pound together.
Yet one after another they took a heat,
And died that night all in a ſweat.

Sol. *A pound of Candles.*

Queſt. It was not, it is not, nor never will be,
Hold up your hand, and you ſhall ſee.

Sol. *It is the little finger, that was not, nor is not, nor never will be, ſo great as the other fingers.*

Q. Sweet Lady, ſuch a boon I crave,
As being got, again you have.
Nay, if you ſurfeit of my requeſt,
Your gift returns with intereſt;
'Tis not ſo wanton as't may ſhow
A *Venus* bluſh, a *Cupids* bow;
Such as your beauty ſympathizes,
When *Cupid*'s quivered in your eyes;
That bliſs which anſwers my deſire,
May parallel *Diana*'s fire.
'Tis ſuch as in a moments play
Is given, and is gone away:
Yet if you grant a bliſs,
Sweet Lady tell me what it is?

Sol. *A Kiſs.*

Q. My coat is green, and I can prate
Of divers things within my grate.
In ſuch a Priſon I am ſet,

That hath more trap-holes than a Net?

Sol. *A Parrot in a Cage of wyre.*

Queſt. In open field I cannot lie;
Within a box of Ivorie,
My Lady reſts me quietly?

Sol. *A Fan of feathers in a Ladies Cabinet.*

Queſt. What part of man may that be,
That is an implement of three;
And yet a thing of ſo much ſtead,
No man would without it wed.
And by which thing, or had or loſt,
Each marriage is or made or croſt?

Sol. *The heart of man is of a triangular figure, The beginning of love.*

Queſt. Round I am, yet cannot reſt,
When I am mounted at the beſt.

Sol. *A Tennis Ball.*

Queſt. Far in the Weſt I know not where,
Are trees, men ſay, that Oyſters bear;
That Oyſters ſhould be bred ſo high,
Methinks it ſoundeth like a lye.
That female plants I know it is true,
In *London* ſtreets bear Oyſters new:
And Fiſh, and Fleſh, and now and then,
They bear, I tell you, handſome men.

Sol *Every man and woman is a tree, and by ſuch trees you know what fruits are born in* London.

Queſt. Tell thy maſter in my name, when trees are turned, and wells be drie;
And dead, for quick, then come will I?

Sol. *'Tis mid-night, when a Gentlewoman correcting her meaning, promiſed her Lover that ſhe would come.*

A propoſition or queſtion about a Garland.

Queſt. Betwixt two Suitors ſate a Lady fair,
Upon her head a Garland ſhe did wear,

And

And of th' enamour'd two, the firſt alone
A Garland wore like her, the other none.
From her own head ſhe took the wreath ſhe wore,
And on him plac'd it that had none before;
And then theſe Lovers brows were both about
Beſet with Garlands, whilſt ſhe ſat without;
Beholding then theſe rivals on each ſide
Of her thus plac'd, and deckt in all their pride;
She from the firſt mans head the wreath he had
Took off, and therewith her own brows ſhe clad:
And now this Lady and the ſecond were
In Garlands deckt, and the firſt man ſate bare:
Now which did ſhe love beſt, whether him to whom
She gave, or him ſhe took the Garland from?

Sol. *In my conceit, ſhe him would ſooner have*
From whom ſhe took, than him to whom ſhe gave:
For to beſtow divers reſpects may move,
But to receive none ſhould perſwade but love;
She grac'd him much on whom her wreath ſhe placed,
But him whoſe wreath ſhe wore ſhe much more graced;
For where ſhe gives, ſhe there a ſervant makes,
But makes her ſelf a ſervant where ſhe takes.
Then where ſhe takes, ſhe honours moſt; and where
She doth moſt honour, ſhe moſt love doth bear.

Queſt. As bitter as gall, as ſweet as milk,
As high as a wall, and ſoft as ſilk?

Sol. *A Wall-nut upon a tree.*

Queſt. I am called by the name of man,
Yet am as little as a mouſe,
When Winter comes, I love to be
With my red Target near the houſe?

Sol. *A Robbin red-breaſt.*

Queſt. Ten mens length, and ten mens ſtrength,
And ten men cannot rear it?

Sol. *A Cable-rope.*

Queſt. I was not, I am not, and ſhall not be,
Yet I do walk, as men may ſee.

Sol. *It is a man whose name was* Not.

Q. In the last minute of mine age I do wax young again,
And have so still continued, since the world did first begin.

Sol. *It is the Moon.*

Q. I do owe most, yet nothing pay
Evil I am, and the worst I say?

Sol. *Ingratitude.*

Q. Beyond the Seas there is an Oak,
And in that Oak there is a Nest,
And in that Nest there is an Egg,
And in that Egg there is a yolk,
Which calls together Christian folk?

Sol. *It is the Clapper of a Bell within a Steeple: for the Church is taken for the Oak, the Steeple for the Nest, the Bell for the Egg, the Clapper for the Yolk.*

Q. 10000. Children beautiful, of this my body bred,
Both Sons and Daughters finely deckt, alive, and they are dead?
My Sons were put to extreme grief by such as loved them well;
My Daughters died of extreme age, by whom I cannot tell.

Sol. *The Mother is the Tree, the Sons the Fruit, and the Daughters the Leaves.*

A mysterious Epitaph.

NOt born, not dead, not christened, not begot,
So here she lies, that was, and that was not;
She dy'd, was born, begot, baptiz'd, and more
Was in her life, not honest, not a Whore.
Reader, behold a wonder rarely wrought,
Which whilst thou seem'st to read, thou readest *Not.*

Quest. There are thick bushes, little ones,
Whereon grow prickles and precious stones,
Which fair Maidens often pull;
'Tis hard, 'tis plump, 'tis full;
They put it in, and still they move it,
Which makes it melt, and then they love it.

The

The ſweet ſuckt, they ceaſe to play,
And caſt the empty skin away.
Sol. *A Gooſeberry.*

Choice Apothegms and Proverbs, collected from divers Authors, upon ſundry occaſions.

A Fair Wife, and a Frontier Caſtle, breed quarrels.
2. An old wiſe mans Scabberd, is better than a young buzzards Sword.
3. Vertue never grows old.
4. To a fair day open your window.
5. Old wine, and an old friend, are good proviſions.
6. Too much familiarity breeds contempt.
7. She ſpins well that breeds her Children.
8. Marry your Son when you will, your Daughter when you can.
9. Dally not with money, nor women.
10. None is a fool alwayes, every one ſometimes.
11. I wept when I was born, and every day ſhews why.
12. He that playes his money ought not to value it.
13. They that know one another, ſalute afar off.
14. Think of eaſe, but work on.
15. A woman and a glaſs are ever in danger.
16. Truth and oil are ever above.
17. Honey is ſweet, but the Bee ſtingeth.
18. He hath great need of a fool that playeth the fool himſelf.
19. He that ſtumbles and falls not, mends his pace.
20. Building and marrying of children, are great waſters.

21. Play

21. Play with a fool at home, and he will play with you in the Market.

22. The Eye and Religion can bear no jesting.

23. An ill wound may be cured, not an ill name.

24. On painting and fighting, look aloof off.

25. Marry a Widow before she leaves mourning.

26. Good words quench more than a Bucket of water.

27. By Suppers more have been killed, than *Galen* ever cured.

28. Many kiss the hand they wish cut off.

29. He that strikes with his tongue, must ward with his head.

30. Since you know all, and I nothing, tell me what I dreamed last night.

31. If you would know secrets, look them in grief or pleasure.

32. Fine words dress ill deeds.

33. Praise a Hill, but keep low.

34. If the wise erred not, it would go hard with fools.

35. Water, fire, and souldiers, quickly make room.

36. Fair words make me look to my purse.

37. The offender never pardons.

38. He that is angry at a Feast is rude.

39. Before you make a friend, eat a bushel of salt with him.

40. He that hath horns in his bosome, let him not put them on his head.

41. In life you loved me not, in death you bewail me.

42. The hearts Letter is read in the eyes.

43. He that lives in hope, danceth without musick.

44. Choose a horse made, and a wife to make.

45. The Court hath no Almanack.

46. The ignorant hath an Eagles wings, and an Owls eyes.

47. The Cholerick drinks, the Melancholick hates, the Flegmatick sleeps.

48. Con-

48. Converſation makes one what he is.
49. Wine is a turn-coat, firſt a friend, and then an enemy.
50. Many things are loſt for want of asking.
51. Love makes one fit for any work.
52. Love makes his Kingdom without a Sword.
53. Love makes all hard hearts gentle.
54. Love makes faith, and faith firmneſs.
55. Love and buſineſs find eloquence.
56. He that loves the tree, loves the branch.
57. Love and a Cough cannot be conceal'd.
58. Love is not found in the Market.
59. Love is the true price of love.
60. A houſe and a woman ſute excellently.
61. Diſcreet women have neither ears nor eyes.
62. Things well fitted abide.
63. In chooſing of a wife, and buying of a ſword, we ought not to truſt another.
64. Fair is not fair, but that which pleaſeth.
65. Who lets his wife go to every feaſt, and his horſe drink at every water, ſhall never have a good wife, nor a good horſe.
66. The tooth-ach is more eaſie than Love.
67. Willows are weak, yet they bind others.
68. Gaming, women, and wine, whilſt they laugh, make men pine.
69. In the Husband wiſdom, in the Wife gentleneſs.
70. Beauty draws more than Oxen.
71. If the Mother had never been in the Oven, ſhe had never ſought her Daughter there.
72. Three women make a Market.
73. He that marries for wealth, ſells his liberty.
74. A gentle heart is tied with an eaſie thread.
75. Fair language grates not the tongue.
76. Women laugh when they can, and weep when they will.

77. He

77. He that marries late, marries ill.

78. Words are women, deeds are men.

79. Pleasure long expected is dear enough sold.

80. A woman conceals what she knows not.

81. He that tells his Wife news, is but newly married.

82. All truths are not to be told.

83. A long tongue is a sign of a short hand.

84. What your glass tells you, will not be told by Councel.

85. Mills and Wives ever want.

86. He that hath a Fox for his mate, had need have a Net at his girdle.

87. Prettiness dies first.

88. A poor Beauty finds more Husbands than Lovers.

89. Who hath a Wolf for his mate, needs a Dog for his man.

90. He that is not handsome at twenty, nor strong at thirty, nor rich at fourty, nor wise at fifty, will never be handsome, strong, rich, or wise.

91. Hearken to reason, or she will be heard.

92. He that will learn to pray, let him go to Sea.

93. I had rather ride on a Horse that carries me, than an Ass that throws me.

94. While the discreet advise, the fool doth his business.

95. Who doth his own business fouls not his hands.

96. Disgraces are like Cherries, one draweth another.

97. He plays well that wins.

98. The Royal Crown curer not the Head-ach.

99. He that contemplates, hath a day without a night.

100. Nothing dries sooner than tears.

101. Long jeſting was never good.
102. Sweet diſcourſe makes ſhort dayes and nights.
103. Night is the mother of counſel.
104. Soft and fair goes far.
105. A ſhip and a woman are eveo repairing.
106. The beſt of the ſport is to do the deed, and ſay nothing.
107. He thinks not well that thinks not again.
108. Gifts enter every where without a wimble.
109. He that is at eaſe ſeeks vanities.
110. The firſt and the laſt froſt is the worſt.
111. A cool mouth, and warm feet, live long.
112. He that will take the bird, muſt not ſcare it.
113. Ill ware is never cheap.
114. Were there not fools, bad ware would not paſs.
115. Who is ſo deaf as he that will not hear?
116. They that are booted are not alwaies ready.
117. Send a wiſe man of an errand, and ſay nothing to him.
118. In the World, who knows not how to ſwim, goes to the bottom.
119. Though the Sun ſhine, leave not thy Cloak at home.
120. Far ſhooting never kill'd bird.
121. He that hath the ſpice may ſeaſon as he liſts.
122. Water afar off quencheth not fire.
123. The wearer knows where the ſhooe wrings.
124. One flower makes no Garland.
125. A fool may throw a ſtone into a Well, which a hundred wiſe men cannot draw forth.
126. To the counſel of fools, a word is beſt.
127. There are many wayes to fame.
128. The ſhorteſt anſwer, is, Doing.
129. A bird in the hand is worth two in the buſh.

130. Little

130. Little Dogs ſtart the Hare, the great ones get her.

131. Wiſdom hath one foot on the Land, an another on the Sea.

132. Wine in Bottles doth not quench the thirſt.

133. An idle head is a box for the wind.

134. If things were to be done twice, all would be wiſe.

135. At Court every one is for himſelf.

136. 'Tis good walking with a horſe in ones hand.

137. In an hundred ells of contention there is not one inch of love.

138. You muſt loſe a Flie to catch a Gnat.

139. For a morning rain leave not your journey.

140. The Mill cannot grinde with the water that is paſt.

141. The fault of the Horſe is put on the Saddle.

142. Whoſe houſe is of glaſs, muſt not throw ſtones at another.

143. Milk ſayes to Wine, Welcome friend.

144. The houſe ſhews the owner.

145. Quick believers need broad ſhoulders.

146. He that ſends a fool, means to follow him.

147. Never had ill workmen good tools.

148. When prayers are done, my Lady is ready.

149. He that ſtudies his content, oftentimes wants it.

150. Health without money is half ſickneſs.

151. There is no equity in keeping an unjuſt promiſe.

152. It is better to give one ſhilling away, than lend twenty.

153. Before thou marry, have thy dwelling place.

154. Handſome women without portions find more Sweet-hearts than Husbands.

155. Happy is he that oweth nothing.

Phraſes for the beginning of Letters, for our greater ſpeed in our urgent occaſions.

DEſiring to refreſh the memory of your good will.

I thank you for the courteſie I received at your hands.

I pray you honour me ſo much, as to bear my Neece company.

Let me requeſt this courteſie at your hands.

I muſt entreat you to have me excuſed.

I am wonderfully taken with the reading of your Letters.

Sir, I am not ignorant of the affection you bear to me.

There ſhall be nothing wanting in me, who have been alwaies tender of your honour.

Sir, I have well conſidered of your friendſhip, and the worthy affection you bear to me.

Sir, Let me adviſe you not to ſlip any opportunities to make me happy in your commands.

Sir, Excuſe me, if my haſte force me to be familiar with you.

Phraſes for the concluſion of Letters in haſte.

WHerefore let me entreat you to adviſe me, or give me counſel, ſince in all things you may diſpoſe of me.

Wherefore I do again deſire you to repute me for one of your adorers.

I will employ all my power in it.

The beſt intereſt, or uſe, which you ſhall have for the

the money you lent me is: that I will here confeſs and ſubſcribe my ſelf, Yours, &c.

Sir, So as you will have a little patience, I will do you reaſon, or, I will do all that ſhall be fitting, to expreſs my ſelf your ſervant.

When you ſhall have need of my ware, or of any thing my Shop affords, it is at your command or ſervice, as I am, &c.

In any thing wherein I ſhall have the means to ſerve you, I will do it with a very good will, whileſt I am, &c.

If you have need of me, I pray you ſpare me not, ſince I am alwaies, Yours.

If you think good, I pray you ſend for it, for it is at your command, as I am.

Sir, I ſhall acquit my ſelf therein, as I ſhould do in my own buſineſs that moſt chiefly concerns me, for I am, &c.

You ſhall find me alwayes ready to obey you, to my power, *F. G.*

If you deal well with me now, you will give me occaſion to pleaſure you another time, for I am at your diſpoſure.

If you ſend not the ſum you owe me, you will conſtrain me to take ſome other courſe.

I pray you adviſe him in it, who is yours, *L. W.*

I will be ready to do it with all my heart.

'Tis the leaſt part of that ſervice he owes you, who is your friend.

I will not fail to advertize you.

All that I have is at your command, as I am.

I will take the boldneſs to ſalute you, with my moſt humble recommends.

I ſhall do it with as good a will as I now recommend me to your good favour, with my prayers to God, to give you even what your heart deſires, and I remain yours.

Deſi-

Desiring God to give you the continuance and encrease of all kind of prosperity; with my prayers to God to give you, with your perfect health, the accomplishment of your wishes and desires. *Yours*, G. J.

Praying to God for your contentment, even so I take my leave.

And so I rest, or remain ever, *Yours, &c.*

The Garden-knot of fair and rare Letters of Complements.

An offer of service. 1.

Sir,

THese strokes of my hand shall serve to entreat you to honour me with yours, and to confirm to you, anew, the purpose I have always had in my soul, which is a perfect will to live faithfully, that I may die constant.

Yours, Sir.

Another. 2.

SIR, This my duty shall confirm the rest, which I desire to yield you by my service, with this request, that you hold me still in your remembrance, as him that shall never affect other merit, than that of obeying you, whereby to be by you esteemed, Sir, the most obedient of all your servants.

Another, upon the sending of a Token. 3.

See, *Sir,*

I Do not forget you, witness this present, and a thousand more evidences, which I shall give you for a security of my continued affection; and in all occasions, you shall find me what I profess, that is,

Sir, Yours.

A Letter of requeſt to entertain a friend. 4.

SIR, if I can tell how to crave of you, much better can I obey you; but for lack of your commands, I make my prayers to you, and eſpecially for this, to honour this friend of mine with your favour; we both ſhall be obliged and bound to you; he, as an humble ſuitor, and I Sir, as,

Your moſt affectioned ſervant.

Sir, A Letter for anſwer to requeſts. 5.

I Honour your requeſts too much to refuſe them, much more your commands, to diſlike them; ſo that by obliging you, I content my ſelf: I have therefore effected your will, which I account mine own, with as much vehemency as ſhall be requiſite for your ſervice; for whilſt I am any thing, Sir, I am,

Your ſervant.

Another humble expreſſion of ones ſelf to a friend. 6.

SIR, I am ſo deſtinate to obey you, that I never had a more paſſionate deſire in my ſoul for any thing: endeavour then to content me, by making uſe of my ſervices, for they belong to you; and I beſtow them on you, without reſerving ought but the honour of that employment, ſince that will make me ſtill appear, whereſoever I am, like my ſelf, which is,

Your moſt humble, &c.

Sir, Another. 7.

YOur requeſts are effected, and by conſequence, my deſires are accompliſhed; the one depending on the other: for the leaſt of thoſe things that may pleaſure you, ſhall be alwaies my contentment. Spare not then to command my utmoſt endeavours, for they proceed, Sir, from

Your moſt humble ſervitor.

A Complemental Letter. 8.

Sir,

I Have nouriſht in my ſelf a continual care of ſeeking opportunities to do you ſervice, and take more delight in rendring my ſelf yours, than in the waies of the worl:

I

I beſeech you therefore to honour me with your commands; I acknowledge my ſelf an enemy to Courtſhip, but I dare proteſt this, That though you may have more powerful, you can never have a more conſiderable ſervant: for I am,

Yours moſt affectionately.

A Letter of ſilence. 9.

THe only way, Sir, to conſerve me in your memory, is to write to me: Silence is a ſworn enemy to friendſhip; If you have heretofore taken an oath to write no more to me, ſend me my Letters back again: You may ſo change your humour when you pleaſe, if you deſire not to renew obligations of my ſervice: I honour you ſo extremely, that I muſt of neceſſity addreſs theſe lines to you: The proteſtations I have made to live and die yours, have raiſed in me this reſolution, not to loſe the honour of your remembrance; though you ſhould make little eſteem of him, who is,

Your moſt humble ſervant.

The Anſwer. 10.

Sir,

ACcuſe me of importunity rather than of neglect; for ſo you may find me guilty: a treſpaſs which, out of my reſpect to you, I ſhall carry with me to my grave. I know that friendſhip cannot be conſerved without Letters, and that there muſt be reciprocal and continued aſſurances; if you will but force your ſelf to believe this, I cannot ſuffer under the misfortune of neglect; for though intereſts have for a ſhort ſpace reſtrained my Pen, my hand ſhall hereafter be for ever on the Paper, to expreſs how much I am,

Your faithful friend and ſervant.

A Letter of gratitude. 11.

Sir,

YOu have ever ſo purſu'd me with your favours, that I am made capable of no other pleaſure in the world, but to entertain them: inſomuch, that ſhould I offer

offer up my being unto you, 'tis impoſſible for me, but in part to diſ-engage my ſelf; ſo that of neceſſity I muſt want both words and ſervices, to expreſs how unfeignedly I honour you, and am,

Yours.

The Anſwer. 12.

Sir,

THe exceſs of your nobleneſs hath bereft me of all complements: ſo that I have bought your thanks at too dear a rate, and muſt be familiar: whereas I received from you a miracle of Courtſhip, give me leave in plain terms to expreſs, that you will be more weary of acknowledging, than I in executing the office of a friend, being undeſervedly,

Yours to command.

A Letter of intreaty. 13.

Sir,

I Doubt not of your power, and leſs of your nobleneſs and therefore preſume to take the freedom to implore your favour in the proſecution of that buſineſs you are already acquainted with: I have ſo much honour in this misfortune, as to make your goodneſs known to the world (by my engagements) eternally conſerving the memory of all your other favours, which ſo extremely obligeth me that though for the preſent I am one of your moſt unprofitable ſervants, I ſhall not fail hereafter to merit it, or to carry a ſorrow with me to my grave.

Yours, J. P.

The Anſwer. 14.

Sir,

IF I have done all you have deſired, I ſhould ſtill intreat you to preſerve new commands, I take ſuch pleaſure in them: ſo that I blame nothing but the facility of their execution; having more thanks to retribute you for

for my imployment, than you can return me for my service. Whereas you write of the preserving of their memory, I shall desire no greater glory from you, than new proofs of my obedience: so all the satisfaction I expect, is to be made more, if it were possible,

Yours, J. R.

A congratulatory Letter, for the good fortune of a friend. 15.

Sir,

THe excess of my gladness, like the merits of your affection, is not in any respect vulgar: for all my passions do but wait upon your good fortunes. Pardon therefore the defect of my eloquence, since it is supplied with the joy which reigns in me, which hath made me so sensible of that extraordinary contentment that in honouring you the world is possessed of; which long before this, foresaw that the felicity of this event belonged to your merits: perhaps most of your friends have prevented me in this congratulation: but this zeal and affection cannot come too late for him, that is more than he is able to express,

Yours.

The Answer. 16.

Sir,

YOu have so sensibly touched me with your Letter, your joy (as it were to the life) mingling my interest with yours, that should I not render thanks to you, I should die of a deep impatience. I acknowledge I never merited the effects of such nobleness, as that you should account of me, as an object for your vertuous inclinations: the pleasure I entertain to consider your goodness, is more satisfaction to me than my advancement; as I prefer before other interests the happiness of your affection, and the new assurance of your friendship: which that I may the more seriously contemplate, I shall for ever reserve in my admiration, and remain in the number of your best friends.

Yours, L. D.

A Letter acknowledging a notable favour. 17.

Worthy Sir,

THE excess of your goodness hath forced me to silence, that I am not able to render you sufficient thanks for so great a favour: You are so extremely generous that I cannot be sensible enough: All the happiness that I am furnished with, is, that you would be pleased to grant my innocent observance so much liberty as to importune you at all times to honour me with your commands; For, I am

Your humble servant.

A Letter to a Lord. 18.

My Lord,

I Boldly confess my incapacity to express to your Lordship the resentment which your Obligation causes in me; as also my disability, in meeting with occasions to acquit my self; so that I have no other power left me but an acknowledgement of your generous actions, which can only recompence themselves in publishing your Lordships noble mind to the whole world, together with the quality,

My Lord, of your most humble and most obedient servant.

A Letter intreating pardon for a fault. 19.

SIR, it is not that I fear my innocency, but to purchase the quiet of my mind, that I present these Lines to you: in the errour I committed, there was more contributed by my nature, and the suddenness of the occasion, than from any free-will of mine: I confess my fault, not only in hope of your pardon, but also of a better acceptance, since the acknowledgment proceeds from

Your truly sorrowful friend.

A Letter complaining of a falſe report.

SIR, I fear you have forgot that eſteem which I made of your deſerts, and thoſe paſſions which I ever had to do you ſervice, or elſe you could not be ſo forgetful, both of me, and your ſelf, as to undertake ſo dangerous an employment. I adviſe you ſuddenly to reſtrain theſe exorbitancies of your tongue, or I ſhall force you to ſuch a long ſilence, that you ſhall never be heard to ſpeak again. This is a charitable advice, if you are ſo careful of your ſelf as to follow it.

Your ſervant, G. K.

The Anſwer, 21.

SIR, If, as you write, you had rightly called to your remembrance the nature and quality of a true friend, I could not have met with ſo violent an encounter from you, in a buſineſs of ſuch importance, without better information; which, when you take the pains hereafter to be more ſerious in, you will chaſtiſe your ſelf for your raſhneſs, and with an acknowledgment endeavour to renew the intereſts of

Your friend and ſervant.

Another more Complemental anſwer, to the ſame purpoſe. 22.

SIR, I do aſſure you, with your better permiſſion, that your accuſation is now falſe; yet ſo highly do I approve of your judgment, that I do begin to queſtion my innocency, till you appear more a friend, to let me peaceably enjoy it.

Your moſt humble ſervant.

To his Friend newly married. 23.

SIR, With the ſame joy that I formerly embraced your friendſhip, I entertained the good news of your happy marriage. Fame hath given an excellent report of the civility and ſweetneſs of this your other-half, to whom you now have divided part of the power that

you had acquired over my affections; I rejoyce in your happy election, and as your friend must ever love you with the same passions, and, as extremely as before, professe my self

Yours.

Sir,

The answer. 24.

I Am confident that our Contentments are never to be divided from you. The Lines I received from you were as so many Characters of your good nature and noble mind; for which I am extremely obliged to you: but I can assure you also, in the election I have made of a Wife, you have obtained a new Servant, since she partakes already in the passions which I have to serve you, being as my Wife, your Friend; Sir, I am

Your most humble servant.

A Letter of protestation of friendship. 25.

Sir, THough I have made a vow to be your most perfect honourer all my life, and not to remit one point of the passion I have to do you service; yet I shall never content my self, except some occasion be offered me suddenly, whereby I may appear to you to be more than verbal. 'Tis the only good fortune I expect with impatience, being not a little grieved that I cannot express my self, to the extent of my desires,

Your friend and servant.

The Answer. 26.

Sir, THe eternity of your Love is be expressed in the frequency of your Letters, which are to me above all other pleasures; which though they cannot render you more perfect than you are, yet they seem to be the accomplishment of your vows, as mine do assure you, that whatsoever happens, you shall find me to be

Your most humble and obedient servant.

The

The answer. 28.

SIR, What proofs soever you give me of your friendship, they are not able to diminish the price of mine being in such an height of perfection, as not to be named; which truth, if I am so unfortunate as that you should doubt, I will ever maintain, with the honour also that I have acquired; which is, that whatsoever happens, I will never be otherwise than

Your most humble and obedient servant.

A Letter of excuse. 29.

THough you were deprived of my Letters, you were not of my remembrance; but if the want of a good opportunity will excuse me, my good will must satisfie you. And indeed I had no news to send you, Sir, save only that I am alwayes, *Yours.*

To a sick friend. 30.

SIR, Being ascertain'd of your sickness, I was the more in doubt of mine own health, since the least distemper you feel is to me an extreme grief. Now if my prayers can do any thing for your health, and consequently for my comfort, you will be soon well, and I content, Sir, who am *Your humble, &c.*

A Letter to his Sweet-heart. 31.

YOU bind me, and unbind; pardon me, fairest, if this word offend thee; when you tell me you love me, can I have any greater Obligation? The offence is not small that you have not written to me, but that you promised me; for I am indebted to your promise, and not to your love. Remember, I beseech you, that I am not yours, because I have promised you, but because I am truly yours; and that I desire not Letters for the conditions that are between us, but for the sole witness of your good will, not welcoming them as merchandizes, but as being sent me from a wounded heart. Thus I am thine. *Farewell.*

A Letter from a Quondam Miſtreſs. 35.

SIR, Since I am conſtrained by my fathers commands, I muſt intreat you to end that love which heretofore I conjured you to keep eternal. I am inrended for an advancement, yet cannot leave ſenſibly to feel the ſeparation of our loves; yet ſince it is folly to contrary that which muſt fall out otherwiſe, I counſel you to arm your ſelf with ſtrong reſolutions, and to forget all that hath paſt between us, that you may have no memory of me; as I, for duties ſake, am conſtrained to forget you,

Being not my own.

His anſwer. 33.

GO paper, more happy than him that ſends thee, accompanied with thy blots, inſtead of tears; kiſs her hands, which having kiſt, ſince ſhe hath robbed me of my heart, certifie her, that day and night I turn my ſelf into ſtreams of tears, to waſh away her perjuries and falſe vows: Tell her, faithful paper, that by unbending the Bow ſhe can never heal the wound which ſhe hath made in her faith and my love, and that my griefs ſhall witneſs to the world, that as ſhe is moſt fair, ſo ſhe is moſt inconſtant to her lover, who can find content in nothing, and therefore bids her for ever farewell.

34.

SIR, I received your Letter, and withall peruſed thoſe undeſerved commendations of my perfections, as you call them: To which you annexed the proteſtations of your ſervice, which you moſt give me leave to queſtion: for I ſhall alwayes doubt whether ſo honourable a perſonage, as your Lordſhip, can yield ſervice to ſo mean a Lady; or if love had ſuch power, whether you would obey. Now, worthy Sir, upon theſe warrants, and your free offers of ſervice, I bind you by a courteous requeſt, to conclude a ſpeedy peace, that I may without danger of hoſtility repair to *Diana*'s Temple; ſo ſhall I be bound to do you any honourable favour. *Farewell.*

His

His ſhort anſwer. 35.

MY *Deareſt*, if the diſſembling which you accuſe me of be to cauſe me to die of grief, you may eaſily do it with a frown, and then my death will give you a ſpeedy and deplorable demonſtration how truly I have loved you. *Farewell.*

Her anſwer. 36.

IF there be any thing in you that pleaſes me, your death is the leaſt: The acknowledgment of your fault hath ſatisfied me, and I will have no other revenge of your boldneſs, than the miſery you ſuffer. Know your ſelf better hereafter.

Farewell and live, cheriſh your ſelf and hope.

A Letter to his Miſtreſs in his abſence. 37.

Fairiſt, I left thee with grief, but am returned with pleaſure and contentment; deny me not therefore thy preſence, but let me ſee thee, that I may recount my fortunes to thee, who art the Fortune of my fortune. *Farewell.*

A Letter proteſting affection. 38.

IF I have not alwayes loved you, let me never be loved of any; if my affections do ever change, let my preſent misfortunes never change; if you believe not the Oath I have made you, take what proof you will of me, and you ſhall find that I am more yours, than I can aſſure you by my true, but moſt feeble, words. *Farewell.*

A Letter in favour of another. 39.

SIR, If you ſhall be pleaſed to employ ſome part of your Credit in the behalf of this Gentleman, without any conſideration but my Requeſt, I ſhall account his Obligation as mine own, your deſert and condition having made you ſo conſiderable and neceſſary, that I could not but preſume to importune you in this particular. I ſhall hereafter reſent what you are pleaſed to do for him. *Your ſervant.*

The Answer. 40.

SIR, I only waited for an employment from you, that I might express my joy to serve you, so that I esteem my self happy in this little occasion. Your commands are my honour; think of this business as done;

Your servant.

A Letter complaining of absence. 41.

SIR, The great esteem I have ever had of your friendship, suffers me not to endure your absence any longer. This tyranny of your humour or inclination is too severe a punishment for me to groan under: For the Eclipses of your better self seem to me to be a retirement to your affection; let me therefore intreat you to return speedily; I conjure you by all those charms of passion I have ever been at your service, to make a speedy redress to him, who is, *Your most humble servant.*

The Answer. 42.

SIR, I make less account of my absence from the Court, and from my affairs, than from you; your friendship is the only business of my speedy return. I have already chid my self, and now have no more to do, but to precipitate my haste, and in person to make my excuse, with the tenders of all manner of service, in the quality of *Your most humble servitor.*

A Letter clearing ones self of false accusation. 43.

SIR, I hope that all the passions of my service have given you sufficient proofs, never to doubt my Loyalty, in which my innocency hath ever shined clearer than the best language of my pen can express, so that the malice of that person was but ill contrived, whose knavery I will make your sport; and if you please but to reveal his name, I will ingage mine honour to make him sign me an acquittance with his blood. I express my self thus far, that at any rate I may purchase your higher esteem of me, or be for ever forgotten;

Your abused friend.

The

The Answer. 44.

SIR, I have more discretion, than to be tempted to give credit to a false report, that I knew my self also to be interessed in: And, before I shall declare you guilty, I will consider of that reputation you bear in all places of the world, which will also convince me of your integrity. Your accuser is not worthy of your foot, much less of your sword: satisfie your self, that it is impossible, that I should lose the esteem which I have ever had of your deserts, being Sir,

Your most humble servant.

A Letter to a sick friend. 45.

THis is the protestation of your friend, That your sickness is mine, your indisposition is mine; and if you leave not your Bed, I shall suddenly take physick. There is a distance of miles betwixt us; but you have infected me here. You can have no greater assurance of my friendship, than my life, which is indangered, till I hear of your recovery;

Your languishing friend.

The answer. 46.

PRaised be Heaven, I have so much strength, as to hold my pen to render these thanks to you, and to be still sensible of the goodness of such a friend. I have some hopes of recovery, which, as you express, is the weapon-salve of your health. Use me as kindly in the care of your self; *Yours.*

A Complemental Letter. 47.

SIR, I am not guilty of errors to make me blush: As for errors of my birth and condition, to live and die yours, certainly I cannot be accused, or convicted, they carry so much honour with them, to justifie me; or if they do not, think not that I complement, for my pen and heart ever conspire together, else I should never have taken up a resolution to go beyond my grave,

Sir, your most humble and most obedient servant.

The answer. 48.

SIR, I am so unfeignedly, and without reservation yours, that when you give me any testimonies of your friendship, I am touched with impatience; much more when you would be your own accuser in what you deserve: But as I could never merit from you, you seem to be most unreasonable in such expressions, which proceed from too much zeal; and you still punish me with the misfortue of my disability, to be so admirably transported in my Letters. I know it is your delight to oblige all the world thus. I beseech you to believe me, that I am honestly envious of your nobleness; and till I have encountred with some means to requite you, I will only present the disquiet of my mind, and then alwayes seek occasions to test fie to you, how much I am,

Your most humble and obliged servant.

49.

SIR, It would be very hard for me to express how strictly I am yours: For your friendship commands me to serve you, you do continually oblige me: yet thus far, as in expression of my obedience, I dare challenge the world, in which I would meet with the most ambitious, to know if there were any amongst them that could vaunt, with that reason, that they are to the height, as I am,

Your most humble and most obedient servant.

A Letter of most excessive favours. 50.

SIR, You are so noble in all respects, that I am one of your enviers, as well as one of your admirers, and grow somewhat jealous of that generosity you exercise in my behalf, since you will not give me leisure to acknowledge your favours, they come so fast upon me, that in the end I shall be constrained to seem ungrateful, though I both have, and would profess my self, to my last minute,

Your most humble servant.

A

A Letter to a friend, upon the death of his brother. 51.

SIR, I am truly what you have ever believed, and will be everlastingly a partaker of your grief, and am so much your friend, that 'tis impossible I should be so insensible as to remain dumb; or that my passions, which serve and honour you, should fall asleep, when yours are in their extremity. I know you have too good an opinion of me, to think I could be so forgetful; yet pardon me, *Sir*, if in my Letter I flatter you not; for in this point you exempt all reason from you, and your griefs are so unlimited, that they are become your crimes, as you are uncharitable to your self, or would call a Saint from happiness. *Sir*, though your misfortunes are in their flood, they have not drowned that respectful observance I shall ever bear and coffin up, with the love I have vowed to you. Let me intreat you therefore, no longer to inculcate his death in your memory, unless you will deprive your self of my friendship, by your too much immoderate grieving. Pardon me, *Sir*, If I say, that your passions are mine, that at this line my pen falls out of my hand, and my tears blot out what I am writing. *Sir*, I am your admirer and faithful servant, be pleased to accept this counsel from me, together with an assurance that I will live and die

Your most passionate servant.

A Letter of presentation of service. 52.

SIR, I have taken hold of this occasion, to express the inclination I have to esteem you more than all the world. Pardon my presumption, since it is accompanied with a resolution, everlastingly to be

Your servant.

The Answer. 53.

SIR, I am much obliged to you, for the good will you witness in my behalf; but I have no other liberty

left me, except to give you thanks, as I do very humbly, assuring you that I will continue your remembrance in acknowledgment of the quality of

Your most humble servant.

A Letter to demand an answer. 54.

SIR, Your silence nourisheth a doubt in me, whether my service be acceptable to you, or not: you may resolve me when you please by some short answer, if you judge me worthy of such a favour;

Your servant.

The answer to them both. 55.

SIR, I am obliged to you for two Letters, in which you have given me such absolute proofs of your love: In answer to them, briefly, I must acquaint you with thus much. That though you earnestly expected to hear from me, till now I had not the liberty to indite, nor a convenient Messenger to direct my mind to you by: I have no more to write, but that I am extremely sensible of your love, which affords me so much power, as to publish my respects to you, in the stile of

Your most humble servant.

A complaint of her absence. 56.

To his Mistress.

MAdam, since you are born into the world for no other end than to be admired, why do you eclipse your self from him who should admire you, and would lose a thousand Lives to serve you, and give a testimony of your worth, to which long ago I dedicated my self;

Madam, Your most humble and obedient servant.

The answer. 57.

SIR, You know I am not accustomed to credit the complaints of Lovers; their afflictions do pass with me for Fables, and their diseases seem to be very easie of cure. Thus I give you a firmer assurance of my conceptions of love, than you can give me of the constancy of any that you profess you entertain; yet be your affections

what

what they will, I will render my ſelf, as far as a chaſte liberty permits, *Your humble ſervant.*

A Letter returning love and fidelity. 58.

Miſtreſs, If you prove conſtant, I will loſe my life ſooner than part with thoſe reſolutions I have entertained to ſerve you. This is not a diſcourſe of Complement, but the ſoul of my thoughts, which knows no other object than your deſerts, only as they have an abſolute power for ever to oblige my life and honour at your diſpoſure; for I will hazard the one and the other, when you pleaſe to command them in your ſervice, ſince it intereſſeth my happineſs to be, eternally

Your moſt humble and faithful ſervant.

The anſwer. 59.

SIR, You are too eloquent to be amorous, and too paſſionate to be conſtant; and I am too unworthy of ſuch proteſtations of your Martyrdom: Yet your deceit is not ſo diſpleaſant to me, as that I could ceaſe to be obliged, ſince you are pleaſed to reckon me in the number of

Your humble ſervants.

A Letter of complaining of neglect. 60.

Madam, ſince I have learned the leſſon of Love, I have been ſufficiently inſtructed with ſufferings. 'Tis true, the ſlavery wherewith I am tyed, forbids me to demand a reaſon for what you can do, yet I dare allow my ſelf ſo much liberty, as to tell you that you are too rigorous to be ſo beautiful, and that except you change this ſevere humour, wherewith you tyrannize over me, you will run the hazard to loſe,

Madam, Your moſt humble and faithful ſervant.

To congratulate a friend. 61.

SIR, I much rejoyce at the ſucceſs of your buſineſs; and even ſo, as if it had arrived to me, I could not more celebrate it in my ſoul: ſo much do I tender your content: but this is but a duty to the friendſhip I owe you,

you, and a neceſſity to the zeal I hâve to your ſervice, o which I ſhall ever be obliged, Sir,

Your moſt humble, &c.

A farewell to a friend going a Voyage. 62.

SIR, The Law of neceſſity muſt deprive me a while from the honour of your preſence (but not without grief;) for your converſation is ſo pleaſing to me, that I have alwaies preferred it before all manner of delights. Judge therefore, if ſeparated from you, whether I can live content: But though I ſuffer for the preſent in your abſence, it is my joy that I can never forget you; and whereſoever I remain, it ſhall appear to you that I am, Sir, *Yours.*

A Letter of excuſe. 63.

SIR, If lawful excuſes exempt duty, I am abſolved of the promiſes I have made you, through the importunity of affairs that have befaln me: it grieves me nevertheleſs for not keeping my word with you; and that grief, with my good will, may ſatisfie you; I ſhall ſhortly do my ſelf the happineſs to ſee you, and the honour to ſerve you,

Sir, *Since I am yours, &c.*

Of a new married-man to his Brother-in-law. 64.

SIR, The honour of your alliance is ſo dear to me, that I ſhall never think my ſelf more happy, than when I ſhall know my ſelf capable to deſerve it: th's expreſſion of my duty will witneſs to you how conſiderable you are with me, which at once hath given me, with the deſire to obſerve you, the will to ſerve you; I have no other paſſion in my ſoul, nor other ambition in my deſigns; it is all I hope for, it is every thing I look for, yea, with ſo much patience, as I have left off my liberty (after ſo ſweet a ſervitude) to live faithful, that I may die conſtant.

Sir, *The moſt humble of your ſervants.*

A Letter by way of Proteſtation. 65.

Sir,

THE honour of your friendſhip ſo obligeth me to make ſome worthy acknowledgment, that I am moſt reſolute to ſerve you; but as full of defect in the performance: I will therefore wait the time and occaſion, wherein, by your command, I may ſignallize my obedience, which ſhall alwayes, and whereſoever I remain, make me appear,

Sir, *That I am yours*, &c.

Another, to a friend obliging him by favours. 66.

Sir,

YOU ſtill delight in obliging ſuch as are moſt beholden unto you: I am witneſs of it, and your courteſie is the tryal; ſo that I am aſhamed to be alwaies ingaged, without ſo much as the hope ever to acknowledge the favour rightly. Nevertheleſs, if a fervent paſſion, perfectly zealous for your ſervice, can ſatisfie you for my defect, accept of it I beſeech you, ſince it proceeds,

Sir, *From your moſt humble ſervant*, &c.

To complain for ſome offence. 67.

SIR, Your words offend much, and your deeds much more; I pity them both, the one makes you ſeem wild, and the other raſh; I think you are not the man to repent it, but he that doth ill is not abſolved for being ſorry for it; he muſt do penance withall hereafter. Look to your own affairs, that you may never talk of other mens. I take nothing in jeſt when one pinches me. If you doubt it, there's his name who will make good his words. *N. B.*

A preſenting of ſervice. 68.

Miſtriſs,

IT is long ſince that too much diſcretion hath kept me from writing to you; and, it may be, too much boldneſs permits it me now; I pray you therefore pardon

me

me, before you judge me guilty, that ſo I may be rather abſolved, than accuſed; For though I had no other purpoſe than to render you my ſervice, as now I do, with my faith to boot, for aſſurance of my fidelity; yet am I fearful of too much undertaking; but howſoever, chaſtiſe me as you pleaſe, *Miſtreſs*, here's my Name and Sirname,

Your humble and moſt affectionate ſervant.

Another. 69.

Miſtreſs,

WHEN, to admire you, I ſtaid mine eyes at your Object, my heart inſenſibly taken, bewailed her Captive, ſo as I found my ſelf in Love, before I had ſo much as the hope to be ſo. And yet I ſhould not complain, but I rather bleſs the day that bereft me of my liberty, by the ſole arms of your merits, without reſerving any freedom to my ſelf, *Miſtreſs*, other than the word to ſpeak me,

Your ſervant.

Another. 70.

Miſtreſs,

IF admiration have only eyes for your beauty, and if *Cupid* hath gain'd his eyes again on purpoſe to guard you from danger; Can I have an heart without loving you, or a ſoul without adoring you? And can I be mortal, and not ſenſible of your charms? Oh no, *Miſtreſs*, I have too much honour in being your captive, and too much glory in being your ſlave.

Another. 71.

Miſtreſs, I am yours: for having nothing to offer you worthy of your merit, I beſtow my ſelf, but it is as your captive and ſlave.

Another. 72.

SInce your eyes have wounded my heart, the wound is mortal. If I muſt die, it muſt be for love. Happy death!

death! Happy cauſe! I will have no remedy, for my heart is too noble to crave a cure. Confeſs only you have vanquiſhed me, and I ſhall confeſs the defeat, being it proceeds from the moſt perfect creature on earth.

A Letter of a deſpairing Lover. 73.

SOmetimes love, at this time the deſpair of love, hath put the pen into my hand, with a purpoſe, if it return me no redreſs, to change it into a ſword which promiſes me a full, though a cruel healing. The blank paper which you have ſent me for an anſwer, is a teſtimony of my innocency, ſince it is, as if you had ſaid, you have found nothing to accuſe me of: From whence, otherwiſe, could your ſilence proceed? If you have any remembrance of my faithful ſervice, for pity, I deſire of you, either life or death; this is all that is requeſted at your hands, by your deſpairing Lover.

Her anſwer. 74.

DRaw from your evil, the knowledge of your good: if you had not been beloved, you could never have had a ſence of any thing: till you are forgiven, you ſhall not know your offence: in the mean ſpace, hope and live.

To a Lady, promiſing revenge on his enemy. 75.

MAdam, Who doubts of my innocency ſhall be guilty, and offend againſt truth; cloſed eyes ſee not the light, though without a ſhadow it ſhines on them, eſpecially when thoſe eyes are ſhut againſt the brightneſs of my juſtice. Therefore, if the blood of mine enemy cannot waſh away my ſtain, I will voluntarily add thereunto mine own; ſinee that I have no other way to preſerve my life left me, I am ready to render it. *Farewell.*

Her

Her answer. 76.

SIR, The wounds of the body are not alwaies healed, though they be out of danger; no more they of the mind: but having removed the difficulties by your valour and prudence, you must give time leave to work her ordinary actions; in the mean space, she that loves you waits an opportunity till the blemishes of your honour are wash't off by the expressions of your vertues, that you may appear clear, and as bright as day again, in the eyes of her that admires you.

A Lover's offer of his service to his Mistress. 77.

FAir *Mistress*, had I art to perswade you, as you have power to make me love you, the discovery of my blazing affections would melt you, were you a mountain of Ice, to pitie; but for that Love is more vehement in the heart, than in the tongue, I appeal to your motions for grace, if you have ever loved; if not, I hope for such justice at *Venus* hands, that though I place no confidence in my own wishes, because they convert to air, yet I presume on my own endeavours, for that I have vowed my life to death to do you service; of which you can have no better assurance, than to employ me; nor I a higher favour, than to be

Yours.

A Letter of a Lover requesting speedy remedy. 78.

GOod *Madam*, Martyr me not with doubts, since my affections are so violent, and the excellencie of your beautie doth so exceed, so that the full power of Love hath made me in the state of flaming flax, which is presently to be quenched, or it will suddenly burn: Thus longing for your gracious and sudden answer, I kiss your hand, and am

No more my own.

A Letter from a languishing Lover. 79.

MOre out of zeal to do you service, than desire I have to live, I here present you my consumed self,

ſelf, only kept alive by the light of your beautie, that ſitteth crowned in the palace of my heart, which bleeding at your feet, beggeth the means of my cure. If you vouchſafe it, I live: if not, you muſt ſee my death; and thus doubtful between both, till I kiſs your ſweet anſwer, I remain, unto my laſt gaſp,

Yours.

Her anſwer. 80.

I Am not cruel, though with difficulty I conſent to Love; and for that your paſſions are ſo extreme, I keep your picture in my boſome, but with what thought I bluſh to write, though pitie be my warrant, ſo that I leave the event of our Loves to your conſideration: for know, ſweet Sir, that being overcome to ſee your paſſions ſo great, I cannot but commit my Love, my honour, my ſelf, and all, to your affection and wiſe government.

Farewell.

A Letter to his Miſtreſs. 81.

Faireſt,

SInce it is a common thing to love, and a miracle to ſubdue affection, let it not ſeem ſtrange, that I am a ſlave to your beautie; nor wonder, though I ſue for grace, ſince the Lover, like a ſick Patient, is inforc'd to ſeek comfort of his Miſtreſs: To prove that I love you needs no other teſtimonie than the witneſs of your rare perfections, which are of force to create an amorous heat in the moſt ſevereſt *Anchorite*: for the preſent, I balm my wounds, with a hope that I ſhall kiſs your gracious hand, and that your anſwer will return an acceptance of the ſervice of him

Whoſe heart waiteth on your beauty.

A Letter to his Miſtreſs, upon ſervice enjoyned. 82.

FAir Nymph, may all contents and pleaſures dwell with you, as all mine depend on you! I perceive

now

now you command me to action: but love, which is ever accompanied with doubts, commands me to tremble: but let Heaven do with me what it pleaseth, I am confident that earth will not deny me a grave.

A Letter complaining of the cruelty of his Mistress. 83.

Fairest,

IF your eyes were as full of pity, as they are to cause love, the sweetness which they promise at the first, would make me to adore them with as much contentment as they have produced in me vain hopes; but so far are they from the performance of their deceitful promises, that they will not so much as glance at them; and so wide from healing my hurt, that they will not acknowledge themselves authors, as if, with you, they purposed to equal cruelty with beauty, since you have ordained that the affection that you have caused to be born in me, should cruelly dye in me: being unable to suffer so great an injustice, I am resolved to carry my affections with me into the grave, hoping that the Heavens moved at the last will, through my patient suffering, make me as dear to you, as you are now cruel to me.

Farewell.

A Letter from a despairing Lover. 84.

IF you have regard to the presumption which hath forced me to love, my death which follows it shall revenge it for you; but if it be indifferent to you, I assure my self, that this last act of my affection shall gain somewhat more on your soul; which if it fall out so, I shall cherish the resemblance of your beauty more than my birth, since by it I came into the world, to be troublesom to you; and by the other, I go out of it, and leave you.

Another. 85.

Mistress, My heart is yours, my obedience belongs to your Commands, and my whole will is yours;

so

ſo that I have nothing free but my pen, to expreſs how I am

Your ſervitor.

Another Letter of ſervice. 86.

SIR, I have been honoured with a Letter from you; in which I have ſeen the ſubmiſſions of ſervices that you do me, but undeſervedly: for that I am more beholding to your courteſies, than to any merit of mine. Now, to accept of them were unreaſonable, as to refuſe them would be held diſdainful. I do therefore receive the proffer, but leave the effects to your ſelf, that ſo you may not ſerve,

Sir,

Her that favours you.

Another. 87.

SIR, If my duty have entertained yours, my honeſty hath refuſed your offers, as too worthy of me, and I as unworthy of them; I ſhall, nevertheleſs, for mine own ſake, reſerve the honour to my ſelf, to be

Your ſervant.

Another to the ſame effect. 88.

SIR, I accuſe my duty for your ſatisfaction, for that I have deprived you of my Letters, and confeſs my ſelf guilty, before you accuſe me, the rather to merit grace. Deny it me not then, I beſeech you, as you regard him that begs it, who is,

The moſt affectionate of all your ſervants.

A Letter deſiring better acquaintance. 89.

SIR, Although my merit be not ſuch as may preſume to deſerve the honour I have to write to you; yet the deſire nevertheleſs I have to introduce my ſelf into your acquaintance and friendſhip, hath emboldned me to preſent theſe Lines to you, and to receive the honour of your commands, and to render to you the offers of my ſervice.

Yours.

A Letter form one to his Mistress. 90.

IT is impossible to see you without loving you: but much more to love you, without being extreme in that affection; so that if, for my defence, it shall please you to consider this truth, when this my paper shall present it self before your eies, I assure my self, that the greatness of my hurt shall obtain by pitie as much pardon from you, as the boldness which hath raised me to this worth may merit just punishment, attending the judgment which you shall give. Suffer me a thousand and a thousand times to kiss your fair hands, and rest,

Yours.

A Letter to Cælia. 91.

Mistress, If perfection be not in the world, but to make you be admired; if love be not love, but to make you be beloved; if sacrifices are not, but to make you be adored, who can see you without admiration? Who can admire you without love? And who can love you without adoration: He must be one that hath neither eyes, heart, nor soul: for if my eies admire, your affection will have it so: if my heart love, reason commands it; if my soul adores you, Heaven permits it; so that these three necessities forming it for you, I present it to you, Dear Mistress, under the Title of yours;

Eugenius.

A Letter of acknowledgment. 92.

WHat worthie acknowledgment can I give to your noble favours? when their extremitie bereaved me of the hope, my duty remains pensive at the excess of your courtesies: for being never able to render you other than unworthie effects of your merits, I have indeed but the will, and that is but a shadow for the bodie; yet accept it, I beseech you, whil'st you remember how it proceeds from

Your most humble servant.

Another

Another. 93.

SIR, With what kind of duties ſhall I acknowledge your courteſies, which have ſo obliged me, that to expreſs them right, I muſt be ſilent? To offer you my ſervice, it is already your own. To preſent my ſelf, I am yours long ſince; I then have nothing but deficiencies for your ſatisfaction, though I have a thouſand ſervices at your command, for my being in general, dependeth on that particular of

Your moſt humble ſervitor.

Anſwer. 94.

SIR, I have nothing, yet owe much. To preſent you with wiſhes for effects, were but too weak recompences; I will therefore give you mine endeavours for all your courteſies, honouring and ſerving you whileſt I live: All which life of mine is deſtined for no earthlie thing, but your commands.

Another. 95.

SIR, Your courteſies have too much obliged me, ever to forget them; I ſhall celebrate them particularlie in my ſoul, whereby to be able to acknowledge them, in the leaſt preſented ſerviceable occaſion; and live alwaies with this will, never to die beholden to you;

Sir, Your moſt humble ſervitor.

For telling of News. 96.

SIR, Deſirous of your contentment, as of mine own, I have taken pen in hand, to tell you whatſoever hath paſt. Now you have ſeen what is new, take the old with it, which is, that *I* am alwaies, Sir, *Your ſervitor.*

A Letter of acknowledgment of his being beloved. 97.

SHall I conceal ſuch an exceſſive happineſs, as to be loved by thee, *My deareſt*? Or, ſhall I publiſh it, to make it greater? No, no, my ſilence may honour it, yet my words ſhall make it more glorious, but not more conſtant by doing ſo, for I cannot deprive my mind by forgetfulneſs; yet I will have my lips continually

tinually closed up, against the confession of it, that my memory may be taken up with the thought of it, and my soul wrapped in the sole object of its *Idæa*, that so by blessing my birth, for the happiness of yours, that your death may be my tomb. In the mean space, my whole happiness and glory shall consist in the quality of

Your most humble servant.

A Letter of absence. 98.

Mistress, Since the day of your departure, which was also reckoned the same of my discontentment, tears and grief have been inseparable with my life; all kinds of objects are to me defective, nothing pleases me but what dislikes me. And if your memory did not still accompany me in my actions, I should forget my self, and instead of preserving my life for your service, should destroy it for my own content. If you desire to judge of my grief, judge what you are your self, *Mistress*, who are the fairest in the world, and I the most afflicted of all your servants.

Another. 99.

Mistress, Since your absence, I endured all that ever can be conceived of rigorous torments: the day shines not on me, but to enlighten my misfortunes: for the Sun laughs at my pain, as I scorn his brightness, in that I acknowledge none worthier than that of your eyes, long since my conquereſſes, and still mine idols. But what shall I say? I am born to endure, and to love you, *Mistress*, but alwaies in the quality of

Your most humble servant.

Letters of absence. 100.

If those griefs which are still present, since your absence, did not make me hope for a speedy death, I should bewail the birth of my daies, that do enlighten me without shining: for, deprived of the brightness of your eyes, I can acknowledge no other in the world,

world, as they have vanquiſhed me; and that with ſo many charms, as that they are not content that I adore them, but that they are ſtill burning me. Well, this is ſomewhat too much, but yet too little for your merits. Wherefore I will never be weary of ſuffering, no more than of loving you. Believe this my affliction, that your belief may be my remedy, and my honour, in the quality,

Miſtreſs,

Of your moſt humble ſervitor.

Another. 101.

Miſtreſs, If the ſorrow which your abſence hath cauſed in my ſoul, could give me as many words to expreſs it, as I have griefs to bewail it, I ſhould think my ſelf ſatisfied: But for too much enduring, I muſt be ſilent in my torment, but never in my expreſſions, how I am one *Of your moſt humble ſervants.*

Anſwer. 102.

Sir, WHat kind of trouble can ſuch an indifferent abſence bring to your content? It can be but an imaginary feeling to you, though it ſeems real, as by your own words may be perceived, which ſpeak you unable, being there's no ſuch thing to expreſs it; and therefore your ſilence will be your greateſt advantage, ſince it laies aſleep your torments, without ſaying any thing to them; but not the title which your fair carriage gives you, of being my *Servitor.* As to me, it doth likewiſe the endeavour, *Sir,* of deſerving the ſtile and quality of

Your ſervant.

103.

Sir, I Can give but a feigned remedy to an imaginary torment, like yours: for my abſence is of too different a nature to cauſe your grief or trouble. And, I beſeech you, diſpenſe with me for believing it, ſince alſo mine own knowledge forbids it, as reaſon doth otherwiſe, to ſay I am,

Sir,

Your ſervant.

upon

Upon a point of rigour. 104.

IF love and cruelti'e be two contrarie things, your love must needs be feigned, since your rigour is real. Cease then to make me suff'r, and I shall believe you love me; for my pain and your crueltie are too opposite to persist together:

Adieu to the fairest though cruellest of all thy sex.

Another. 105.

SIR, You complain of my absence, and I of yours. You would enjoy my presence, but my discretion forbids it you, and me the happiness to see you; but my want of power opposeth: so that grievances should be less, in that they are equally shared; but not the qualitie which I take, *Sir*, *Of your servant.*

To his Lady. 106.

TO despise such as honour you, to disdain such as love you, to make no account of such as faithfully serve you? are these the actions of a fair soul like yours? or are they but words, that honour me with a hope of some effects of your good remembrance! Oh, it is a little too rigorous! Confess it that you may repent, and give him content who cannot be absent from you, *Mistress*,

As your most humble servitor.

To a Kinswoman. 107.

MIstress, Albeit your actions in appearance have witnessed, that I was no otherwise in your esteem, than of an indifferent qualitie; yet my desire being still secretlie zealous for your service, in their natural instinct, aspiring at nothing but your good, hava disarmed my purpose bent to your disgrace; so to restore me to my self, and make me the same I profess my self to you, which is,

Mistris, your most affectionate servant and kinsman.

Upon the inconstancy of a servant. 108.

SIR, Our sex is not aiways accused of inconstancy, and yet I now take that aspersion from you; you, I say,

ay, whoſe oaths give ſuch faithful teſtimonies of affe-ction, that I durſt not doubt of it, for fear of offending my ſelf. And yet, hath the wind carried away your words, but not your love, for you never had any. So that now when I blame my ſelf for having believed you, I praiſe my ſelf withal for imitating you, but alwaies with the ſorrow of not being your example; for it was fit I ſhould precede you as your *Miſtreſs*,

Sir, *though at the preſent your ſervant.*

A Letter. 109.

Miſtreſs, It is to be feared, that you have no love, ſince you have eyes to ſee my unworthineſs. Love is blind, you ſhould be ſo too, in regard of my merits. Let it ſuffice you, that I love you, and that I adore you, even as the moſt faireſt, and moſt perfect creature on earth.

A Letter from a deſpairing Lover. 110.

THere is no creature, *Madam*, ſo bereaved of reaſon, or deprived of ſence, which being oppreſſed with direful calamities, feeleth not by meer inſtinct of nature, a preſent medicine for his malady, man only excepted; who by reaſon of his want, may juſtly accuſe the Powers of injuſtice: The Unicorn being ſick, recovers his health by ſwallowing the buds of a Date-tree; the Deer being ſtrucken, feeds on the herb *Dictamnum*, and recovers: but man hath no ſecret ſalve ſo excellent, nor plaiſter ſo perfect, by whoſe ſecret vertues he may appeaſe his paſſions. This, *Madam*, I now know by proof, and therefore ſpeak by experience: for your divine beauty, and the perfections of your mind, have kindled ſuch a flame in my heart, that by no means I can quench, but it will turn my body into dry earth and cinders, unleſs by the drops of your pity it be ſpeedily extinguiſhed. Therefore, fair one, now at laſt be merciful, and let not my ſervice and loyal love be recompenſed with ſuch diſloyal refuſals. Strive not for my life, ſince you have my liberty; ſeek not my death, ſince you are

the Saint to which I offer up my devotions. *Madam*, let the ſweet balm of your benevolence ſalve the ſore, which ſo painfully afflicteth my careful conſcience; and with the dew of your grace redeem him from miſery, whoſe life or death ſtandeth in your anſwer: which I hope ſhall be ſuch, as belongeth to the deſert of my love, and the graces of your beautiful mind. *Farewell.*

Her anſwer. 111.

IT is impoſſible, Sir, to ſtrain moiſt liquor out of the dry flint, to procure a heat in that which is key-cold, or to force the ſturdy ſtreams to run againſt their common courſe. Know Sir, you are the man I loath, and cannot like. Make therefore a vertue of your neceſſity, and aſſwage the flame your ſelf, which I know not who elſe will quench, by an importunate perſiſting in your purpoſe, where no hope is, leſt you prove your ſelf rather a deſperate Sot, than a diſcreet Souldier. Take my Nay therefore for an anſwer; if I would, I cannot; and if I could, I would not. So farewell.

No way yours.

To one who is not really what ſhe ſeems. 112.

ADmire not though I rail againſt thy follies, ſince thy mercileſs mind hath abuſed me, by thy ingratitude, and thy imperfections have delineated theſe impreſſions of my pen. For thy beauty, if I admired it once, it was when I knew not that thy ill conditions, like bad commodities, weer to be put off with it: but now making uſe of reaſon, I queſtion whether at that time I had ſenſe. Perſwade thy ſelf therefore, if I were to die preſently, and thou wert part of that I ſhould leave the world; I would bequeath thee, with thy good face, and bad conditions, for a Legacie to my moſt inveterate enemy. And for my own part; whilſt I do ſurvive, and thy remaining upon this earth yet afflicts me, be confident, thou painted ſepulchre, I will epitomize all thy vices, that the world, by reading thy volume,

volume, may ſhun thee, as the only obſtacle to felicitie, and learn the wages of vertue, by thoſe things that are thy contraries. For the preſent, admire not, though this paper be ſtained with the blemiſhes of thy ill name, ſince Nature her ſelf was deceived, which beſtowed her features ſo raſhly and inconſiderately on thee. Certainly, thou wert ordained to rectifie my mind, that by thee I may learn to know, that a good face is not alwaies exempted from a hoarſe voice. I proteſt to thee, I would not buy the diſtempers of thy ſoul at ſo high a rate, as to enjoy thy beauty: Much rather will I endeavour to expreſs my gratitude to heaven, in that I fail not to practice this reſolution,

Never to enjoy thee.

Her anſwer. 113.

VVOnder not, Sir, though you ſee an anſwer to your frantick Letter. Do you think by brawling like a Beggar to become a King? No, Sir, as I know your knavery, ſo I paſs not for it, neither can your brags go for payment. I marvel not, though your dogged Letters ſavour of *Diogenes's* Doctrine. You Cynical Dunce, What felicity can you have in biting of thoſe, whom otherwiſe thou canſt not be revenged of? Indeed, gentle *Balaam's* Aſs, if I had been ſo light to have loved you, for feeding my fancie on thy ill-favoured face, I might juſtly have reap'd ſuch profit, ſince I then have fill'd my eies ſo full with the figure of a fool. Hereafter keep your Letters Patents in your beggars-box. Adieu Sir Dunce; the more you miſlike me, the more I love my ſelf, while I account it the greateſt felicitie of *S. M.*

to be rid of ſuch a fool.

A Letter from a diſtreſſed Lover. 114.

Madam,

AS my cares proceed from your cruelty, ſo let the effects of your courteſie procure my bliſs, ſince the perfections of your beauty have made me miſerable, let me beg of you to ſend the meſ-

ſenger of preſent conſolation, to him that pineth away; and is yours only and ever, *Still in hope.*

A Letter from a Lover profeſſing conſtancy. 115.

THey who have the honour ſo ſee you, run a dangerous fortune; if they love you, they are ſawcy; if they love not, they are without judgement. Now, fair creature, I have choſen that which is moſt after my humour, and from which it is impoſſible for me to withdraw my ſelf. Think it not hard, cruel *Diana*, that having ſeen you, I love you: if this boldneſs deſerve puniſhment, you cauſed it, and it is no more in my choice; for I muſt, while I live, be your ſervant, or not be alive.

A Letter from an unconſtant Lover. 116.

I Write not now to tell you that I love, for you have believ'd that but too well: but to aſſure you I ſhall love you no more. Perhaps you may be amazed at this alteration, for you have alwaies loved me above my deſires. But that which draws me from you, is, I muſt confeſs, your misfortune, that will no longer continue to you the pleaſure of our loves; or rather my good fortune, which will have me no longer ſtay at ſo poor a thing. And to the end you may live to complain of me, I bid you for ever *Farewell.*

Her anſwer. 117.

SIR, It was your arrogancie perſwaded you I lov'd you, wherein you are moſt infinitelie miſtaken: I ſwear to thee by all the merits which thou thinkeſt thou haſt, but are not in thee, there was never any ſuch matter as love. As for the Letter you ſent me, I cannot be unthankfull for the pleaſure you have done me in it, ſince it hath taught me to reject hereafter, the importunities of ſuch coxcombs as your ſelf. In the mean time, to be content as I am, in being free of ſuch a burthen believe me, Sir, it is no ſmall happineſs.

Farewell.

A Letter to an inconſtant Miſtreſs. 118.

IT is not to complain of you, *Miſtreſs*, that I take up my pen, but only to deplore my misfortunes, which makes me ſo contemned of you: ſince at other times you were not wont to uſe me in this ſort. I am the ſame man that hath ſerved you in all reſpective ſubmiſſions, and you are the ſame that at firſt were mine, ſince you received me for yours. I am become no leſs, nor you greater: if it be ſo, why do you not judge me worthy of the ſame entertainment? I have called my ſoul to an account for her actions; ſince it pleaſeth you, I will diſplay them all before your eyes; for my part, I cannot accuſe any one of them: if you ſhall judge otherwiſe when you have heard them, it ſhall be no ſmall conſolation to the poor condemned, to know at leaſt the cauſe of his puniſhment. *Adieu, cruel one.*

A Letter. 119.

IF love taught me as well to ſpeak my torment, as to ſuſtain it, pity would make you ſenſible of my plaint, but dumb in their too much ſufferance. I have but my conſtancie for remedie, that is all my hope, your ſweetneſs for my deſire, and your command for mine honour, *Miſtreſs*, for my quality is,

Your humble ſervitor.

Another. 120.

SInce your merits cauſe my torments, I will never complain; the more rigorous you ſhall be, the more conſtantly I will oppoſe all my reſpects to your neglects, my honours to your diſdain, and my fire to your Ice. If I breathe, it ſhall be love; if I ſigh, it ſhall be in paſſion for your ſervice: in a word, if it be, I will be,

Miſtreſs, Your Servitor.

A Letter. 121.

TO have no ſoul, but to adore you; to have no heart, but to love you, and but one onely life, for your ſervice, have you not cauſe to complain? You,

whose beauty hath so many charms, and merits so many habits, that one would detest this name of libertie, to die your slave. Should one talk of miracles, you are the example; in discourse of rarities, you are above comparisons, so that Heaven and nature are in dispute, for whom you were made. Now to say, I am *Your Servitor*, that is a quality too high; to say, I am *Your Slave*, that's yet too lofty. Behold my sirname, now give me what name you please.

A Letter. 122.

IF for desiring death, one were to lose his life, I should have been gone long since: for too much love makes me hate my self, but me thinks, I should still live, and lengthen my daies; and that, being wretched, I ought to live the longer; I flie that which flies me, the grave; so as I have neither comfort of my life, nor hope of my death. And that I am, *Mistress*, alwaies,

Your servitor.

A Letter from a Gentleman to his Mistress. 123.

IT is you (*fair Creature*) that have gained this advantage upon me, and I forget my self to remember you perpetually. Do not think, that unless I see you shortly, I can longer survive, whereby I might continue the affections of my services to you. So that two things will infallibly bring me to my grave, your Absence, and my Grief, for not acquitting my self towards you as I desire. Choose now (*fair soul*) whether you had rather have me dead for your content, or to see me daily offer you up the fruits of my services, upon the Altar of your merits, in qualitie of

Your most loyal and most affectionate servitor.

A Letter of difference betwixt a Gentleman and his Mistress. 124.

I Thought it was an inviolable vow that was betwixt us, when we swore so solemnly; but I perceive already, the change hath better pleased you, than the continuance

tinuance of my ſervices. I know not whom I ſhall accuſe, you, or my ſelf; for poſſibly, the long time I have been without ſeeing you, is the cauſe of it; or elſe you have been drawn to it by your own natural inclination. Make me what anſwer you pleaſe, no earthly thing ſhall hinder me from loving you; for I had rather chooſe a thouſand deaths, than to be inconſtant in my love; and will flye, with the hazard of my life, the reproach of diſloyalty, whether you will or no.

Your ſervitor inviolably.

A Letter of a Gentleman after a viſit. 125.

Miſtreſs, The honour I received in the late viſit I made to my dear Couſin, at your houſe, hath ſo oblig'd me to both of you, that I thought I ſhould commit a hainous fault, if by ſome honeſt endeavour I ſhould not witneſs a feeling of it. If ever I have the happineſs to ſee you at my home, which is all yours, I ſhall endeavour to make you as welcome as I can. I conjure you to come to ſee my ſiſter, as you have promiſed her, otherwiſe farewel all friendſhip: yet not ſo, nevertheleſs, but that in the mean ſpace I deſire to continue,

Miſtreſs, Your Couſin and beſt friend.

A Letter of a fond Maid, that diſdained the ſervice and love of a gallant Gentleman, who was counſelled to diſdain her alſo. 126.

FOrſake the Maid that forſakes you, and no more remember her forgetfulneſs. She hath changed, that ſhe may not change her natures inconſtancy; her ſmall acquaintance ſhould make you know her fault. Your good judgement may ſhew you, how little ſhe hath. You cannot but get by the loſs of her; if you loſe a Sweetheart, you gain a Libertie. You ſhould keep ſome love for your ſelf, and not caſt it all away from you. If you love ſomething, do not hate your ſelf for all that: if fortune give you any thing, ſhe will be well rewarded; but if ſhe ſhould take a heart from you, think it was not

yours; that whereſoever you go, you may remain content, and love not what is contrary to you, unleſs you would contradict him that loves you dearly,

Even to the grave.

A Letter of Love between two Lovers. 127.

YOu have made me feel, fair *Caliſta*, the ardent ſparkles of your friendſhip, the memory whereof I ſhall ſtill honour, and eſteem my ſelf a great deal the more fortunate, if my happineſs may prove more extreme, and I conſume in its flame, my ſoul ſhall then live with a thouſand delights, and my heart reſume new life in its aſhes, and that I may be thus condemned to this wiſhed puniſhment: nor let your fair mind conceive any doubt of my loves eternity, ſince conſtancie ſhall be ever its faithful companion, and the fire which kindleth it, ſhall never be quenched, though it were combated by the moſt Icie proceedings or fears you might have of your enviers. What if it were ſo? yet ſhould they melt as ſoon as they do but contemplate the Sun-beams of my diſcretion. You may as well aſſure your ſelf of theſe effects of my words, as I do of the conſummation of my hopes, which have no other ſcope, than to ſerve your merits and to ſit up to your uſe, *Your faithful* Floridon, *&c.*

A Letter in anſwer. 128.

YOur deſires are my laws (dear *Floridon*) and your loyaltie cannot finiſh but with mine: they ſhall both alike ſhine bright over our lives, and nouriſh themſelves with our flames: wherein I ſhall think my ſelf verie happie to live with you. That ſilence which knit up my tongue at your fair diſcourſes, proceeded only out of fear; you might know ſo much by my exterieur ſigns, which ſufficiently ſhewed you how ſorely it grieved me for your ſweet ſelf: for I would not have you to eſteem me to be fearful of the fiery ſparks of the envious, ſince nothing

nothing can withſtand that faithful love, which from hence forward is contracted by

Your dear Caliſta, *&c.*

A Letter in anſwer. 129.

PLeaſures are of ſhort continuance, and their fair daies are too ſoon eclipſed; we cannot promiſe our ſelves long enjoyment of them, ſince they are in the land of the great *Jehovah.* It is conſtancy that gives us happineſs, after all our adverſities. You were the ſubject of my beſt ſorrows, dear *Floridon*; but now your preſence ſerves me for Sun-beams. Though indeed ſome doubts of future obſtacles, do even bury me in an obſcure night of anguiſh. And were it not that joy follows ſorrow, I had e're this skip'd over the ſtep of this life of mine, to be freed of my pain. But time will one day give us the happineſs, to make each other amends, by receiving uſury for our patience. Be comforted then in your ſelf, and conſider well with your ſerious diſcretion, though I am thus now overwhelmed with my fears, yet we are almoſt at the ſpire of our felicities, which we ſhall attain at, I hope, ſhortly; or it ſhall be no fault of her, who is,

Your faithful Caliſta, *as much as you deſire with honour.*

A Letter, in demand of his Miſtreſſes picture. 130.

MAdam, That beautiful ſubſtance, whoſe features and graces you animate with ſo much ſweetneſs, appears in my ſight ſo admirable in the original, that it would be my greateſt happineſs but to obtain the ſhadow: it will (if you pleaſe to honour me in this my requeſt) be a noble means of my teſtifying the reſentment in quality,

Of your.

A Letter of Sir J. S. *to* T. C. *diſwading him from marrying of a Widow.* 131.

SIR, At this time, when the hot Planets fire the blood, and when the Lunaticks of *Bedlam* themſelves are

truſted abroad, that now you ſhould run mad, it is not ſo much a ſubject of your friends pity, as their wonder. True love is a natural diſtemper, a kind of a ſmall pox, every one hath had it, or is to expect it; and the ſooner the better. Thus far you are excuſed; but having been well cured of a Feavour, to court a relapſe, to make love the ſecond time in the ſame place, is (not to flatter you) neither better nor worſe, than to fall into a quag-mire by chance, and to ride into it afterwards of purpoſe. It is not love, Sir, that doth the miſchief, but conſtancy of love; for love is of the nature of a burning glaſs, which held ſtill to one place, fires; changed often, doth nothing; a kind of a glowing coal, which being ſhifted from hand to hand, a man may eaſily endure. But then to marry, *Sir*, you had better live honeſt. Love, you know, is blind; what will he not do, when he hath fetters, and know then what marriage is? 'Tis a curing of love the deareſt way, a waking of a loſing gameſter, out of a winning dream; after a long expectation of a ſtrange banquet, a preſentation of a homely meal. Alas, Sir, love-ſeeds, when they run into matrimony, are good for nothing; like ſome fruit-trees, love muſt be trar ſplanted, if you would have it active, and bring forth any thing. You have now perchance vowed all that can be vowed, to ſome one face, and think that you have not left any thing unſaid to it. Do but make love to another, and if you are not ſuddenly furniſh'd with new language, and freſh oaths, I'le conclude, *Cupid* hath uſed thee worſe, than ever he did any of his train. After all this, to marry a Widow, is a kind of a chewed meat. What a fantaſtical ſtomack haſt thou, that canſt not taſte a diſh, until another man hath cut? Who will waſh after another, when he may have freſh water for calling for? If you muſt needs marry, as who can tell to what height you have ſinned, marry a Maid: for if you are conſtrained to

live

live in a Prison, it is better to lie in a private chamber, than in the Hole. *Yours.*

Short and easie directions for inditing Letrrs.

What a Letter is.

IT is a kind of conference, or communication of one that is absent, with another, as if he were present.

Why Letters were indited.

To inform friends in the time of their absence, of those occasions that chiefly concern them.

Several kind of Letters, with their use and applications.

There are three things to be practised by those that indite Letters, and each of them in its right order.

1. *Invention.*
2. *Disposition.*
3. *Elocution.*

First, He must invent his matter, which is, as it were, the material of a building.

Secondly, He must dispose his matter in a true order, frame and method; to consider what will be best pleasing in the beginning of his Epistle, what in the middle, and what in the end. And this is, as it were, the framing of a building.

Thirdly, He must labour to deliver his mind in fit significant words, and in a pure and good phrase. And this is, as it were, the polishing and the beautifying of a building.

And these three, *viz. Invention*, *Disposition*, and *Elocution*, may be exceedingly furthered, by three other notable helps.

viz. *Art*, *Imitation*, *Exercise*.

Art directeth by example.

Imitation by precept.

Exercise by continual use and practice.

As

As an Artiſt, Firſt giveth to his Scholar the Rules of his Art.

Secondly, cauſeth him to look upon him writing, *&c.*

Thirdly, to make tryal by himſelf.

By which three conjoyned, he may with great eaſe attain to the perfection of his Art.

Letters demonſtrative, are to declare, manifeſt, and lay open the particulars of a buſineſs.

Letters conſiliatory of counſel, are branched into thoſe of perſwaſion, or of diſſwaſion: theſe ought to be deliberative and judicial, as they conſiſt, and ſometimes refer to the commendation, or diſpraiſe of the perſon, or of his actions, or to things in agitation.

Letters Petitory, or petitionary of requeſts, ſhould be of things poſſible, convenient, or neceſſary; they ſhould be ever ſet off with modeſt deſires, and free from tho oppreſſion of a friends good nature, not too much intrenching upon his generous diſpoſition.

Letters that are moral and civil, ſhould be grave and ſententious.

Letters that are amorous and loving, ſhould be full of paſſion, honeſtly expreſſed, full of ſweet invitations, pleaſant and beautiful deſcriptions, penn'd with fear when deſpair prevails; ſet off with confidence, when the love-ſick inditer is encouraged.

Oeconomical Letters of houſhould affairs, are to be plain, and fraught with buſineſs, conciſe: and ſo writ, as not to detract from the reſpect of him that imployes, according to his preeminence, or the others more ſervile relations.

Letters gratulatory, or of thanks for benefits received, ſhould carry with them a fervency of expreſſinns, and of acknowledgement.

Letters Accuſatory, are, when we touch the perſons of actions of others; they are to be indited with ſmooth pens, the grounds of jealouſie examined, leſt they appear

too

too cenſorious, ever concluding with a diſlike, and unwillingneſs of him that writes them, and a profeſſion of ingenious love to him he writes to.

Letters Excuſatory, of clearing or pleading for our ſelves, or others, ſhould be ſubmiſſive, with reference to better judgements, yet not without extenuations: but ſuch as modeſty may gain upon the perſuer's candor and affection.

Letters Nuncupatory of News, ſhould be impartial, but alwayes (except upon certain knowledge) ſet off with a kind of diffidence, [*So it is given out, or reported*] leſt the inditer betrayes his credit, and ſeems to him he writes to, to be a falſifyer of truth, the venial ſins of the times, as ſome of our Intelligencers conſtant practices would make us believe.

How a Letter ſhould be writ.

It ought to have reference to the place, to the time, and to the perſon, or his affairs; and ſo take beginning from the riſe of ſuch things, as we are to write of.

How a Letter ſhould be adorned.

It is to be beautified with flowers of expreſſions, flouriſhed with ſimilitudes and grave ſentences, enriched and made firm with fervent vows, and tenders of ſervice, In a word, it ſhould be moſt complementally fluent, in the neatneſs and fitneſs of the epithites, compariſons and circumſtances.

How the forms of ſalutations ought to be ordered.

They are to be ſuch, as are moſt Court-like, and in faſhion with the Nation, time, perſon and circumſtances, as any of them in the method or phraſe, may admit of variation.

General directions, for the Styles and Superſcriptions of Letters.

Excogitate and conſider the perſon's relation, and qualifications,

qualifications, how he is honoured in the Commonwealth, and ſo accordingly make uſe of ſeaſonable and fit applications, deviſing of ſuch titles, words, and expreſſions, as are anſwerably requiſite in reſpect of his prehe-minence of place, or ſupremacy of authority, either in Civil or Eccleſiaſtical matters. More particular directions, for Superſcriptions and Subſcriptions, follow in their order.

Styles or Terms uſed to the King or Queen's Majeſty, either in our ſpeech, or in our Superſcriptions of Petitions directed to them.

If you preſent any thing.

SIr, may it pleaſe your Majeſty.

If you write in form of a Petition to the King.

Sir, may it pleaſe your Majeſty to underſtand, or to grant.

To the Queen.

Madam, may it pleaſe your Majeſty.

On the Superſcription of ſome buſineſs, directed both to the King and Queen.

To the moſt excellent, and moſt high, *Cæſar Auguſtus.*

To the moſt excellent moſt mighty Lady, the Queen.

A ſtyle uſed by men of quality, when they ſpeak to the King.

Sir, may it pleaſe your Majeſty.

To the Queen.

Madam, may it pleaſe your Majeſty.

Styles uſed to the Nobility in our Superſcriptions, are divers, but the moſt general are theſe.

If to a Nobleman eminent in place.

To the right Honourable.

Otherwise.

To the Honorable

To persons of more inferiour degrees.

To the right Worshipful.

Otherwise.

To the Worshipful.

Superscriptions with Subscriptions, adjoyned to them, as they are most properly applyed.

TO the most sacred, most gracious, most high, most mighty, most puissant, and victorious Monarch, His Majesty of Great *Brittain*, &c.

Your Majesties most faithful and obedient subject.

To the most illustrious Prince.

To the most renowned Duke.

To the right honourable Earl.

To the right Worshipful Knight.

To the Worshipful Esquire.

To the most just and upright Judges.

To the most circumspect and prudent States man.

To the most grave, most sincere, most religious, and most learned Clergy-man.

To Professors of Sciences, (if Rhetoricians.)

To the most eloquent, most learned.

To the approved Physician.

To Logicians, the term of most Subtle or Cunning.

To Poets, the style of the sacred adorers of the Muses.

To Lawyers, the superscriptions of skilful, wise, singular and learned.

To the right Honourable.

Your Honours most humbly devoted.

To his honourable Lord.

Your Honours in all duty and service.

To

To the honourable, and his highly reſpected Lady.
Your Honours to command, Or,
Your Honours devoted.
To the Worthy and Noble. *Ever yours to ſerve you.*
To the right Honourable, and his highly eſteemed Patron. *Your Honours obſervant.*

To thoſe of Conſanguinity, thus.

To his moſt loved, well-beloved, right good Father.
Your obedient Son.
To his moſt dear, moſt loving Mother.
Your dutiful Son.
To his beloved, and moſt affectionate Siſter.
Your loving Brother.
To his dearly beloved Wife.
Your moſt loving Husband.
To his loving Uncle. *Your obſervant Kinſman.*
To the honourable Colonel.
Yours ſworn to worthineſs.
To the only life of his deſires.
Your afflicted friend.
To the fulneſs of his contentment.
Your living and dying friend.
To the only hope of his fortunes.
The honourer of your matchleſs perfections.
To the noble and truly vertuous Gentlewoman.
Yours in death it ſelf.
To his beſt choice. *Yours in the midſt of fear.*
To his vertuous and dearly beloved.
Yours ever reſolved.
To the Miſtreſs of his thoughts.
Yours dying in conſtancy.
To his beloved friends. *Yours aſſured.*
To the lovingeſt of all my friends. *Yours inſeparably.*
To his highly eſteemed friend.
Yours, as I have profeſſed.
To his tryed and truſty friend. *Not living without you.*

To

A short Table of delightful Fictions of the Heathen Poets, with other useful Collections out of ancient and modern Histories.

Of Gods.

APollo, the god of Learning, and of the Muses, *Dissolving.*

Æolus, the blustring god of Winds, *Various.*

Bacchus, the god of Wine, and good Fellows. *To bowl.*

Cupid, the god of Love, the son of *Venus*, whom the Poets describe blind, with a Bow in his hand, and two Arrows of different effects; the one tip't with Gold, to cause Love; the other with Lead, to force Disdain.

Demogorgon, and *Tellus*, gods of the Earth.

Faunes, gods of the Woods and Forrests.

Glaucus, a fisher-man turned into a Sea-god.

Harpocrates, the god of Silence.

Hercules, for his twelve Labours adored as a god, *Brightness of the air.*

Janus, an Italian King, for his extraordinary knowledge of times and seasons, was pictured with two faces, and deified.

Hymen, the god of Marriage, *from a Membrane.*

Jupiter, the Planet, whom the Poets feigned to be the god of Heaven. *A helping Father.*

Mars, the god of War. *From men.*

Momus, the Critical god.

Morpheus, the Sleepy god. *Counterfeiting the visages and gestures of Men.*

Mercury, the god of Eloquence, a messenger to the gods. *The carr of Merchandize.*

Neptune, the Sea-god. *From covering.*

Nereus,

To his true helping friend. *Yours recovered.*
To his worthy friend, Adventurer in the Straits.
Yours undivided, though far off.
To his noble and constant friend.
Yours, though amongst Infidels.
To his respected and worthy friend.
Yours, as you have made me.
To his careful friend. *Yours, mindful of you.*
To the worthy Doctor. *Your sick Patient.*
To his honourable, valiant, hardy, merciful, worthy Captain. *Yours, though we never meet again.*
To his approved friend.
Yours in all places, and at all times.
To his special friend. *My own, if in your memory.*
To the most perfect Woman.
Yours in the midst of temptation.
To his honourable enemy. *Yours, ready for all danger.*
To his well deserving friend. *Yours unfeignedly.*
To his over-suspitious friend. *Yours to trust only.*
To his wilful and seduced friend.
Your poor abused friend.

For the Readers greater pleasure and variety, these Subscriptions are here only placed by themselves.

YOur careful father. Your dutiful son.
Your loving Master. Your obedient servant.
Usque ad aras. Affectionatly devoted to your service.
The unfortunate. As you shall determine of me.
Your well-wishing friend. Thy discontented friend.
In all humble duty. Thy most constant friend.
Ever thine. Your Worships poor Tenant to command.
In all obedience. Yours, not safe till I enjoy you.
Faithfully yours. Yours in boundless affection.
Thy true friend. Your servant in all humility.
Never less his own. Your loving Landlord.
Thy sometimes friend. Yours irremovably.

Your

Your honours moſt obliged. Yours, as I find cauſe.
Yours, as far as modeſty will ſuffer me. Your true lover.
Yours, if you pleaſe to accept of me. Thine to the end.
Yours, prepared to ſuffer. Yours more than my own.
Your beſt counſellour. Remaining your friend.
Your injured Miſtreſs. Yours in reſpective duty.
Your affectionate poor friend. Once thy friend.
Your entire vaſſail. Your plain and true friend.
Remaining your friend. Yours in reſpective duty.
Yours, as a lover of vertue. Yours fearfully loving.
Yours, well effected. Your friend to his ability.
Your worſhips to be commanded. Your loyal wife.
Animæ dimidium tuæ. Your impriſoned friend.
Yours in unutterable affection. Thine, or not my ſelf.
No longer your friend. Your diſtreſſed debtor.
Yours, ſo I may be my own. One alwayes yours.
Your ſorrowful friend. Yours what you will.
Your forſaken friend. Yours, ever to his power.
Your vowed ſervant. Thine own from all the world.
Your enemy till death. Your faithful and ready friend.
Yours moſt paſſionately, loyally, and perpetually devoted.
Yours wholly and only, if you will.
Yours, as you ſhall deſerve by your ſervice.
Your friend, whether you will or no.
Yours, in all good ſort to be entertained.
Deſirous of your reformed imagination.
Yours, more ſorry for your ill condition, than for the wrong you have done me.
Your moſt humble and paſſionate ſervant.
Yours, in the infringible bonds of affection.
The ſervant of your worthy vertues.
Your moſt reſpectfully engaged.
Your ever friend and ſervant.
Your Lordſhips unfeigned, honoured, and loyal ſervant.
Your friend *dum aurâ æthereâ veſcor.*

To his honourable friend. *Yours in true friendship.*
To her newly displeased friend.
Yours, if you wrong her not.
To her best resolved friend. *Yours whereseoever.*
To his well-advised friend. *Yours, and Vertues.*
To his loving, and long expected friend.
Yours with good wishes.
To his respected friend. *Yours well assured.*
To his approved friend. *Yours in true liberty.*
To her most disquieted friend.
Yours in honourable love.
To his loving Neece. *Your affectionate kinsman.*
To his dearest brother. *Yours in all occasions.*
To his well-experienced, and most esteemed noble friend.
Yours, as you can desire.
To his well-disposed friend. *Yours to trust only.*
To her dearest husband. *Your ever loving wife.*
To his much disordered friend.
Yours in reformation.
To his unkind friend. *Yours, if you will have it so.*
To his ill-advised son. *Your displeased father.*
To his miserable rich friend.
Yours, if you can be your own.
To the worthy Lady. *Yours, as a lover of honour.*
To her unkind husband. *Your true wife till death.*
To his perjur'd and lascivious wife
Your husband, if you do not divide him.
To her jealous husband. *Yours in her very thoughts.*
To his suddenly displeased friend.
Yours, when you conceive aright of me.
To his well-esteemed friend. *Yours, whilest mine own.*
To her unkind friend. *Yours, and yet displeased.*
To his honourable and good friend.
Yours, if you think me worthy.
To his well esteemed friend.
Yours most dutiful, if you will accept of humiliation.

To

Nereus, a god of the Sea, called *Grandævus*. *From swimming.*

Pan, the god of Shepherds, and the carer for their Flocks.

Penates, the houſhold gods.

Sapho, one that taught Birds to cry: *The great god Sapho*; for which he was deified.

Priapus, the god of Gardens. *Laſcivious.*

Saturn, and *Pluto*, gods of Hell. *Tilling Riches.*

Serapis, the Ægyptian god, worſhipped in the form of an Ox.

Sylvanus, the god of the Woods.

Vertumnus, the Spring, deified.

Vulcan, the lame Blackſmith, husband to *Venus*, the god of Fire.

The Goddeſſes.

Ægeria, the goddeſs from whom *Numa Pompilius* is reported, to have received his Laws.

Aſtrea, and *Themis*, the goddeſſes of Juſtice. *Amongſt the gods lawful.*

Bellona, the goddeſs of War.

Cybele, called *Rhea. Berecinthia*, the mother of the gods.

Diana, the goddeſs of Chaſtity. *Jupiters daughter.*

Egeria, the pregnant goddeſs of the Womb. *From [illegible]ring.*

Flora, and *Chloris*, goddeſſes of Flowers.

Feronia, the goddeſſes of the Woods.

Phebe, and *Juventa*, the goddeſſes of Youth.

Juno, the goddeſs of Riches, *Jupiters* jealous Wife. *[illegible] helping.*

Laverna, the goddeſs of Thieves. *From making clean.*

Lucina, the goddeſs of Birth.

Mnemoſyne, the mother of the goddeſſes, called the [illegible] *Memory.*

Murcia, the goddeſs of Idleneſs. *Sluggiſhneſs.*

Minerva, or *Pallas*, the goddeſs of the Arts and War. *[illegible]warming.*

Nemeſis,

Nemesis, the goddess of revenge *Distribute.*
Parca, the goddess of the Destinies *Sparing.*
Pomona, the goddess of fruit. *Apples.*
Proserpina, and *Ops*, the goddess of Hell; sometimes the unconstant Moon is called *Proserpina.*
Pytho, the goddess of Eloquence.
Venus, the delightful goddess of Love and Beauty.
Voluptia, the goddess of Ryots or Pleasures.
Vesta, the goddess of Chastity; *The Earth. From cloathing.*

The Graces.

Aglaia, *Thalia*, *Euphrosyne*, the Daughters of *Jupiter*, and *Venus.*: they were painted holding hands in a ring, to signifie the truth of friendship, and pleasantness of Conversation. *Chearfulness*, *flourishing*, *joy.*

The Furies.

Alecto, *Megæra*, *Tisyphone*, three snaky-tressed sisters, that punished Offenders. 1. *Not idle.* 2. *Envy.* 3. *Revenge of murther.*

The Destinies, three Sisters.

Clotho puts the Wool on the distaff; *Lachesis* draws the Thread; *Atropos* cuts it off. 1. *To spin.* 2. *To allot.* 3. *Inexorable*; *not turned.*

The Judges of Hell.

Æacus, *Minos*, *Rhadamanthus.* To beat.

The Hesperides.

Eglè Arethusa, *Hesperethusa*, the three Sisters, who had an Orchard of golden Apples, kept by a Dragon, which *Hercules* slew, and took away the Apples. 1. *Splendor.* 2. *Vertue.*

The Nine Muses.

Clio, *Melpomone*, *Thalia*, *Euterpe* *Terpsicore* *Erato*, *Calliope*, *Urania*, *Polymnia.* 1. Glory. 2. Singing. 3. Flourishing. 4. Delighting. 5. Delighting in dancing. 6. Loving. 7. A good voyce. 8. Beauty. 9. President of praise.

Nymphs

Nymphs of the Woods.

DRyades and *Hamadryades* From Oaks.

Nymphs of the Meadows.

Imonides. Meadows.

The Nymphs of the Sea.

NEris, the goddeſs of the Sea, with her Nymphs. *Cimothea, Amothea, Dixamine, Creſis, Cymodoce, Xantho.* With many others. *Neris from ſwimming.*

The ſeven Stars.

AMbroſia, *Eudor*, *Paſithoe*, *Caronis*, *Plexauris*, *Pytho*, and *Tithis.*

Naiades, Fairies of the Water. *From flowing.*

Nappea, Fairies of the Woods. *From the groves.*

Of Beaſts.

THE *Beaver*, highly eſteemed for his skin.

Bucephalus, *Alexanders* great Horſe. *An Oxe-head.*

Bores of Pannonia, the cruelleſt of all others.

Chamælion, a ſmall Beaſt, lives by the Air: it is ſo tranſparent, that it changeth it ſelf into any colour it ſets on. *A little Lyon.*

The *Crocodile*, by the River *Nilus* in *Ægypt*, a Beaſt of 30. foot in length: A Woman for her feigned tears is compared to this Beaſt. *Affraid of Saffron.*

Ermin, a ſmall Beaſt, whoſe rich Fur is worn of Princes.

Hiena, a Beaſt that hath the voyce of a man, which in the Night calls, and if he come to her, kills him. *From gaping.*

Libard, a ſpotted Beaſt the male of a Panther.

Lynx, a ſpotted Beaſt like a Wolf, of ſo perfect a ſight, that it is ſaid to look through a Wall.

Panther, a cruel Beaſt, of a ſweet ſmell, and of a fair ſpotted skin, with which ſhe allureth other Beaſts to her; but leſt her head ſhould affright, ſhe hideth it, that ſhe may the more eaſily prey upon them. *Of all Beaſts moſt fair.*

Pegaſus,

Pegasus, the Horse of the Muses. *From a fountain.*

Rinocere, a Beast as big as an Elephant. *A horn in his Nose.*

Salamander, a short venemous Beast, which lives in the fire, and at length, through extreme cold, puts it out.

The *Tyger*, a swift Beast: Those of *Hyrcania* are the most cruel.

Of Birds.

Alcyon, by some called Kings-fisher, a Bird that builds her Nest in the Sea, when it is a sign of fair weather. *Hatching her Eggs in the Sea.*

Griffin, a four-footed cruel Bird.

Harpies, monstrous devouring Birds: *Virgil* sings of four of them, *Aello*, *Ocypote*, *Cilene*, *Thiella*. Stealing.

Ibis, a strong Bird that devoureth Serpents.

Ostrich, a huge Bird that swalloweth and digesteth Iron: her feathers are our best plumes.

Pelican, a melancholy Bird, that wanting food, feeds her young with her own blood.

Phœnix, a rare Bird of *Arabia*, which buildeth her Nest in a Cynamon-tree, with the Twigs of Frankincense, and other Spices: She lives Six hundred years: with the labouring of her wings in the Sun, she setteth her Nest on fire, and there consumeth in it; out of whose ashes there grows a worm, and out of that worm another *Phœnix*.

Philomela, the ravished ravishing Nightingale, that sings her sad story so prettily. *Lover of Melody.*

Stork, a famous Bird for mutual love to its Parents; this Bird builds in Countries where there are no Kings.

Turtle-Dove, a Bird famous for constancy: if the male or female dye, the other ever liveth single.

Of Fishes.

Antharis, an admirable chaste fish.

Cephalus a fearful fish, which by hiding of his head thinks he is safe. *From a head.* *Dolphin*,

Dolphin, the ſwifteſt of fiſhes and loving'ſt to man.

Polype, a fiſh that hath many feet, often changing. The inconſtant are reſembled to this fiſh.

Remora, a ſmall fiſh that ſtayes the Ship. *From ſtaying.*

Sargus, an Adulterous fiſh, that ingenders with the Goat.

Scolopendra, a fiſh which taken with the hook, vomits out his bowels, looſneth the hook, and then ſwalloweth them again.

Sturgeon, a fiſh, whoſe ſcales are turned backwards; it ſwims againſt the ſtream.

Torpedo, a Crampfiſh, that benumeth the hands of thoſe that touch it.

Of Stones.

A *Damant*, vulgarly called the Diamond, the hardeſt and moſt precious of all ſtones: which is ſoftned by Goats blood, being warmed, and ſteeped in it.

Bezar ſtone, of great eſteem in Phyſick: *Not yielding*

Chryſolit, a ſtone that ſhineth brighteſt in the morning *Shining like Gold.*

Jaſper, a tranſparent ſtone of divers colours; it ſhews faireſt in ſilver.

The *Loadſtone*, is couloured like unto ruſty Iron: it hath a ſecret vertue, not only to draw Iron to it ſelf, but alſo to make Iron, on which it is rubbed, to draw Iron to: it loſeth this vertue, if the Diamond be joyned with it, or if it be rubbed with Garlick.

Obeliſk, it is a great ſtone, large beneath, and riſing ſtill higher, ſmaller and ſmaller, to the top, *Pyramid*-like.

Saphire, a Stone of clear sky colour, by nature cold.

Topaz, a precious ſtone, which put into boyling water, it preſently cooleth.

Of Trees.

THe Coral Tree groweth in the bottom of the Sea; there are two ſorts, red and white, the red is the beſt

either of them taken into the Air, inſtantly grow hard.

Ebony, a black Tree that bears neither Leaves nor Fruit.

Mandrake, a Tree that beareth Apples: the bark of it is cold in the fourth degree.

Myrtle, a Tree of *Venus*. 'Tis low, and groweth in hot Countries.

The *Pine tree*: Of theſe, Ships are made; for that this Tree is not ſubject to worms, or Rottenneſs, but is green all the year; the ſhadow of it ſuffers no plant to grow near it.

Sycamore, a ſhady Tree that bears fruit four times a year. *From fruit like a Fig, and leaves like a Mulberry.*

Of Rivers and Wells.

Acheron, one of the Rivers of Hell. *From flowing with troubleſome waters.*

Alpheus, The River where *Hercules cleanſed Augeus*, his ſtable.

Atham, A River in *Theſſaly*, whoſe water ſets Wood on fire.

Cocytus, A River in Hell. *Morning.*

Hellicon, and *Aganippe*, Wells conſecrated to the Muſes: *Made by a Horſe.*

Sylla and *Charibdis*, Two dangerous Sea-gulphs, in reſpect of contrary winds.

Styx, A River of Hell. *To make ſad.*

Tyber, A famous River of *Rome.*

Avernus, a Lake dedicated to *Pluto*, the ſuppoſed entrance into Hell. *Killing Birds.*

Phlegeton, A River of Hell. *Burning.*

Danubius, A famous River of *Europe*; it riſes out of the Hill *Arnobe* in *Germany*. It receives 60 Rivers in it.

Ætna, a Hill in *Italy*, whence ariſeth horrible ſmokes, and great flames of fire, and ſometimes burning ſtones in great numbers are caſt out of it.

Alpes, The high mountains that divide *Italy* and *France*.

C

Of Serpents.

Amphisbena, a two headed Serpent.

Asp, a venemous Serpent, whose bite is deadly; famous for *Cleopatra* the Ægyptian Queen's death, who applyed two of them to her breast, to die more insensibly.

Basilisk or *Cockatrice*, the King of Serpents; it breaketh stones, and blasteth all plants with its breathing, and frighteth away all other Serpents with its hissing: If it be touched with a long pole, or spies one afar off, it kills; They breed in the hot sands of *Asia*. The only ruine of this Serpent is the Weasel.

Hydra, the monstrous Serpent of the Lake of *Lerna*, that having one head chop't off by *Hercules*, immediately two grew again. *From the water.*

Scorpion, a most venemous Serpent, that eats her own (young.

Viper, a Serpent that ingenders by putting his head into the females mouth, which she bites off: her young eat their passage thorow her. *From bringing forth with the death of the female.*

Of Mermaids.

THE most famous were *Parthenope*, *Lygia*, & *Leusia*: They are so called, because their upper parts are like Maids, their lower like Fishes. With their sweet singing, they allure Marriners till they fall asleep, and then they kill them. *Of Monsters.*

CErberus, the Dog of Hell, that had three heads. *A devourer of flesh.*

Chimera, which with the monster *Solinus*, was slain by *Bellerophon*. *A Goat.*

Gorgeon, a fearful monster with one eye.

Medusa, a Monster whose golden hairs *Minerva* turned into Adders, and caused those that beheld her, to be turned into stones.

Minotaure, half a man, and half a Bull. This Monster was slain by *Theseus*.

Centaures, Monsters supposed to be half-men, half-horses.

Argus, the keeper of Io, that had a hundred eyes; he was slain by *Meraon*.

Satyrs, Monsters that had the bodies of men, but all hairy; their legs and feet were like Goats, they inhabited in Woods: The Poets describe them to be lustful and savage, *Libidinous*.

Sphinx, a Monster that slew all that could not dissolve her Riddle; the meaning thereof being unfolded by *Oedipus*, she threw her self from a high Rock, and brake her neck. *Men famous, or infamous.*

Cyclopes, the sons of *Vulcan*, that were feign'd to make Weapons for *Jupiter*: *From having but one eye in the midd'e of their forehead:*

Achylles, a most valiant Captain amongst the *Greeks*, that slew *Hector* and *Troilus*, but was himself at last slain in the Temple, where he intended to marry *Polyxena*, by her brother *Paris*, Who shot him in the heel, where he was only vulnerable. *From easing of grief.*

Æneas, the son of *Anchises* and *Venus*, a most famous Trojan. *Praise.*

Curtius, who for his Countries good, cast himself into a gaping Cave of the earth.

Cyrus a Prince of so excellent a memory, that he could call his Souldiers particularly by their names.

Hector, one of the Nine Worthies, that so long preserved *Troy*, was slain by *Achilles*. *From preserving the City*

Mutius Scævola, that saved his life by the patient toleration of the burning of his hand.

Perseus, that delivered *Andromeda* from the Sea-monster, and after married her:

Cæsar, the *Roman* Emperour that vanquish't *Pompey*, whose Motto was, *Veni, vidi, vici*. He was slain in the Senate house by *Brutus* and *Cassius*.

Scipio, that brave Commander, who subdued *Hannibal*, with many other Kingdoms.

Pompey, that chose rather to dye, than to crave of *Lucullus*. *Zorzello*,

Zorzello, saying that the gods had made him to give, not to crave.

Themistocles and *Aristides*, that were both angry with themselves, that in 20 years no man ever envi'd them.

Theseus, that worthy, which slew the *Minataure*.

Scylla that famous Captain, that was past intreaty for trifles, but easie in weighty matters.

Hephestion, a Captain that *Alexander* dearly loved.

Fabius and *Marcellus*; the one was held to be the Sword, the other the Buckler of *Rome*.

Paris, that stole *Helena*. A Carpet Captain.

Sopyrus, that by cutting and mangling himself, saved *Babylon* from the fury of the King *Darius*.

Augustus, a wise and merciful *Roman* Emperor. *Happy*.

Titus, the *Roman* Emperor, who having ove[illegible] one day in not gratifying some one or other, would bewail himself, saying, he had lost that day.

Tiberius, the *Roman* Emperour, that wore a Laurel, to protect him from thunder and lightning.

Vespasian, the mild and temperate *Roman* Emperour. A miracle of courtesie.

Octavian, a *Roman* Emperour, who, when he was angry, would read over the Greek Alphabet, before he would put any thing in execution.

Xerxes, a puissant Prince, that lost the greatest Army by a handful of men, that ever was raised.

Atlas, King of *Mauritania*, who for his skill in Astrology, was feigned to hold up Heaven.

Gyges, that had a Ring to go invisible with.

Jason, who in his youth bore away the golden Fleece.

Phillip, King of *Macedon*, that had a skul ever on his Table, and a Boy every morning to put him in mind that he was but a man.

Pryamus, King of *Troy*, that lost both his Kingdom and Life.

Sardanapalus, a light Prince, that habited himself in woman's

Womans Apparel, and carded and ſpun amongſt them *A Buffon.*

Zoroaſtes, the *Baſtrion*, a famous Magitian, the firſt inventer of that Art.

Ajax, the famous Grecian Captain, that ſlew himſelf, becauſe *Ulyſſes* got *Achilles* Armour from him.

Buſiris, a cruel Tyrant, that ſacrific'd ſtrangers to *Jupiter.*

Dionyſius, a Tyrant that was called the monſter of nature

Lycaon, whom *Jupiter* for his cruelty to ſtrangers turned into a Wolf.

Nero, a cruel Tyrant that thought none chaſte; he rip't up his mother, to ſee where he lay, and ſpurned his own Wife *Poppea*, big with Child, into another World.

Phalaris, a bloody Tyrant, that cauſed a Bull to be made to torment men in.

Polycrates, that for grief that he was never unfortunate, hanged himſelf. *Very ſtrong.*

Therſites, a moſt deformed perſon, of Cynical and moſt dogged conditions.

Neſtor, that lived 300, years, a moſt wiſe man.

Amphion, one that by his natural eloquence cauſed rude people to lead a civil life.

Roſcius the Orator, famous for his geſture.

Tully, the Orator, famous for his eloquence.

Demoſthenes, an incomparable Greek Orator. *The ſtrength of the People.*

Sinon, a perfidious fellow, that betrayed *Troy.*

Gnatho, a notorious flatterer.

Sophocles, a learned Athenian Tragical Poet.

Ixion, whom the Poets feign continually to run a wheel in Hell.

Siſiphus, the emblem of vain labour, whom the Poets feign continually to roll a ſtone to the top of a hill, which being almoſt up, doth tumble down again.

Tantalus, an emblem of a worldly Miſer, feigned to thirſt in Hell, yet ſtands up to the Chin in a River; and to

to dye for hunger, yet hath apples bobbing at his mouth.

Architas, who through his great skill, made an Iron Dove to flie in the Air.

Flamo, who first invented the Sea-mans Dyal.

Endymion, that found out the course of the Moon; and therefore it is feigned to be the man in the Moon.

Oedipus, that dissolved the Riddle of *Sphinx*. Swelling feet.

Staphylus, who first mingled wine with water.

Titius, the first inventer of Rhetorick.

Ulysses, the first inventer of shooting at Birds; a famous eloquent Grecian.

Milo, famous for his Gluttony, that bred a Calf up to a Bull, and then eat it himself.

Orpheus, the excellent Harper, that with his Musick drew after him wild beasts, woods and mountains; and which is more, by it thought to have got his wife home.

Apelles, that famous Painter, who left the picture of *Venus* unperfect, which none durst undertake to finish after his death.

Xeuxis, that so cunningly painted a Boy carrying grapes, That Birds came and pick't at them, as if they had been very grapes; which *Xeuxis* beholding, in anger said, If he had made the Boy as lively as the grapes, the Birds durst not have come so near them.

Anaxagoras, the Philosopher that was never seen to laugh.

Copernicus, a Philosopher, that affirmed that the earth turns round, and the Heavens stand still.

Crates, the Philosopher, that to better his study, threw his wealth into the Sea.

Democritus, the laughing Athenian Philosopher, that gave away his wealth.

Damon and *Pythias*, two Philosophers, that offered to suffer death one for another.

Diogenes, the Cynical severe Philosopher.

Gymnosophists

Gymnosophists, Philosophers that lived naked and solitary in the Indian Woods

Heraclitus the Philosopher, that never had Tutor: he alwayes wept

Menippus, the Philosopher, that having lost his goods, hanged himself

Pythagoras, the Philosopher, that held transmigrations.

Plato and *Seneca*, the two divine Philosophers: the last took his name from choosing his own death.

Socrates, the most wise Philosopher, that had the Scold *Xantippe* to his Wife

Stoicks, a Sect of Philosophers, that held that wise men were free from all passions. From the Gallery, where they used to dispute

Paracelsus, a Chymical Physitian, that did admirable, but violent cures

Galen and *Hippocrates*, two most famous Physitians

Homer, the chief of Greek Poets, that was blind

Aristophanes, the Greek Poet, whose heart, when he was rip't up, was souud to be hairy.

Lucan, a Spaniard, a most famous Poet

Juvenal, a Satyrical Poet

Pindarus, a Lyrical Poet

Tyresias, the Poet who by killing two Snakes, knew both sexes

Zoilus, the father of all envious Poets: He railed against *Homer*

Cacus, a famous Thief, slain by *Hercules*

Prometheus, who for stealing fire from Heaven, to put life into men, was tyed by *Jupiter* to *Caucasus*, where the Poets feign a *Vulture* gnaws his heart continually. *Foreseen.*

Icarus, for whom his father *Dædalus* made waxen wings to flie with, was drowned in a part of the Sea near *Crete*, so called by his name

Phaeton, the son of *Apollo*, whom he permitted to ride in his Chariot; he set the world on fire. *From light*

Antemon,

Antemon, the absolute Coward, that would never go out of dores, without a brazen Target before him.

Cataline, the famous *Roman* Conspirator.

Charon, the Ferry-man of Hell.

Bellerophon, that brought letters to cut his own throat

Aristarchus, one that wrote 200 Books.

Orestes, that for slaying his mother, was haunted with the furies to death,

Ovid, *Virgil*, *Horace*, three most excellent *Roman* Poets.

Marcus Crassus, a private *Roman*, that dyed worth eight hundred two and fifty thousand pounds.

Cato Uticensis, who, because he would not see the calamity the Common-wealth was like to fall into, slew himself.

Philoxenus, a Parasite, that wished that his neck were as long as a Cranes, that he might feel the more pleasure in sweet meats and drinks.

Joseph Scaliger, skilled in thirty Languages.

Lynceus, that could see ships 130 miles off, and number them.

Acteon the Hunter, that for seeing *Diana* bathing her self, was turned into a Hart, and torn to pieces by his own dogs.

Valerius, that loved his Master so well, that he suffered himself to be slain in his bed for him.

Antipodes, a people that live under us, whose feet are against ours.

Cannibals, those that eat mans flesh.

Cimmerians, a people which for half a year together see not the Sun.

Lacædemonians, a people that first found out the use of Sword, Spear, and Helmet.

Scythians, people that first invented bows and arrows.

Thracians, that first found out the pleasures of Hawkings and Hunting.

Mirmidons, a most Warlike industrious Nation, that accompanied *Achilles* in the *Trojan* Wars.

Pyg-

Pygmies, a little *Indian* people, of a Cubit in length, that war with the Cranes.

Adonis, the darling of *Venus*, slain by a Bore, turned into a flower.

Atis, a sweet Boy, beloved of *Cybele*

Ganymede a *Trojan* boy, whom *Jupiter* loved, and carried into Heaven with him, and make him his cup-bearer

Narcissus, a fair boy, who being in love with himself, was turned into a flower

Spurina, a boy, that every one for his beauty made love to; which Was so troublesome and distasteful to him, that he poysoned himself

Maids and women, famous, or infamous

Echo, a Virgin, rejected of her love; she pined into a voyce, which she reverberates upon every hollow

Hero the fair, that drowned her self for *Leander*, who endured the same fate, in attempting to swim to her

Sappho, that drowned her self for love of a fair boy

Scylla, that stole her fathers purple hair from him, out of the love she bore to *Minos*, who by that means overcame him; but he, loathing her treachery, forsook her; which caused her to drown her self

Thisbe, that slew her self for the love she bore to *Pyramus*; both she and her Sweetheart were turned into a Mulbery Tree

Atalanta, the swift chast Maiden Huntress, that *Hippomanes* so neatly won in his Arms embraces, by the slight of the three golden Apples

Cleopatra, the famous *Egyptian* Queen, that put Asps to her breast, that she might dye for her *Anthony*

Cassandra, the daughter of *Priamus*, King of *Troy*, to whom *Apollo*, upon the promise of her Maiden-head, gave the gift of Propheste; but she not keeping her word he added to it this property, That she should never be belived, though she predicted Truth

Iphis, a fair Virgin, who by the prayers of her mother, was transformed into a man *Sal-*

Salmacis, a Nymph that loved *Hermaphroditus* so dearly, that upon request to the gods, she grew into one body with him

Nictimine, that for lying with her own Father, was turned into an Owle, *From Night*

Philomela, ravished by *Tereus*, turned into a Nightingale

Andromeda, the Wife of *Perseus*, whom *Minerva* turned into a Bear.

Weeping *Niobe*, who for preferring her self before *Latona*, had fourteen of her beautiful Children slain, and was afterwards her self turned into a stone.

Lucretia, a chaste *Roman* dame, that slew her self, because proud *Tarquin* had ravished her

Penelope, the chaste Wife of *Ulysses* that had so many Wooers in his absence.

Helena, that was ravished at nine years of age by *Theseus*; yet afterward cornuted *Menelaus*, and run away with *Paris*; for whose Rape, the *Trojans* sustained a War of ten years.

Messalina, the insatiable wife of *Claudius* the Emperour

Leda, with whom *Jupiter*, accompanied in the form of a Swan; she laid him two eggs, the one called *Castor*, the other *Pollux*; two brothers, afterwards turned into stars.

Rodopi a noted *Thracian* Whore.

Omphale, the *Lydian* Queen, whom *Hercules* served at the distaffe to obtain her love

Tuccia a vestal Virgin, who being accused for fornication, cleared her self, by carrying water in a Sieve.

Medea, a Sorceress, by whose means *Jason* got the golden Fleece.

Lamiæ, Witches so called

Thymele, a Woman that first taught to dance

Xantippe, the scolding Wife of *Socrates* the most wise Philosopher

Cornelia, a chaste noble *Roman* Lady

Amazons.

Amazons, warlike women in *Scythia*, that in their infancy cut off one of their breasts, that it might not hinder them in martial exploits: *Penthisilla* was their Queen. *Virago*, a stout woman of most manly courage. *Semiramis*, the wife of King *Ninus*; who, after his death, her son being young, took upon her the Government, and performed many admirable things above her Sex; but at last falling into all manner of beastly and sensual lust, she endeavoured to lie with her Son, for which unnatural attempt he slew her. *Eurydice*, the Wife of *Orpheus*, who running from the Ravisher *Aristeus*, was stung in the heel by a Serpent, of which she dyed.

Alceste, that dyed to save her husbands life.

Pandora, to whom *Pallas* for her Chastity, gave the gift of Propheſie. *Emilia*, who out of the love she bore to her Husband, fancied his Paramor.

Artimesia, famous for the Royal Sepulchre she built for her Husband. *Evadne*, a vertuous Woman, that at the Solemnization of her Husbands Funeral, out of the love she bore to him, burnt her self, to mingle her ashes with his. *Valeria*, a chaste Matron, who being asked, Why she married not another Husband? Answered, Her first was still alive with her. *Pompeis Paulina*, the wife of *Seneca*, who, when she heard of the Tyrant *Nero's* sentance of death on her Husband, desperately opened her own veins, determining not to survive him, whom she loved so dearly. *Paula Romana*, after her Husbands death, was so far from being perswaded to a second, that she was never known from that time to eat or drink in company of any man. *Antonia*, a beautiful woman, who, to avoid the temptation of Suiters, after the death of her Husband, married her self to the strictness of one Chamber, to which her younger Sister being a vowed Virgin, had confined her self: Thus in the one the heat of her youth was extinct; and in the other, the sollitude of her Widdowhood was wasted.

FINIS.